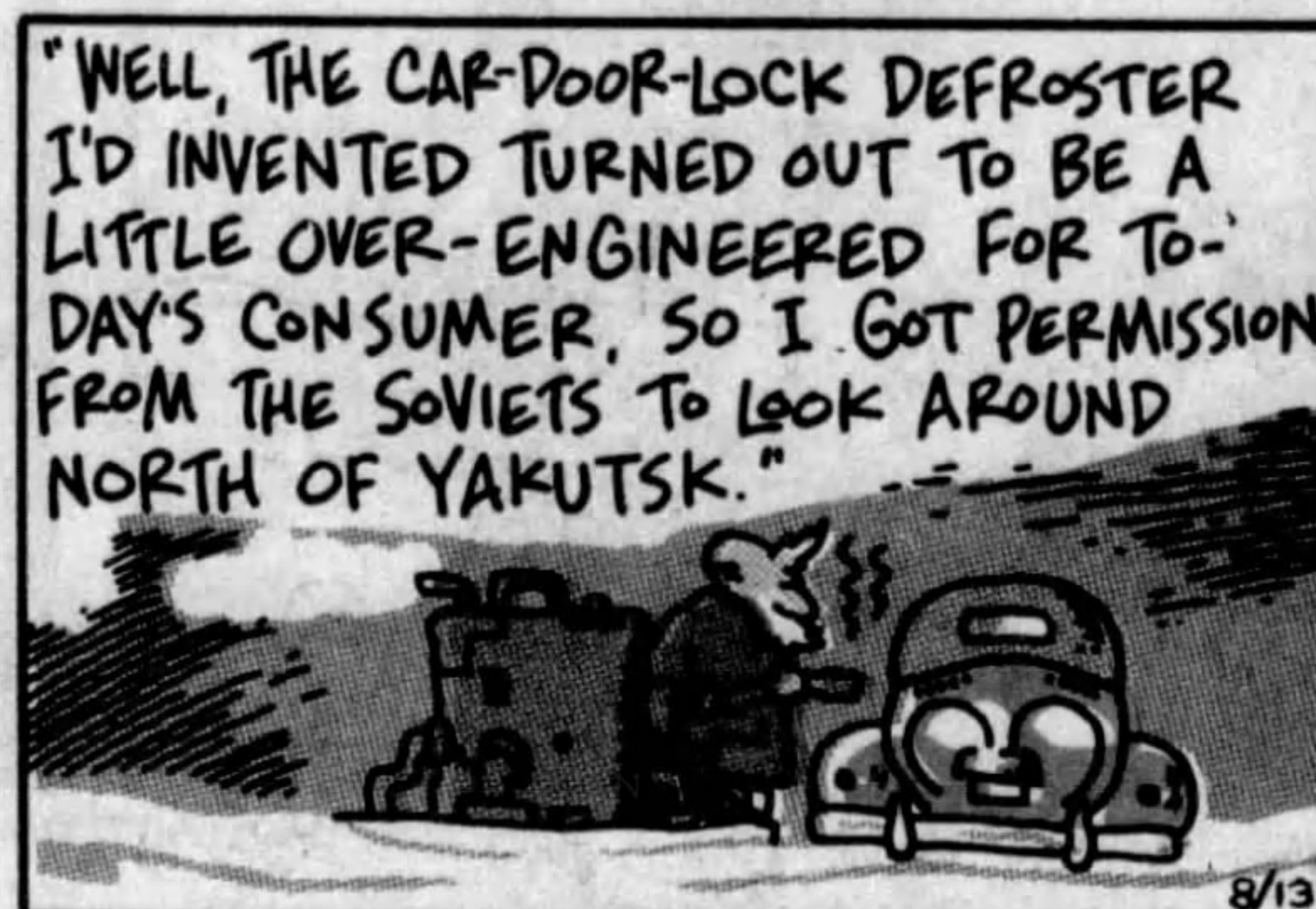
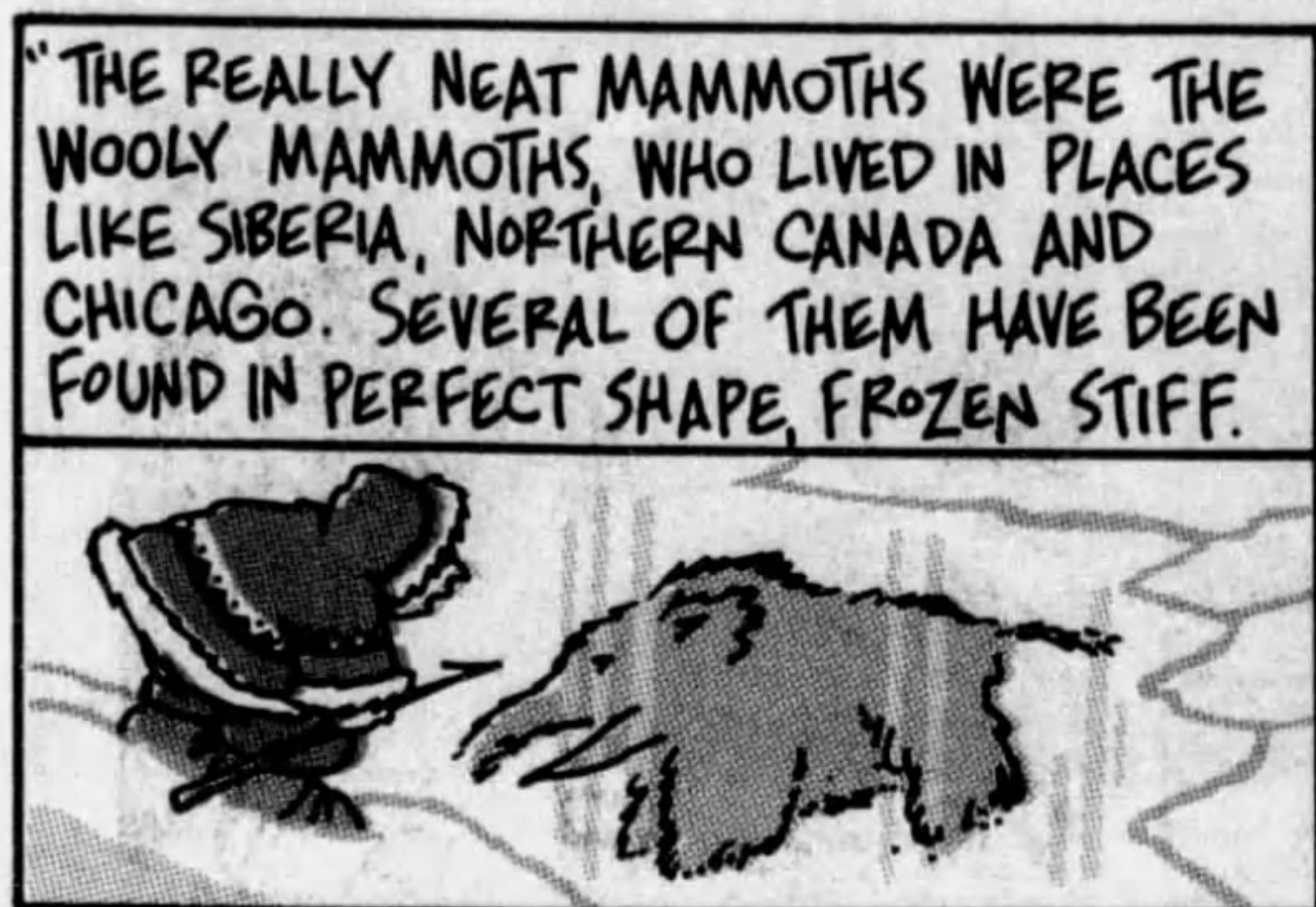
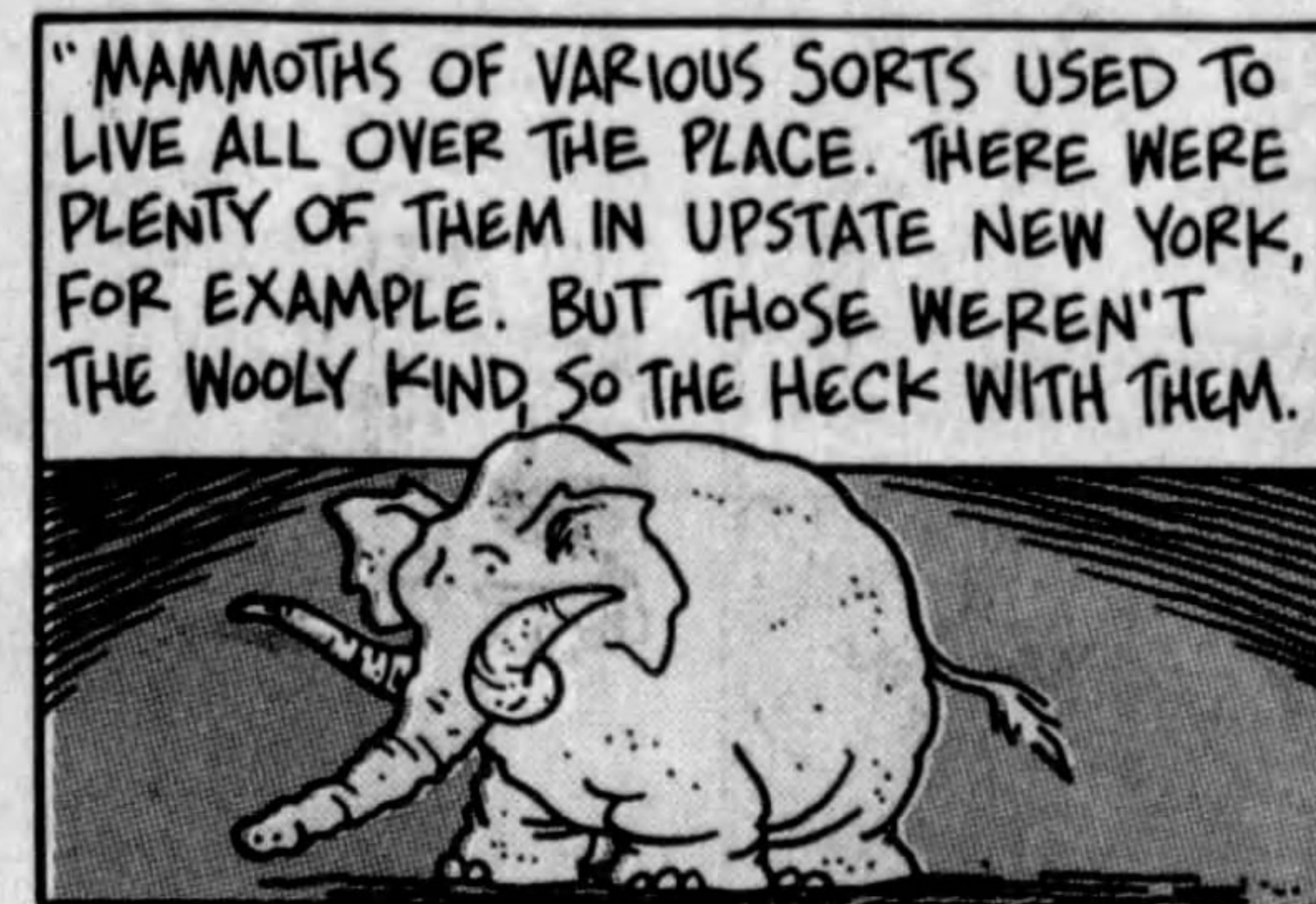
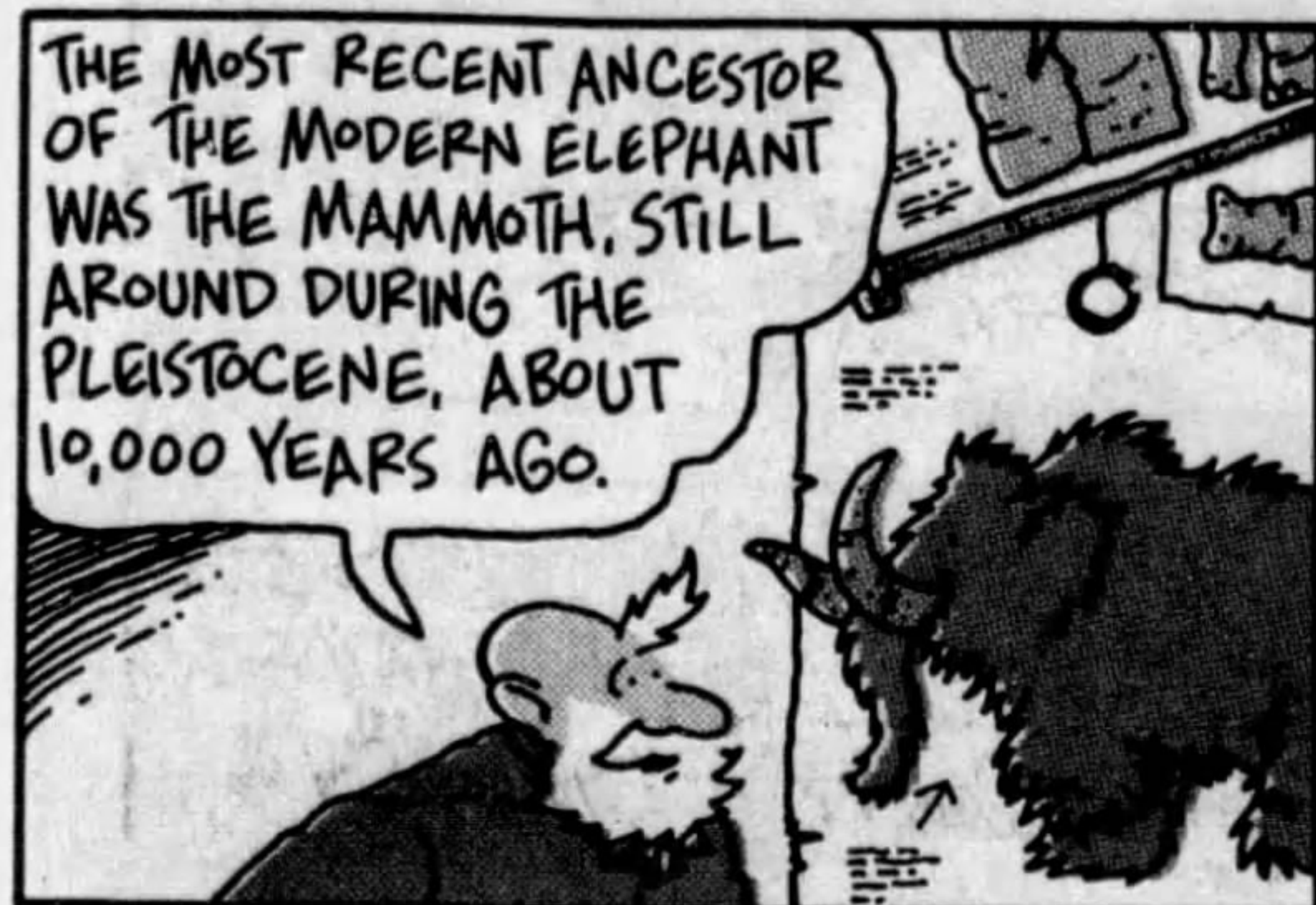
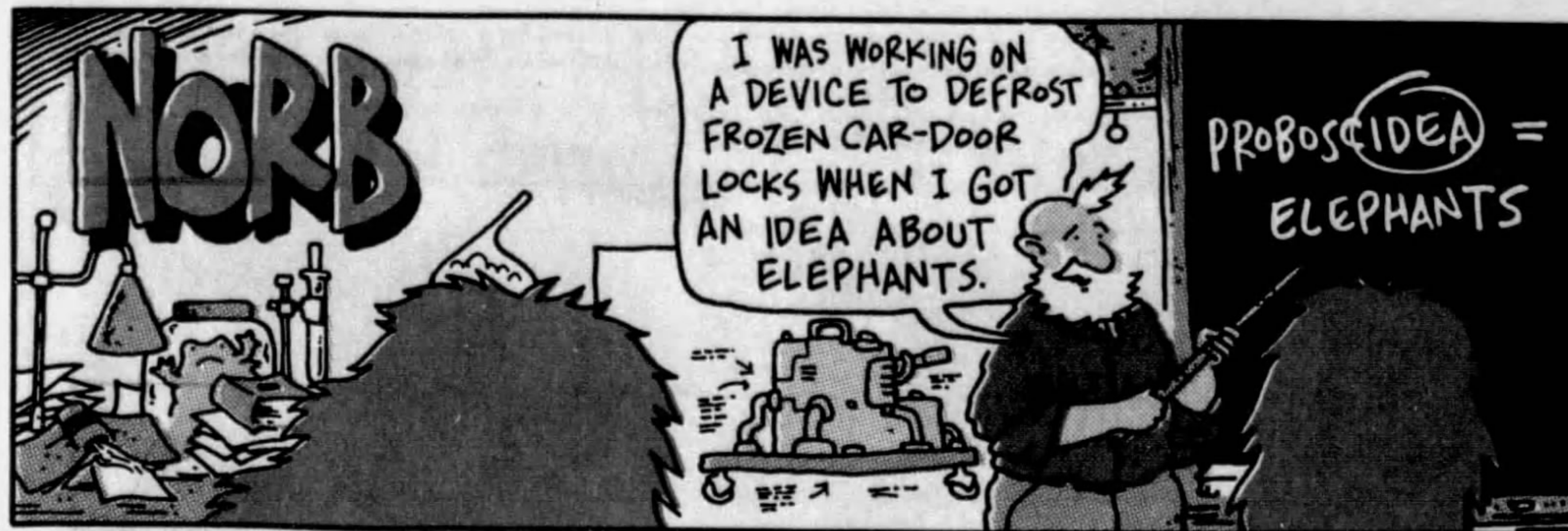
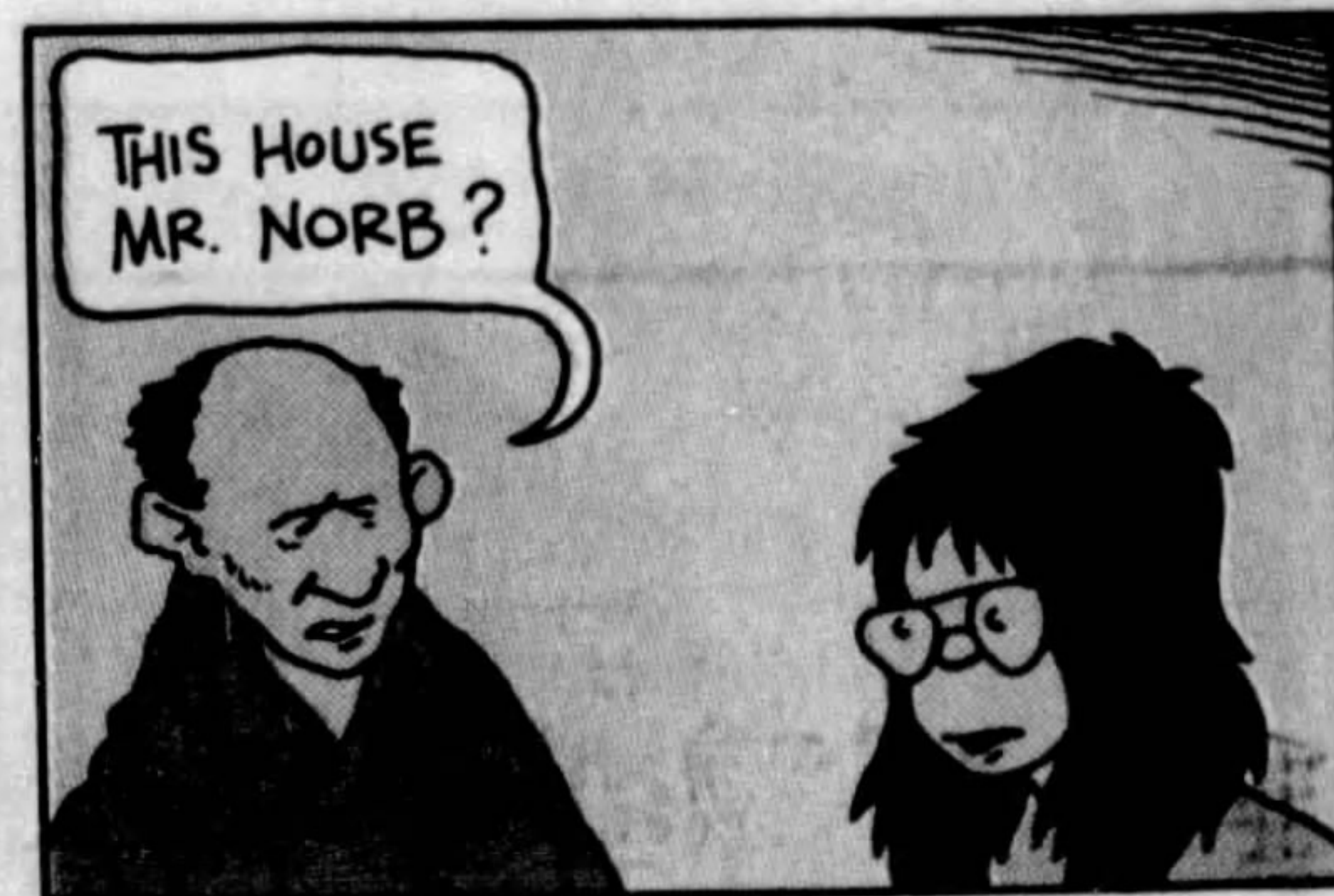
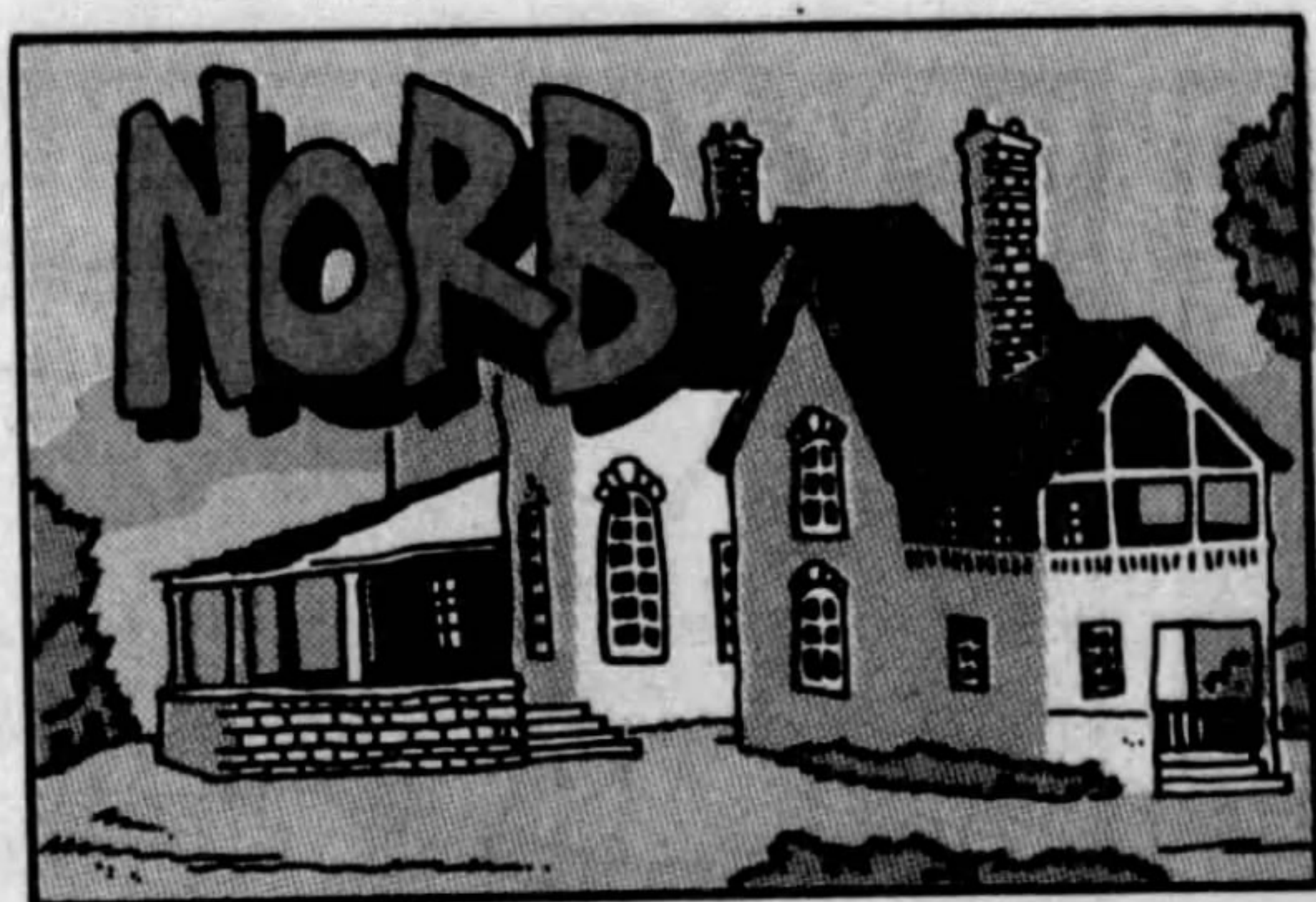
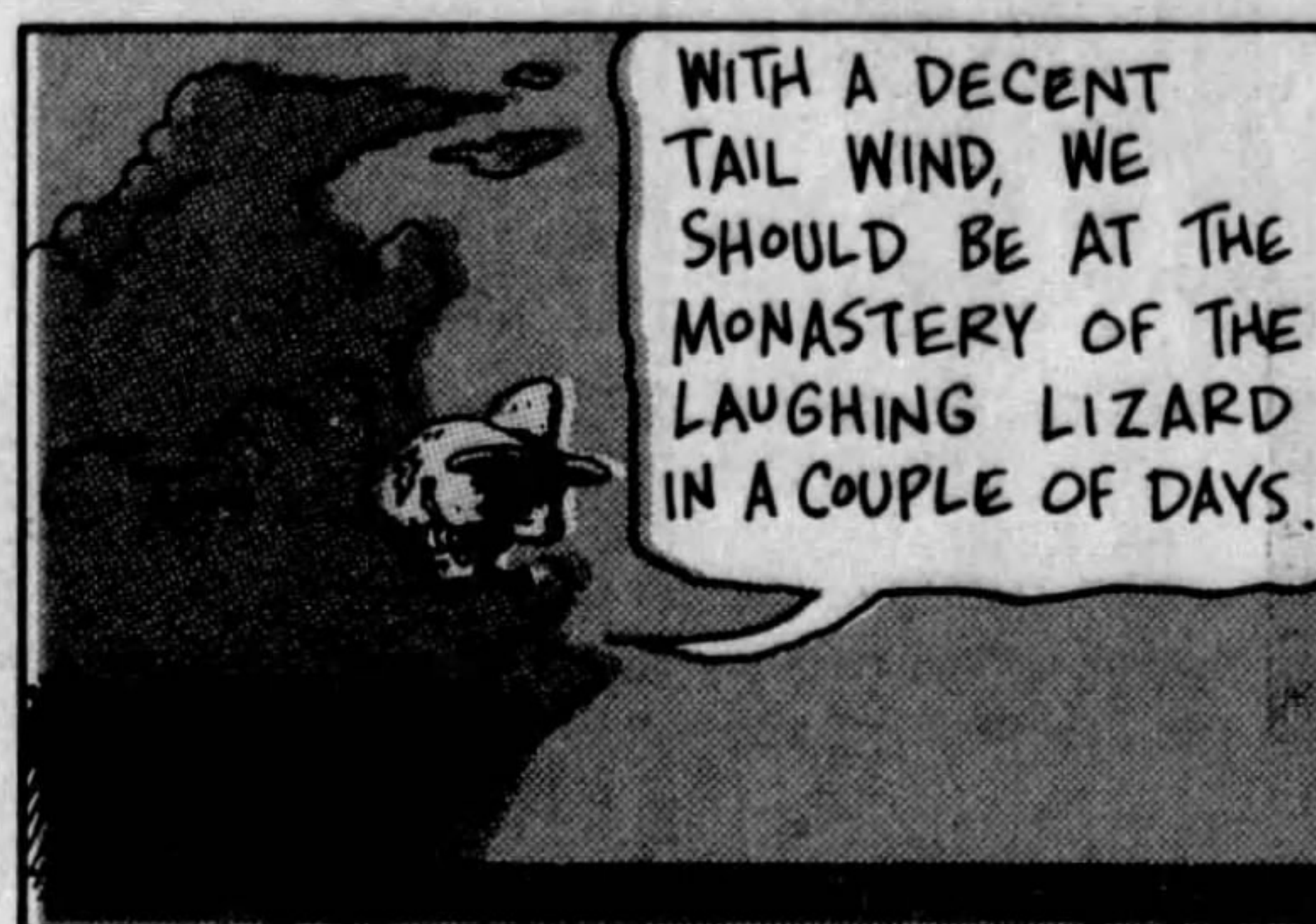
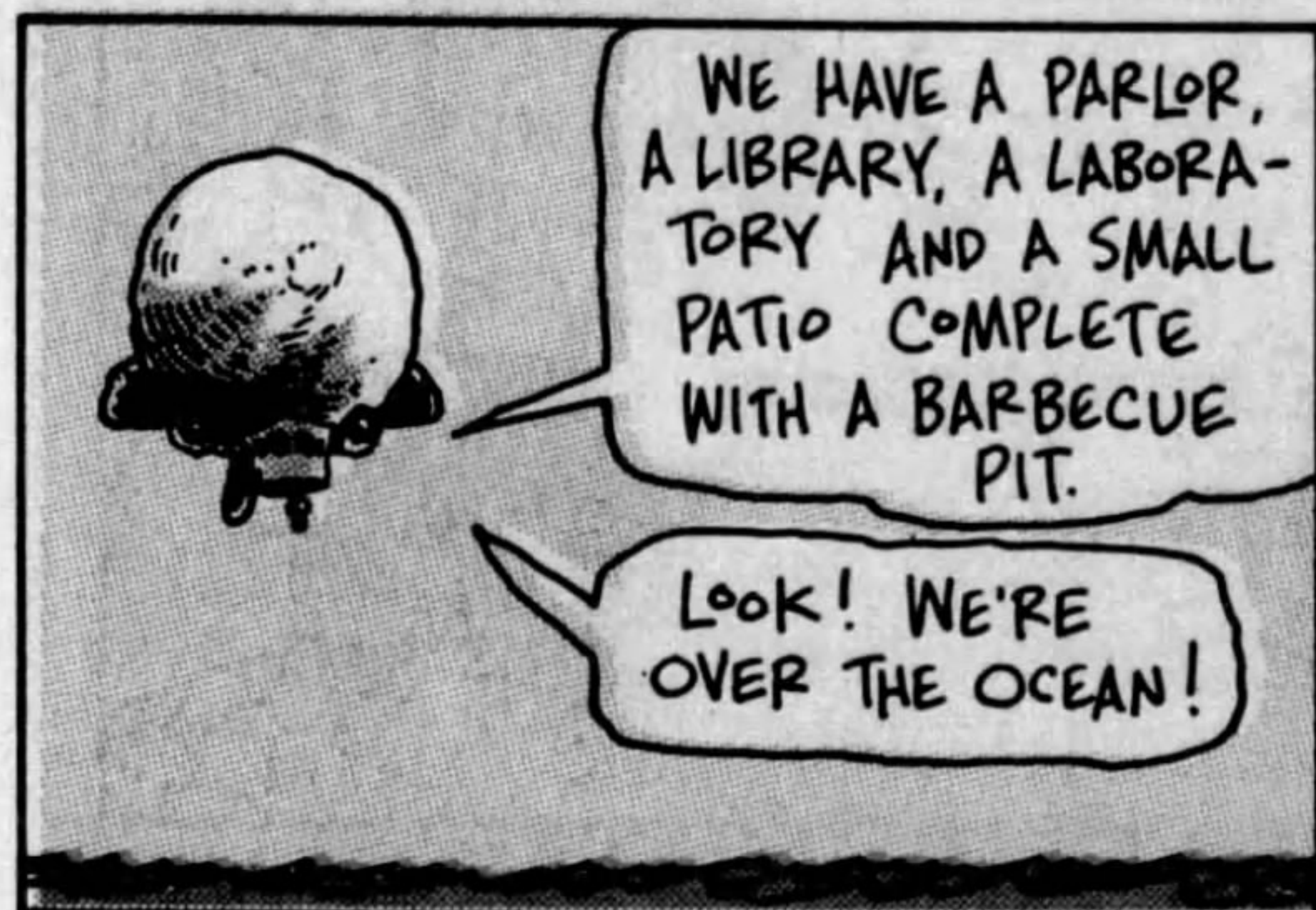
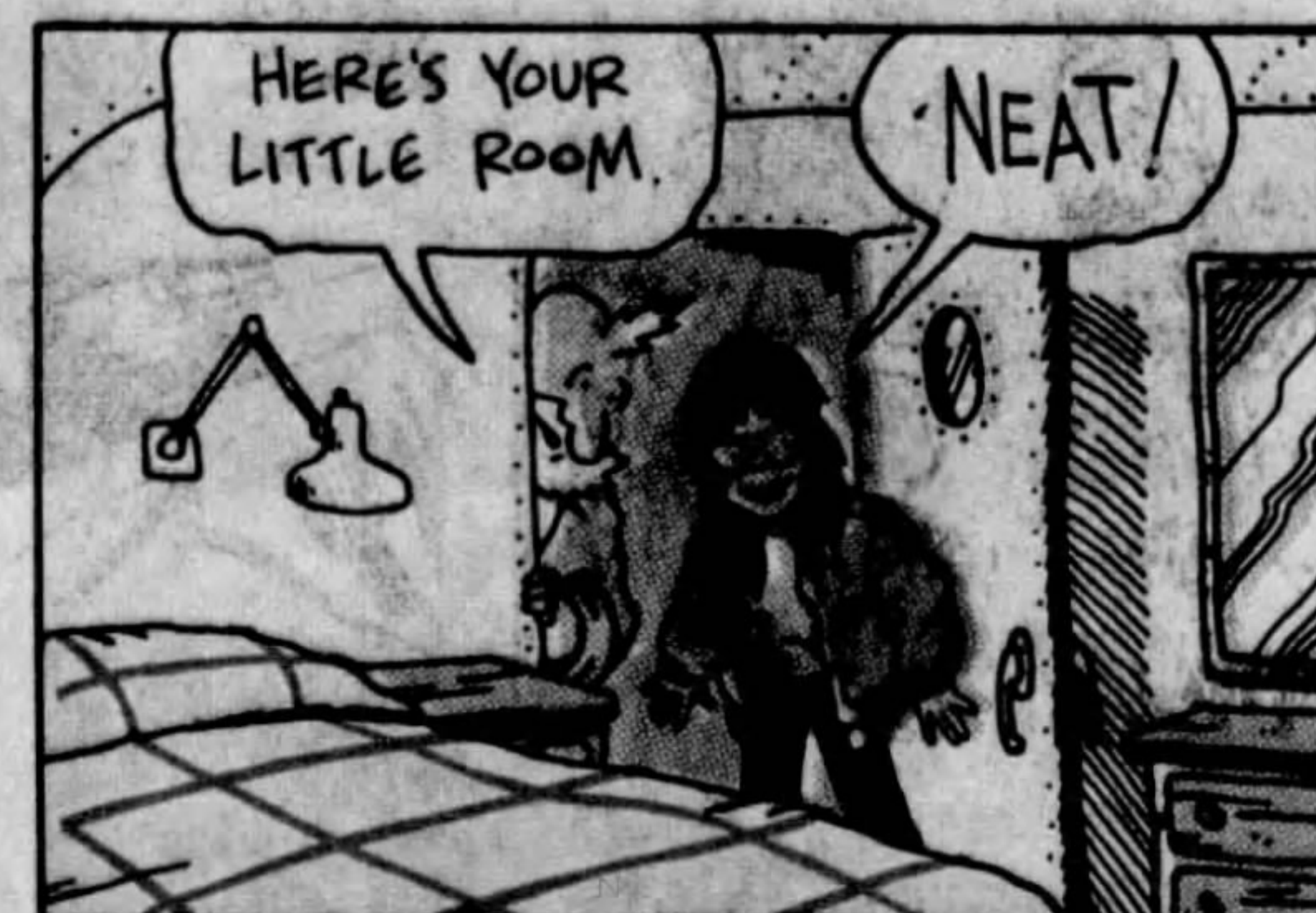
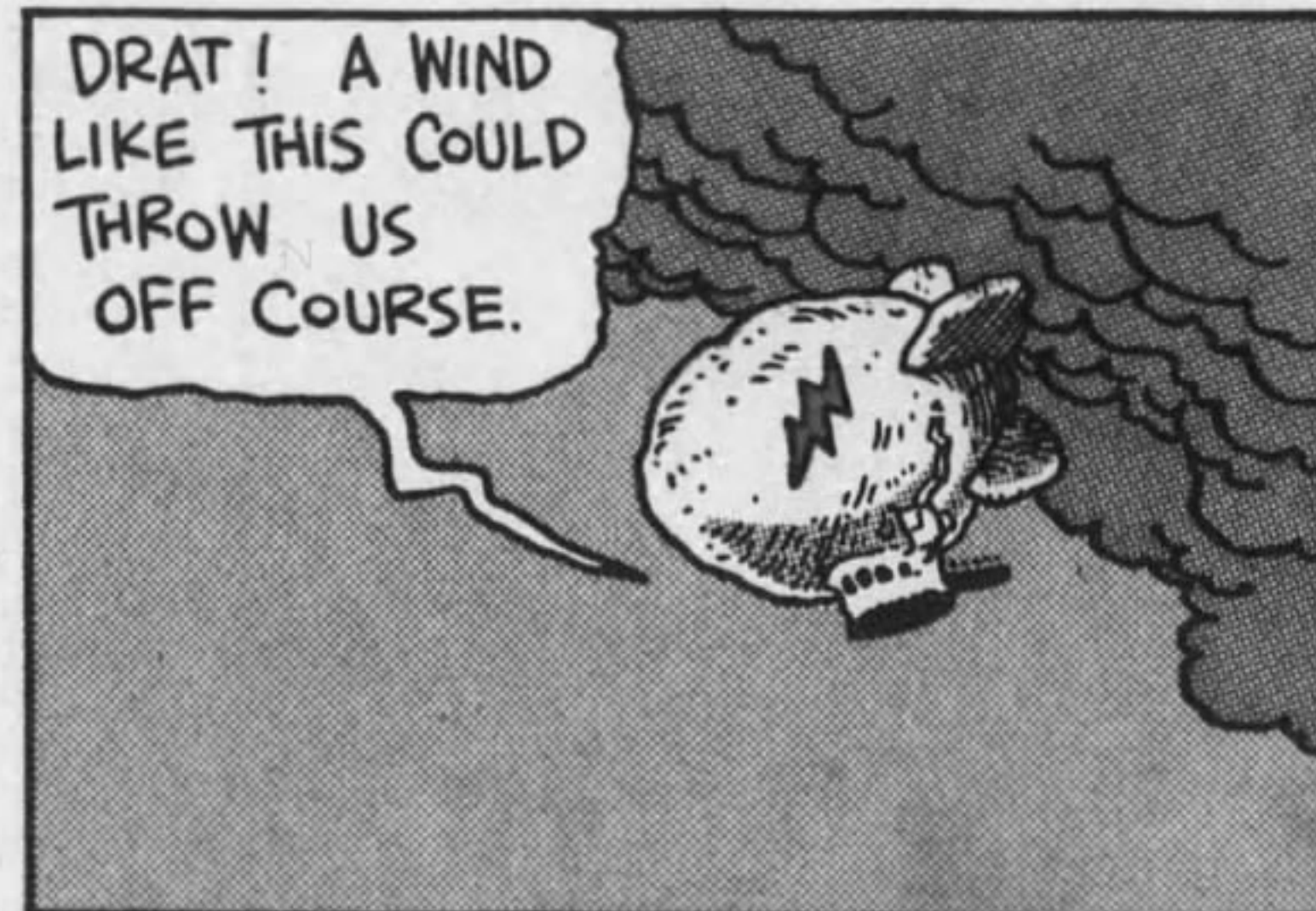
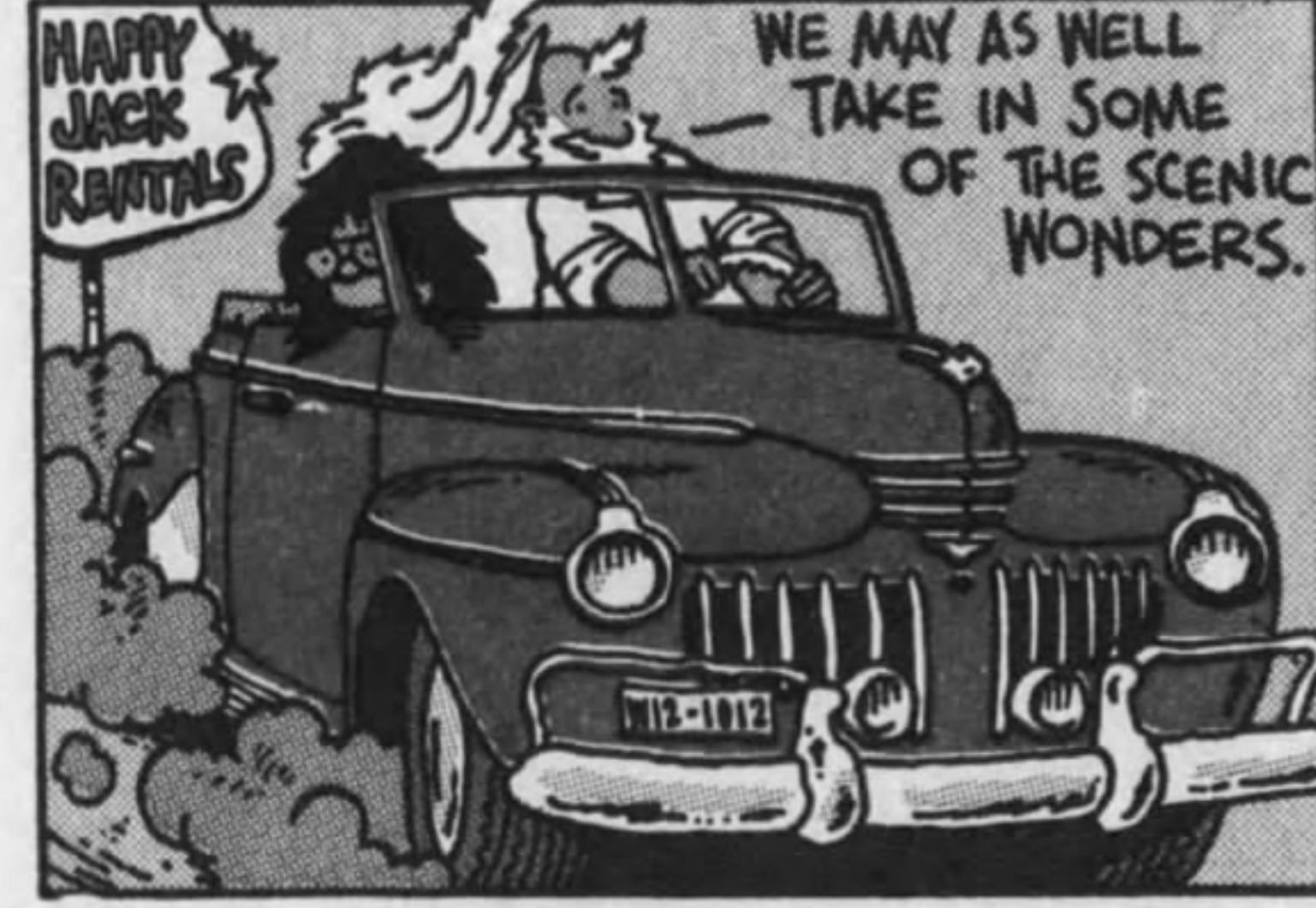
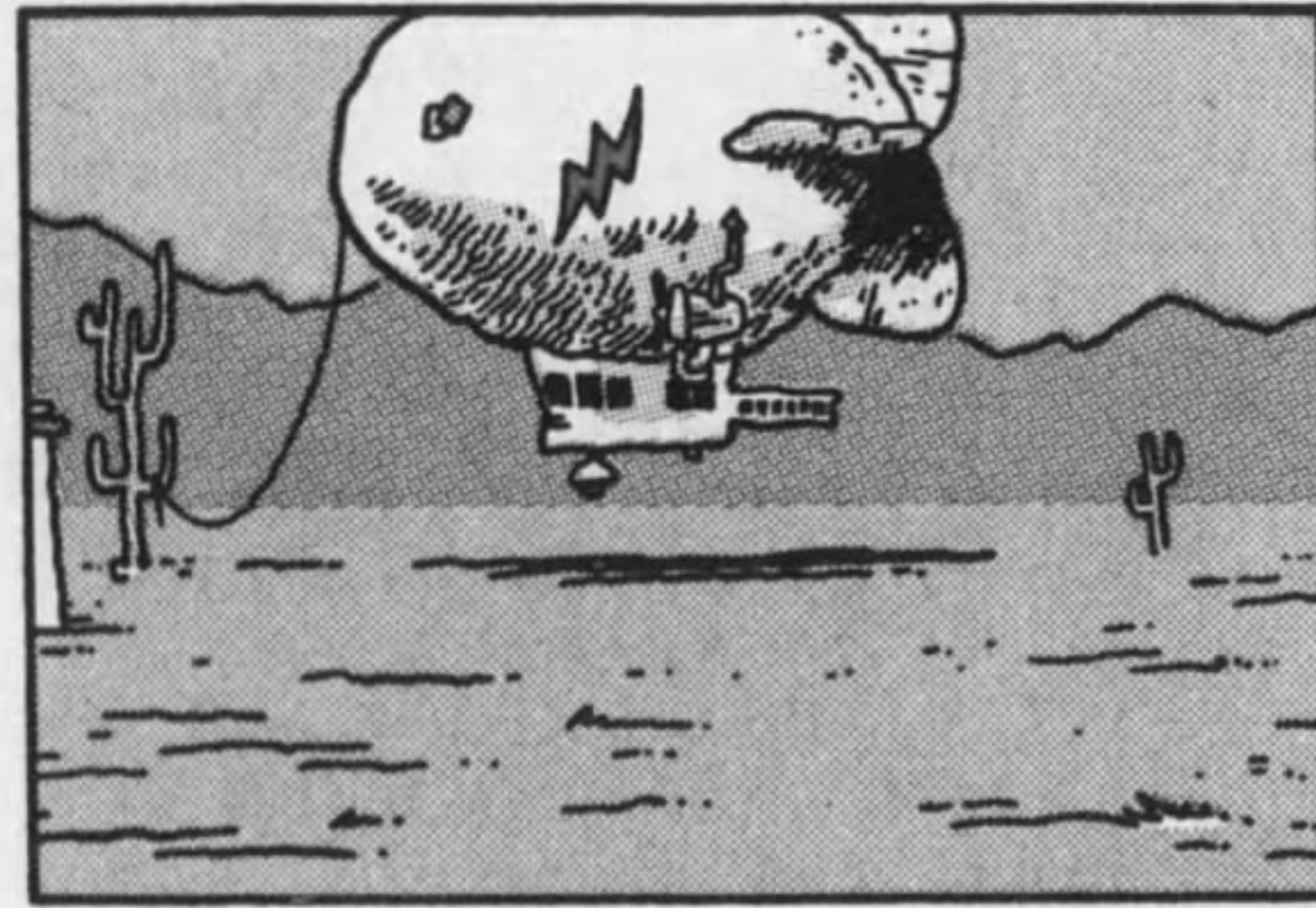


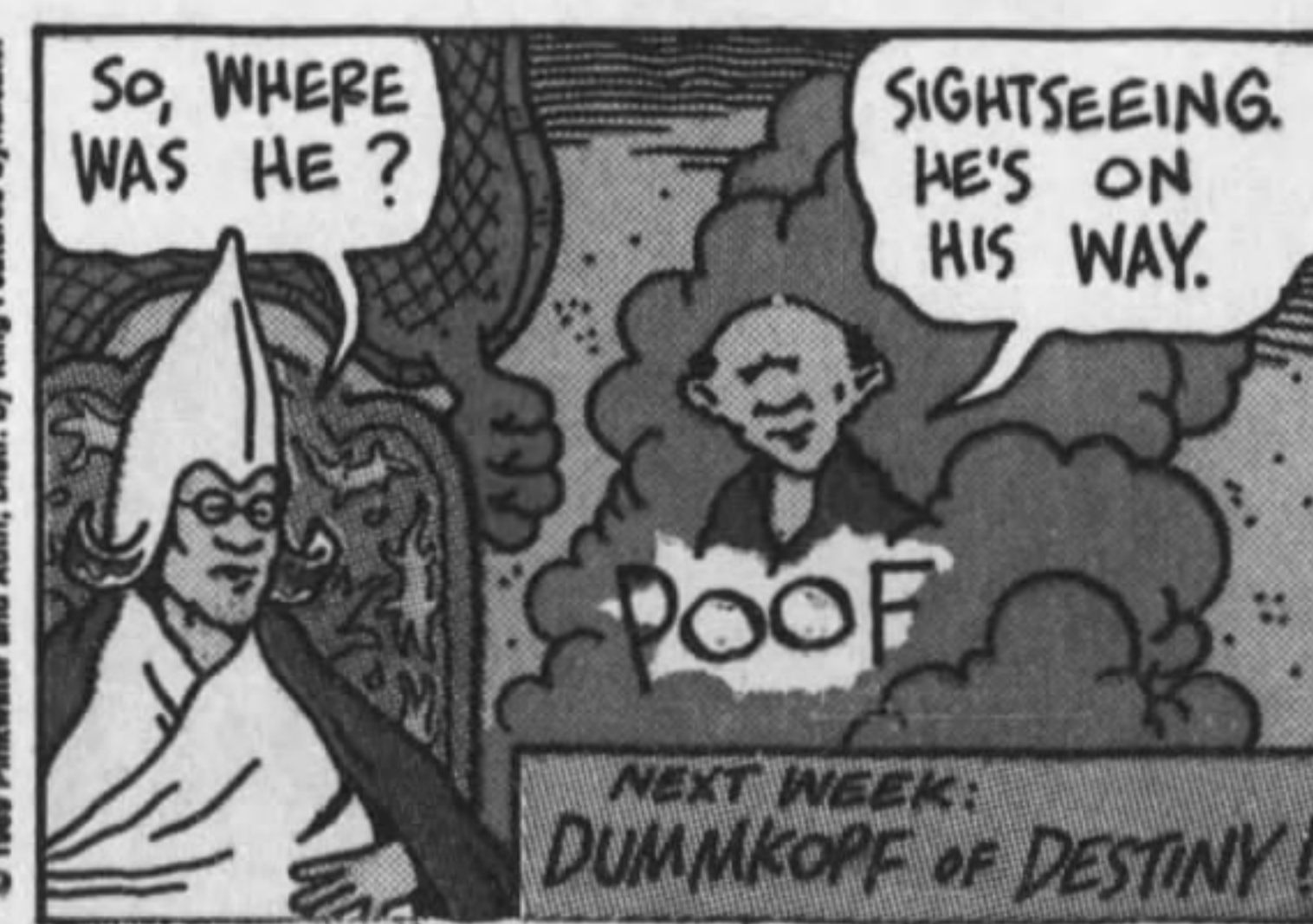
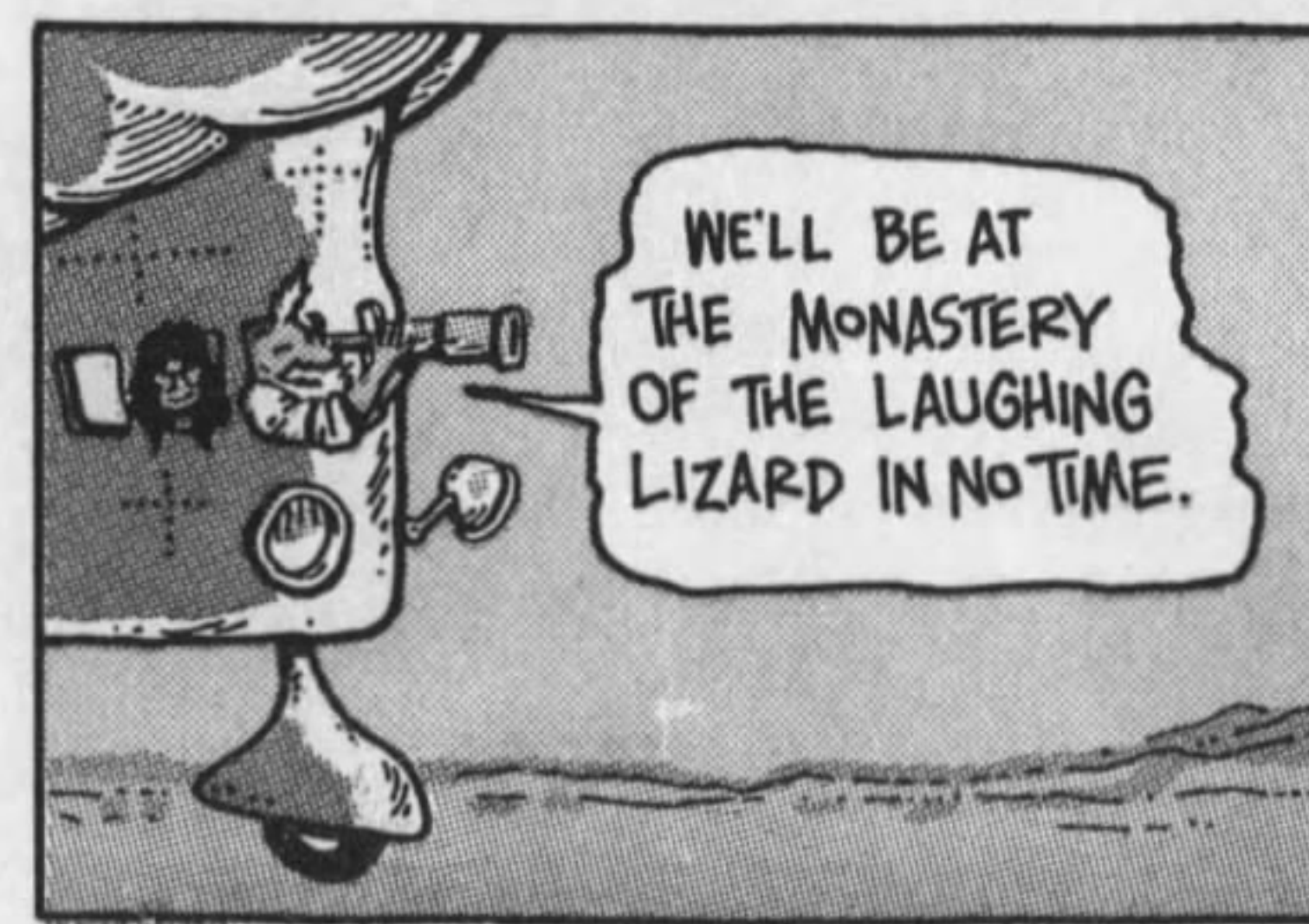
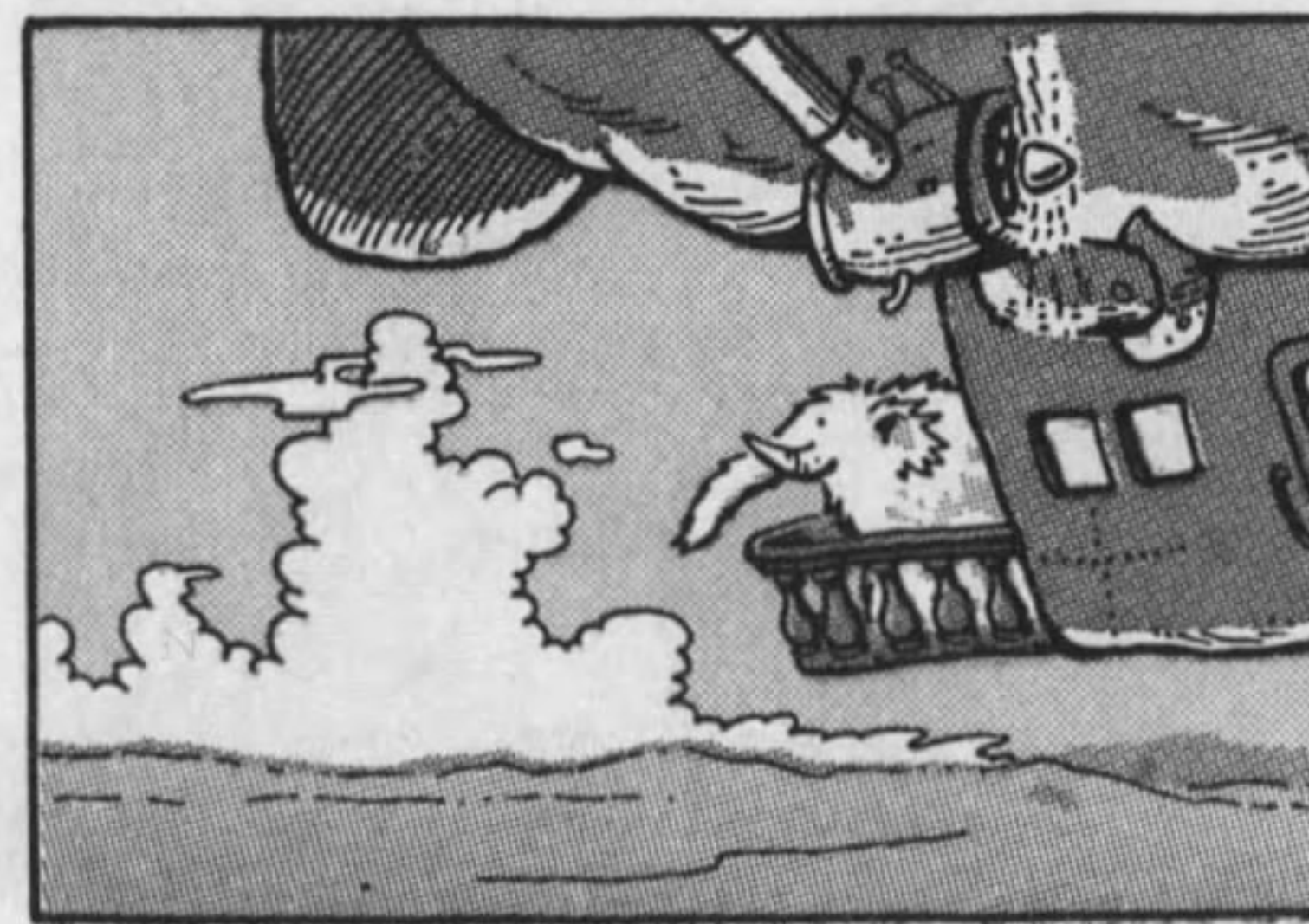
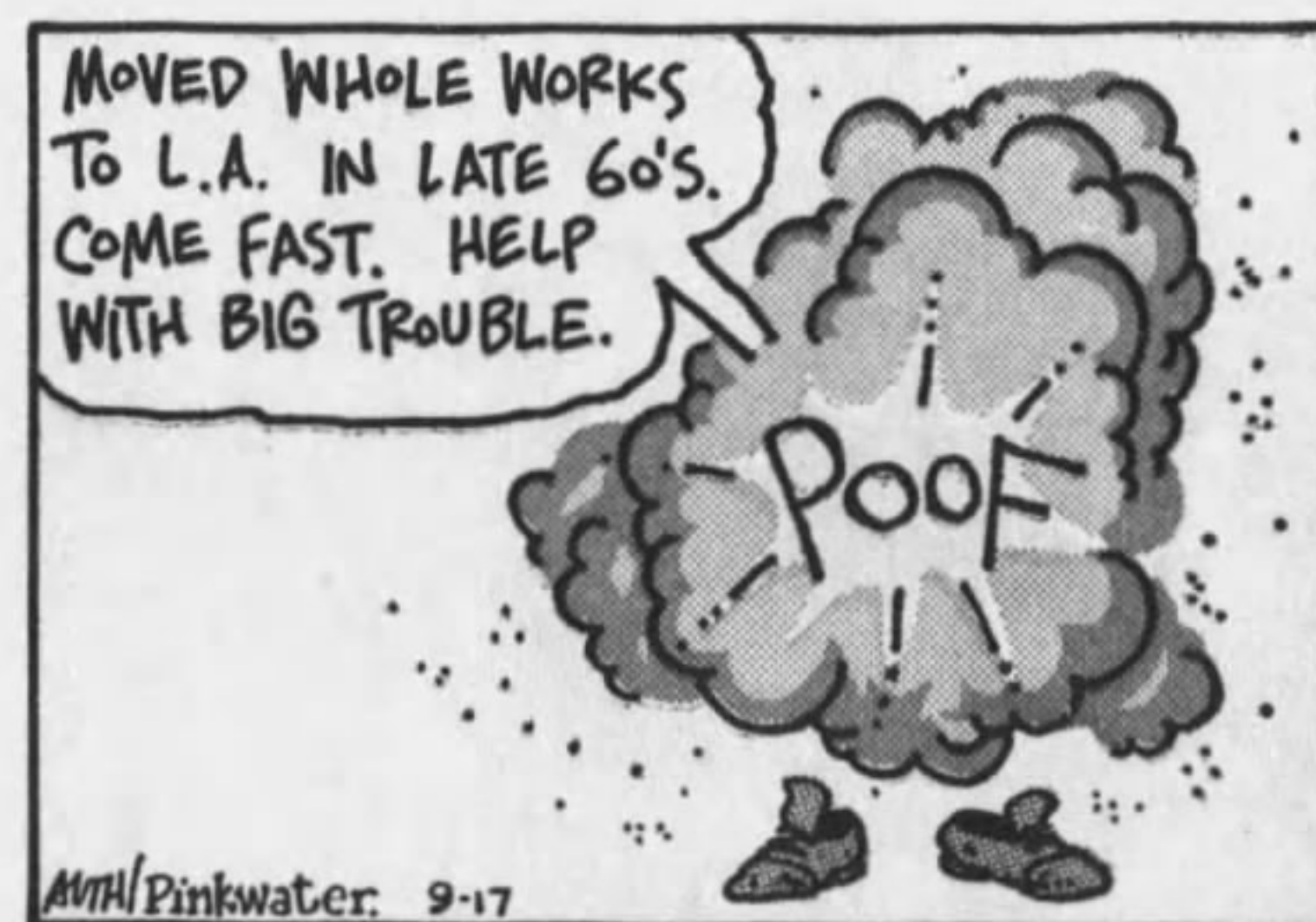
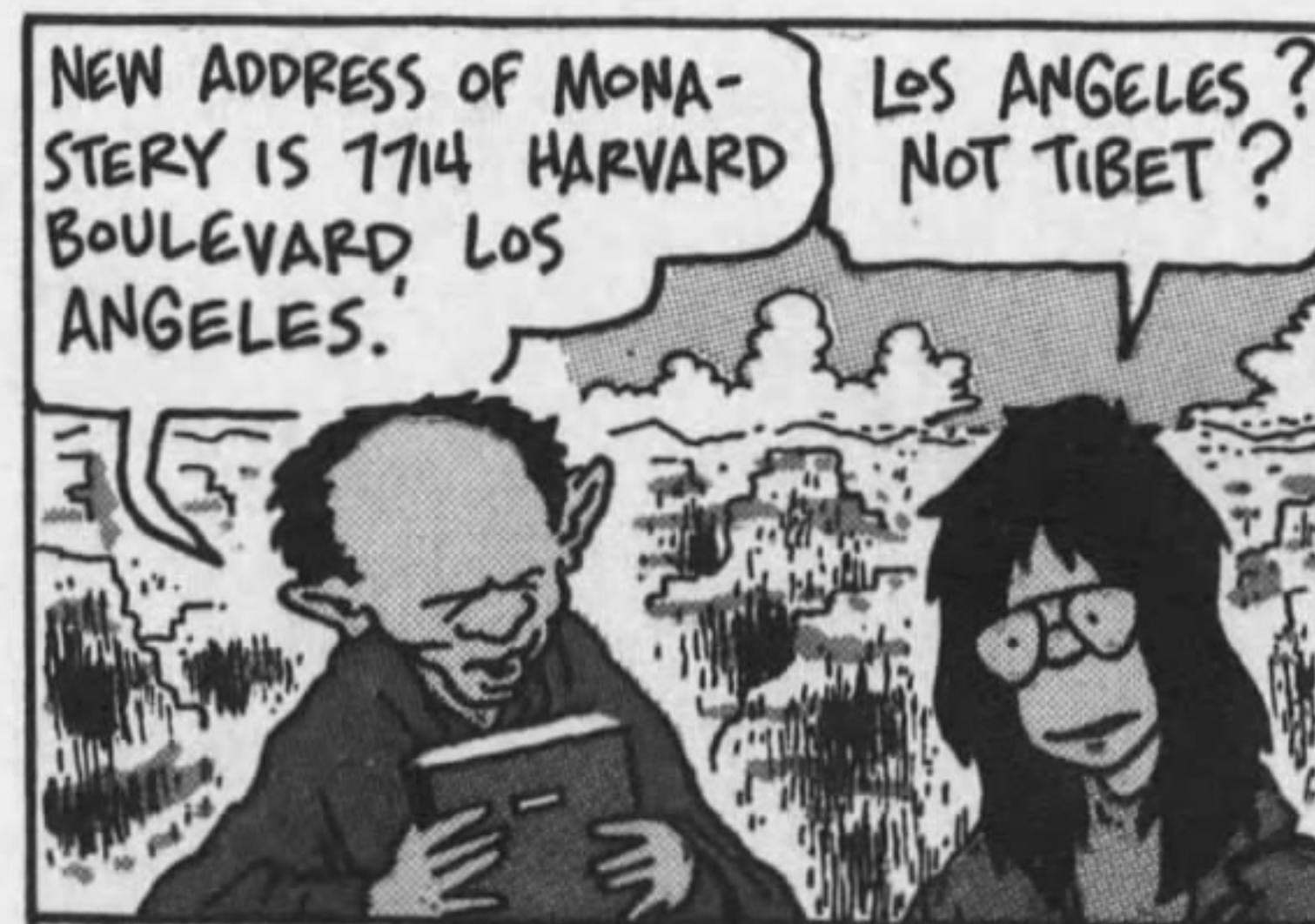
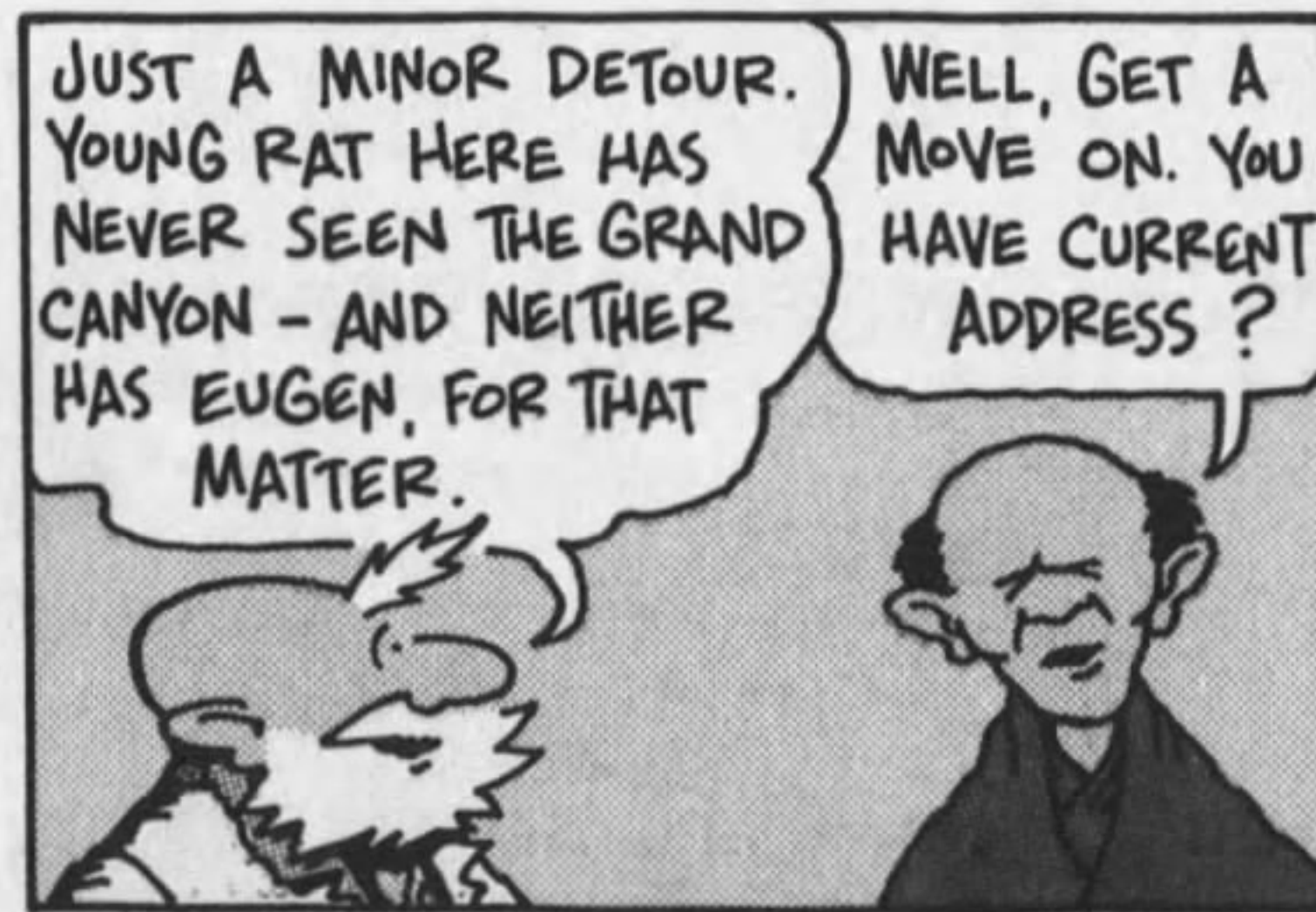


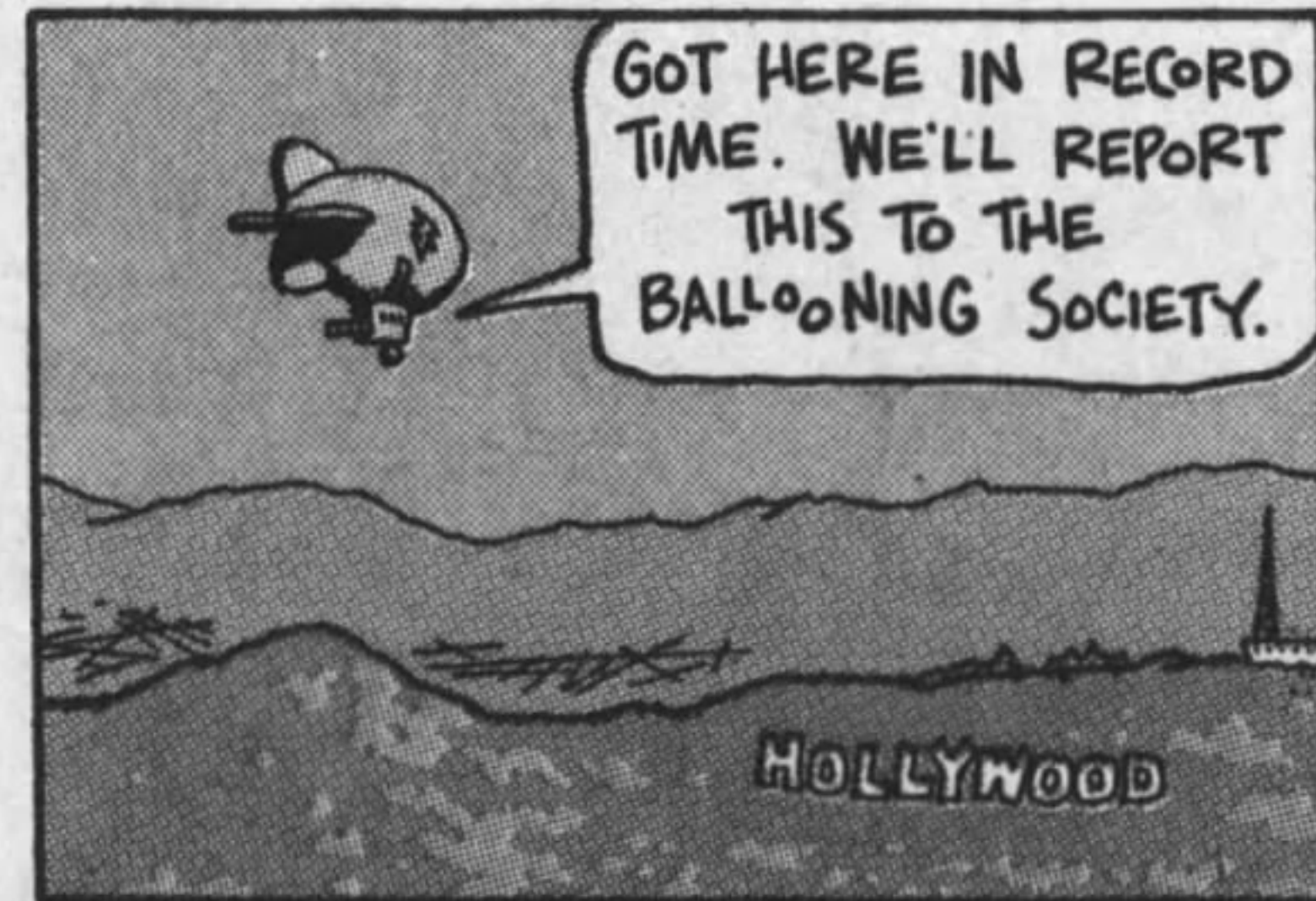
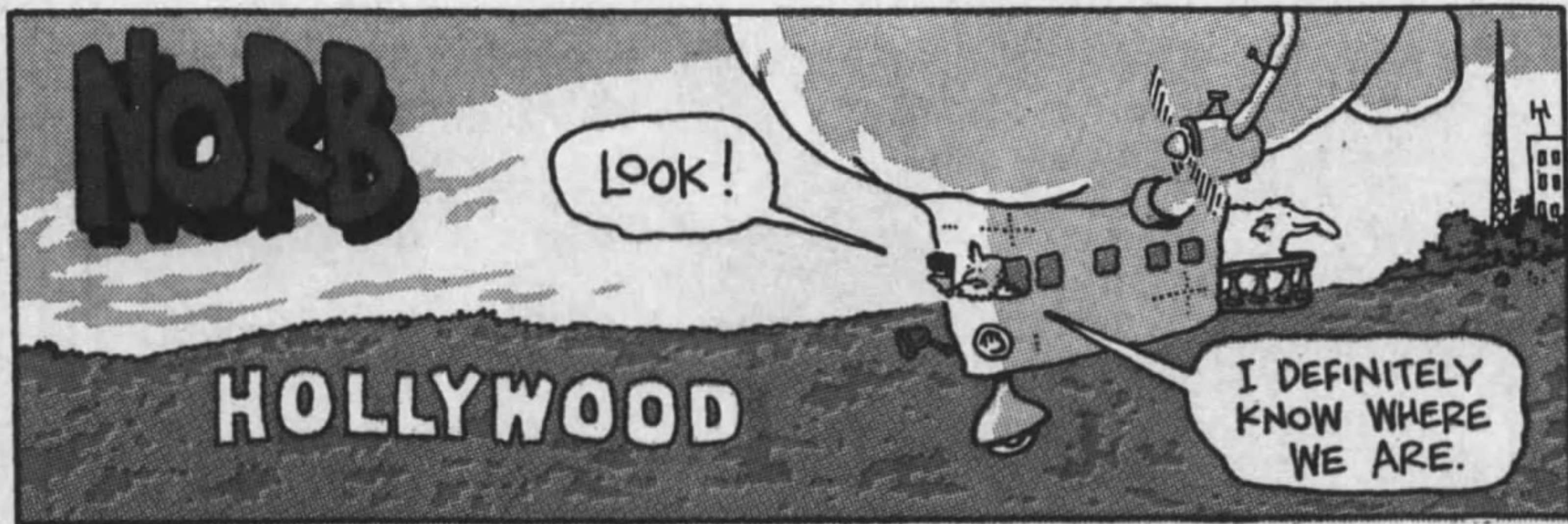


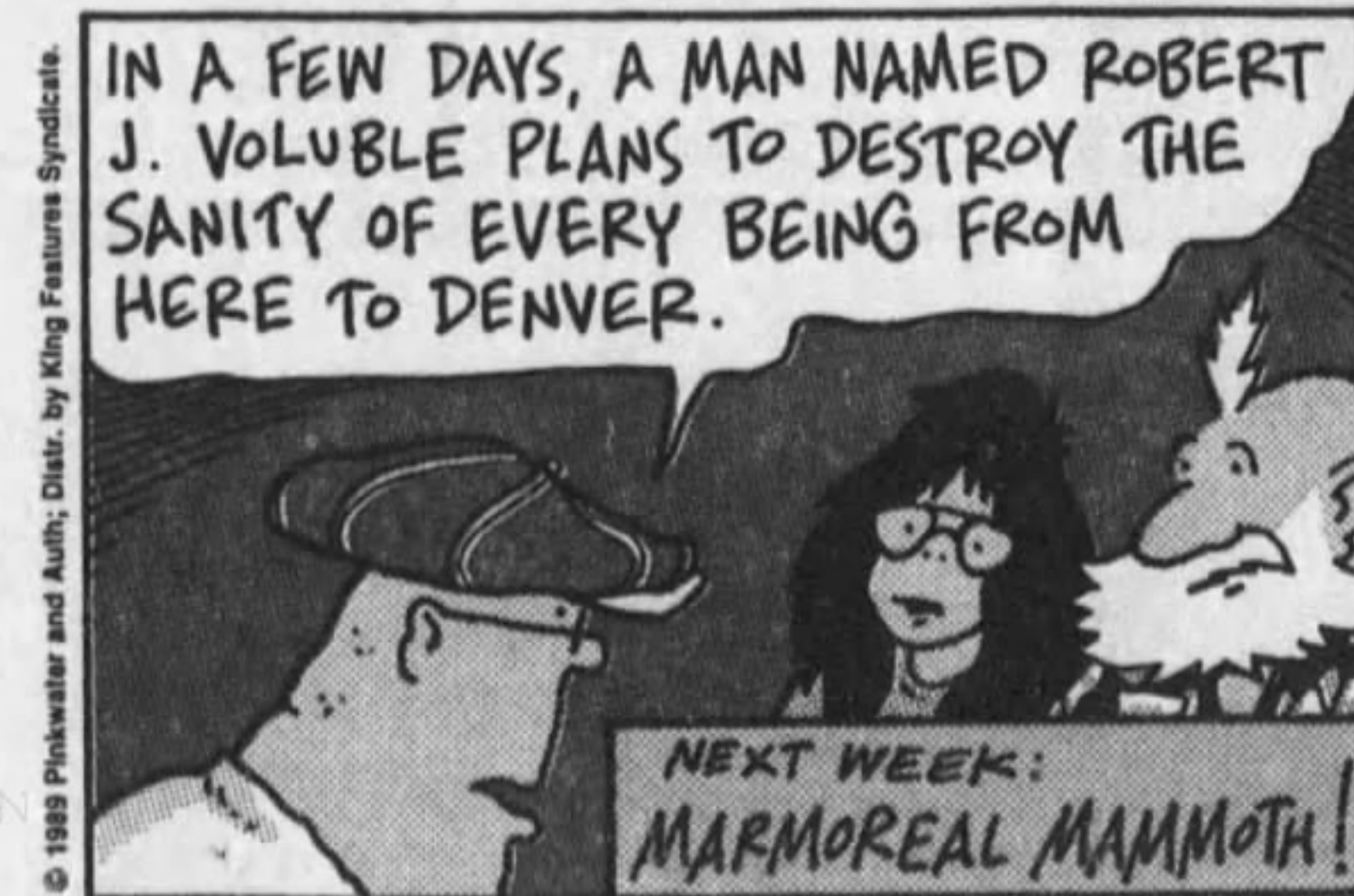
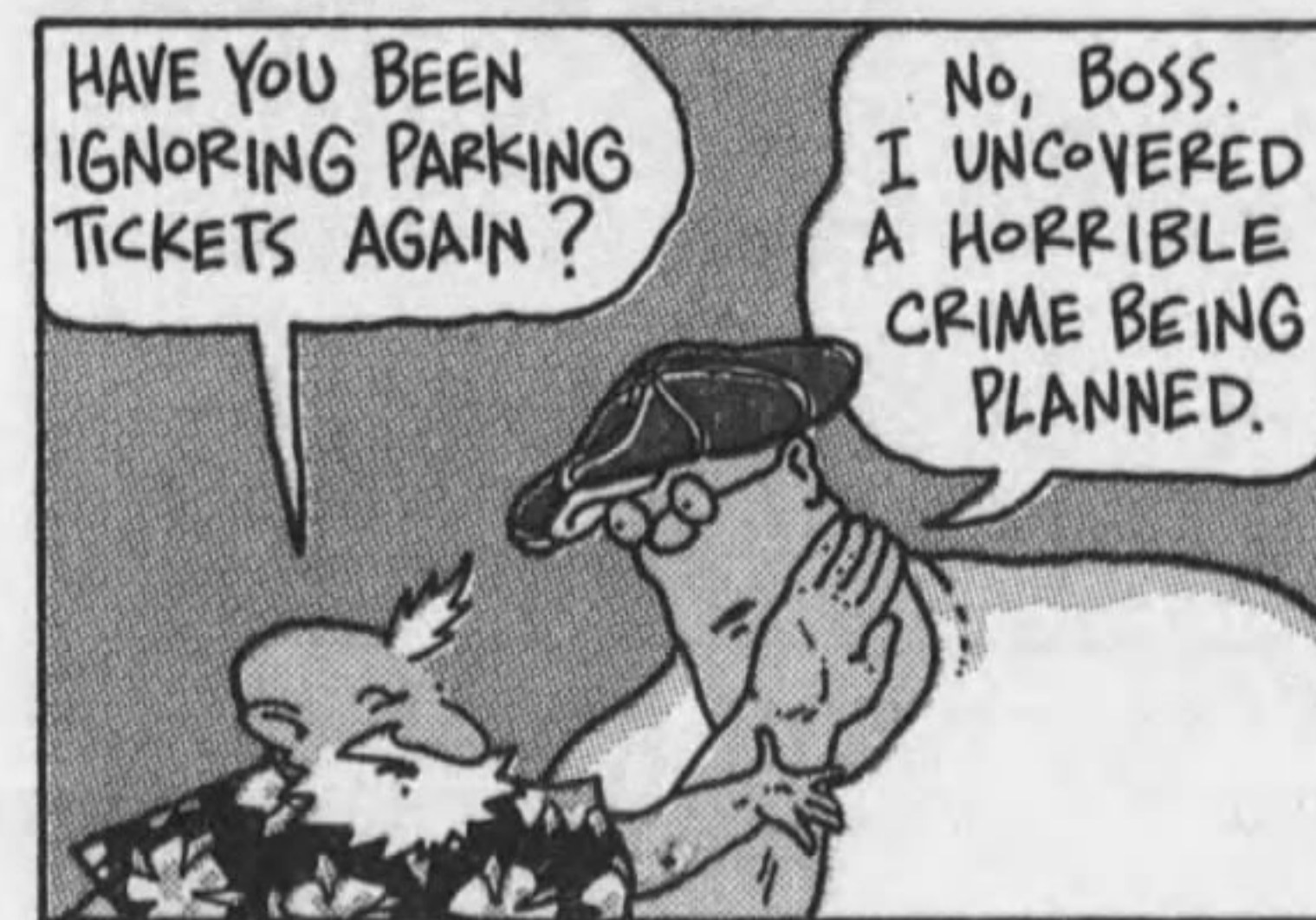
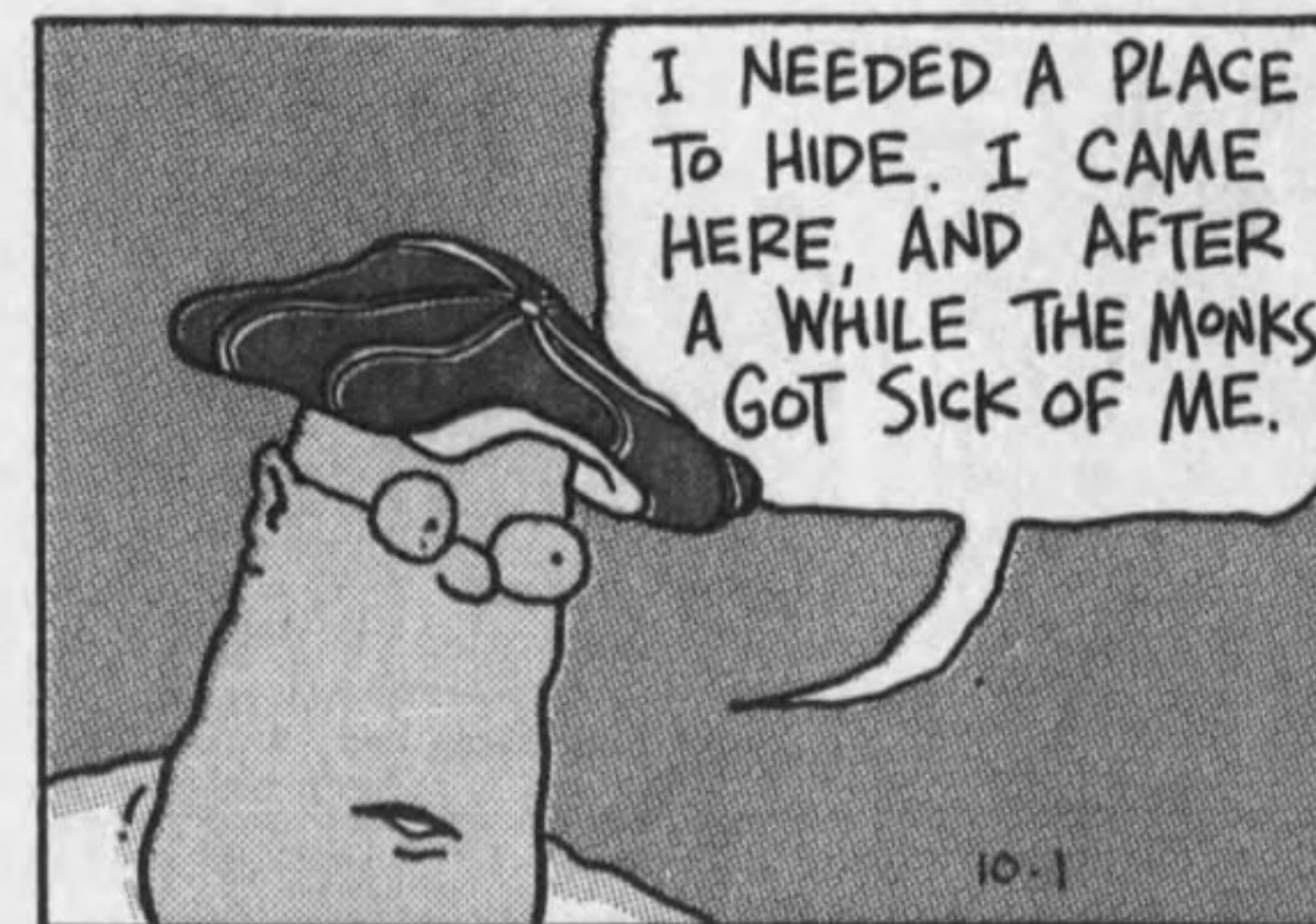
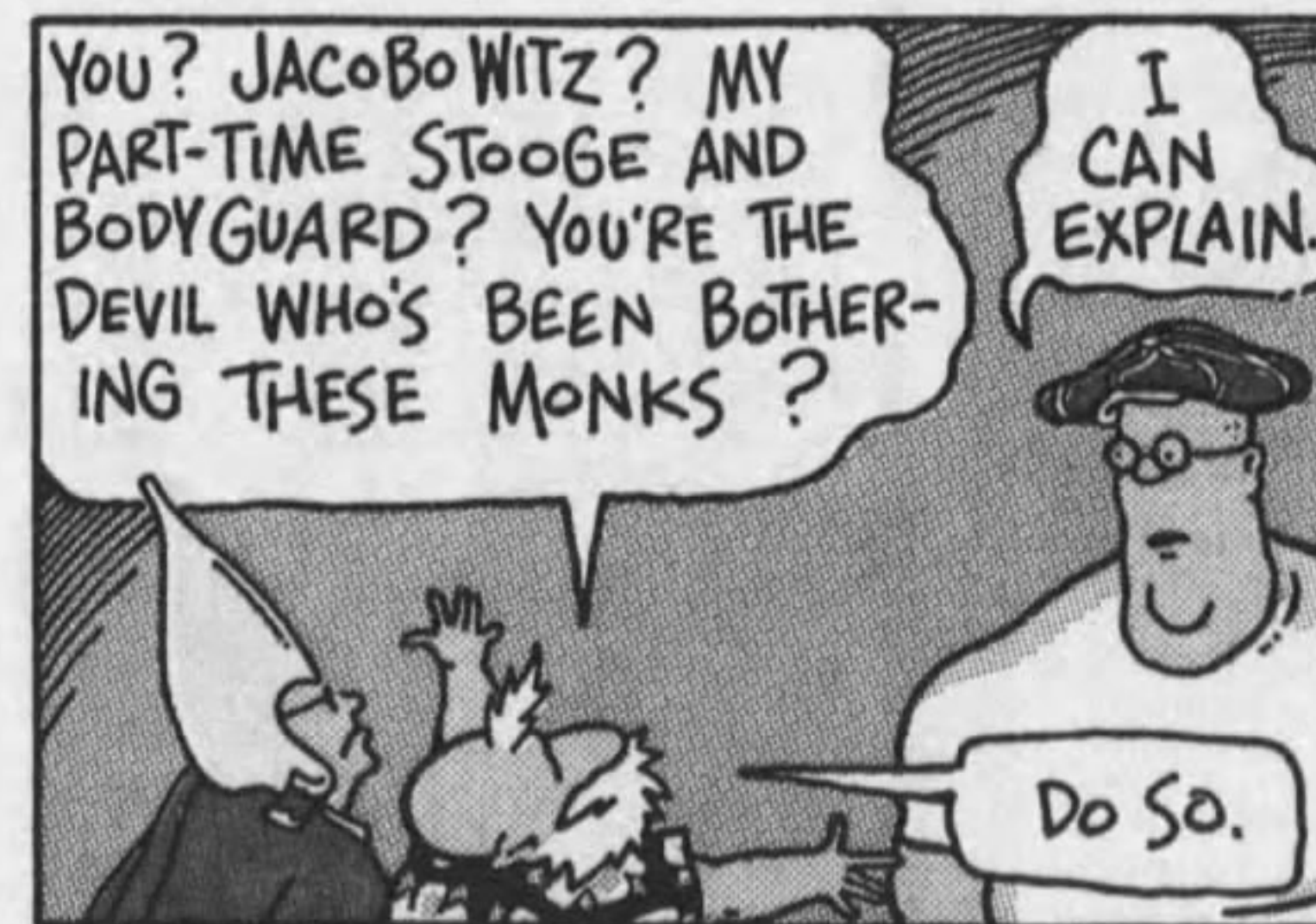


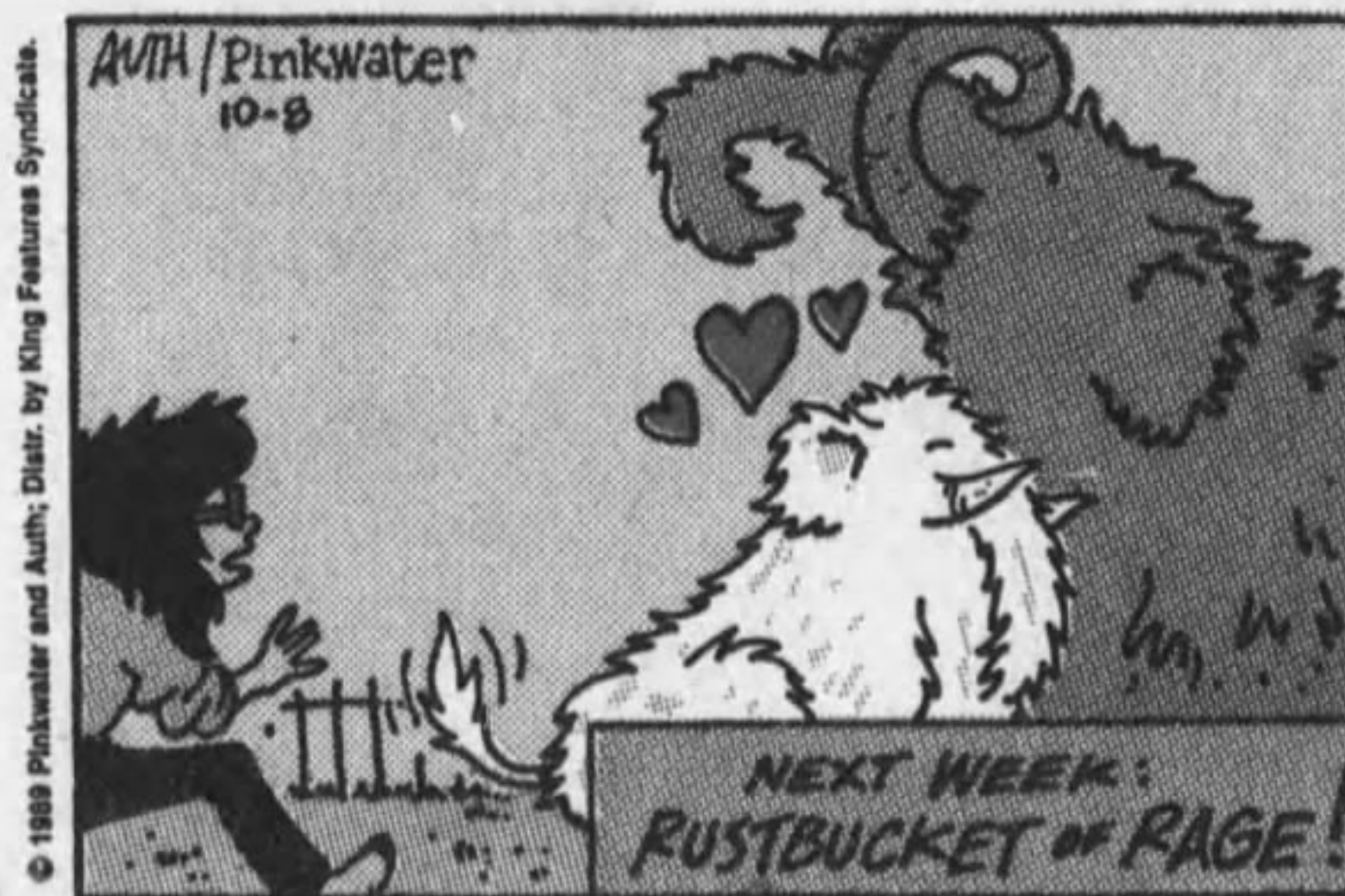
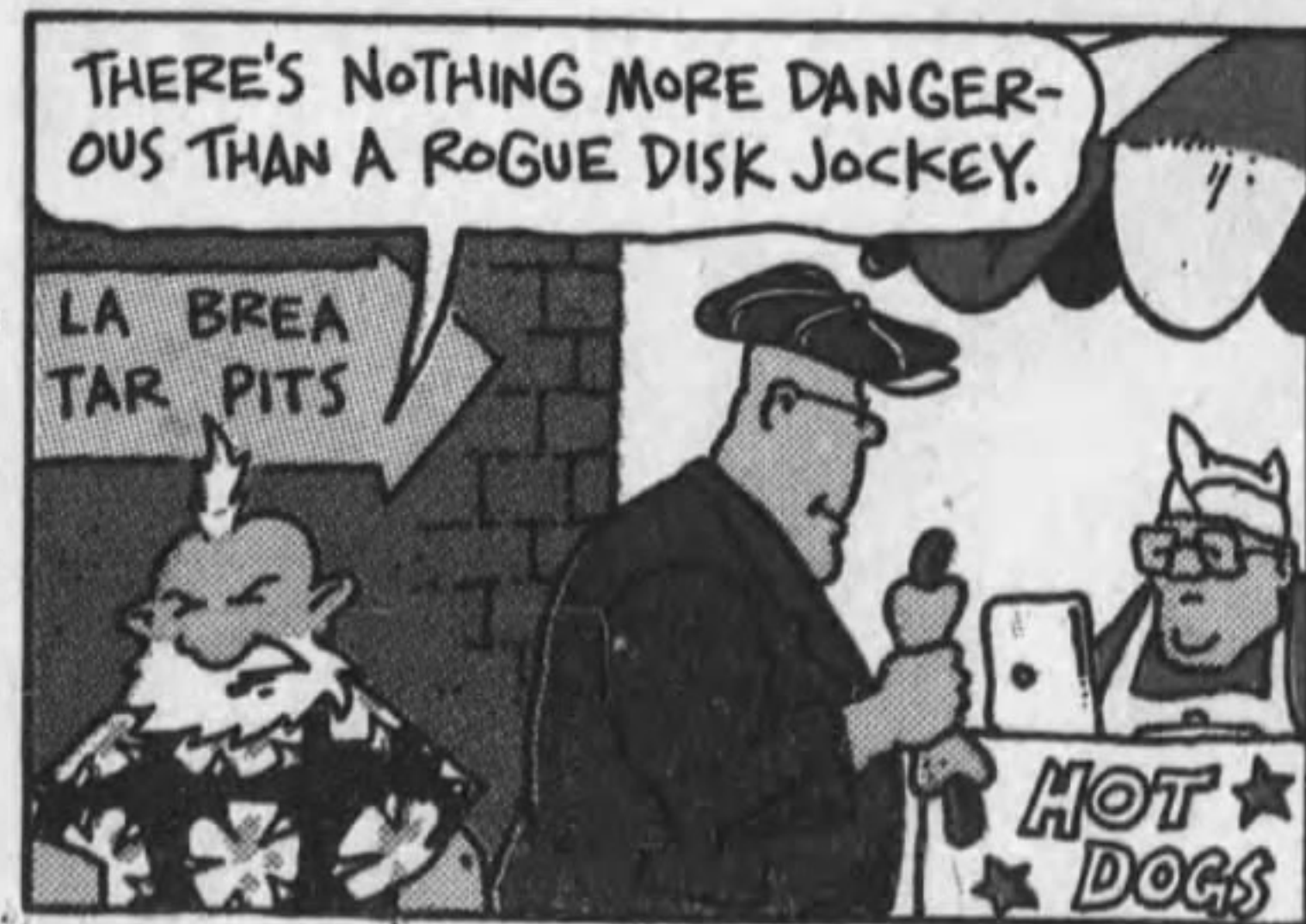
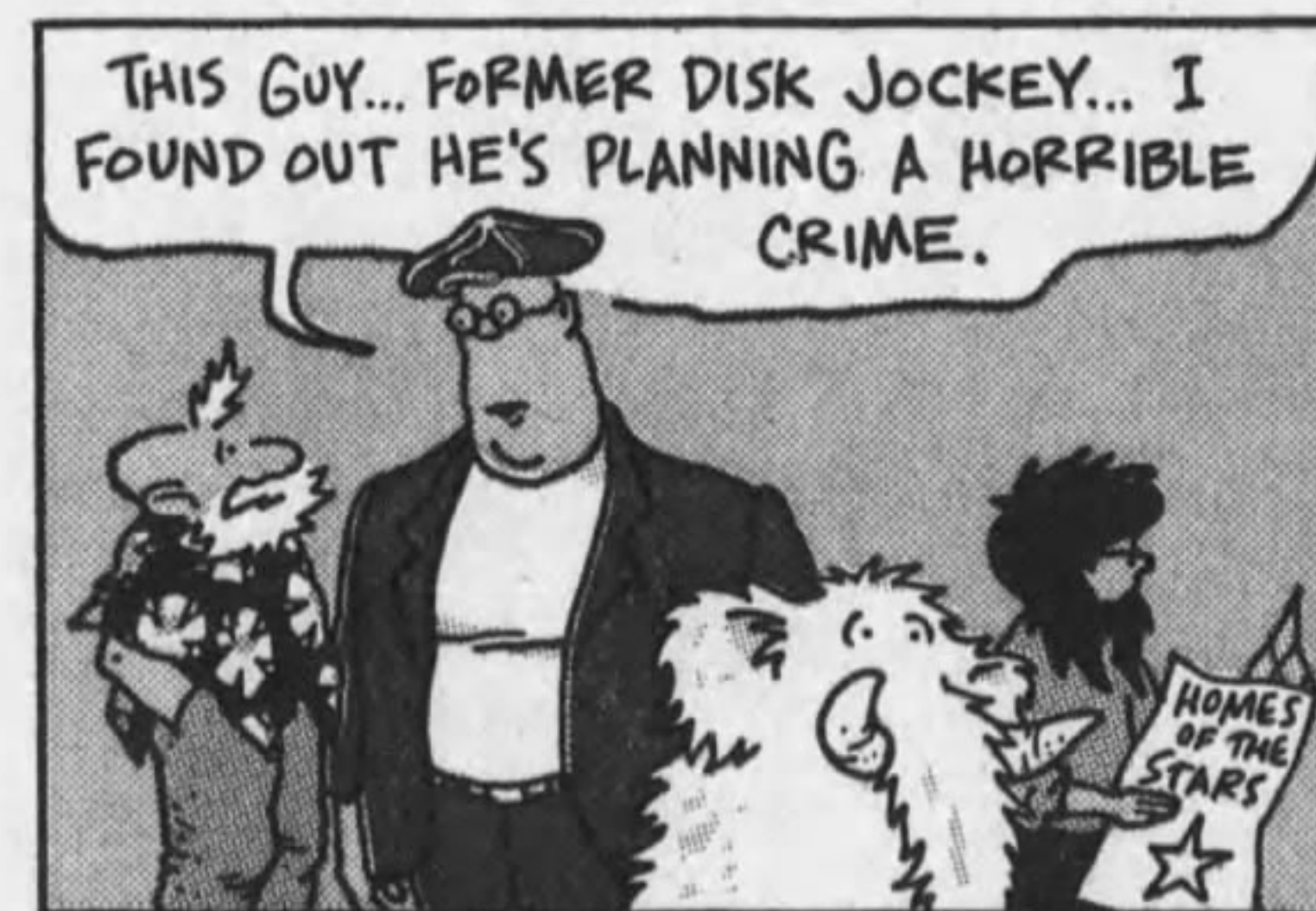


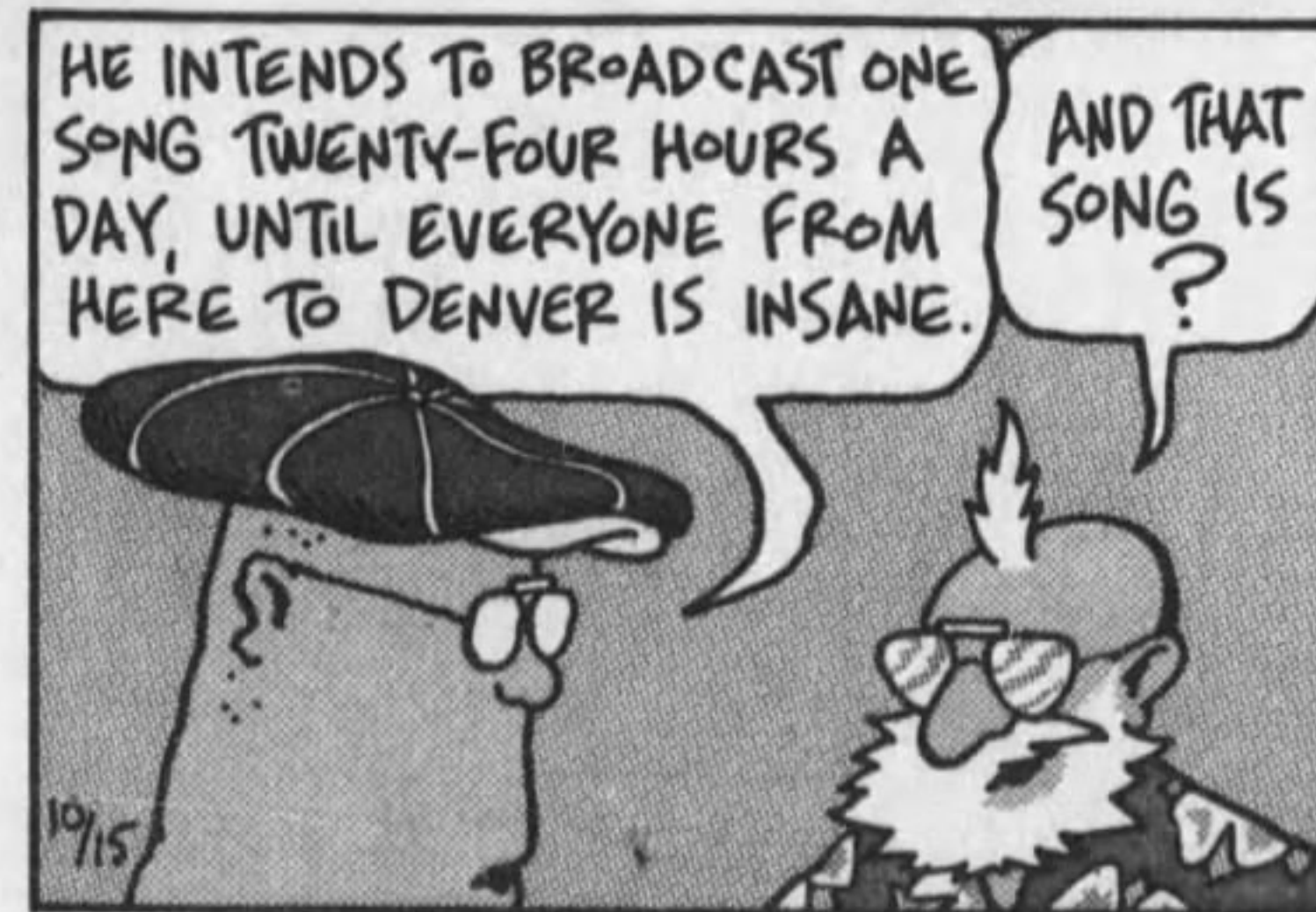
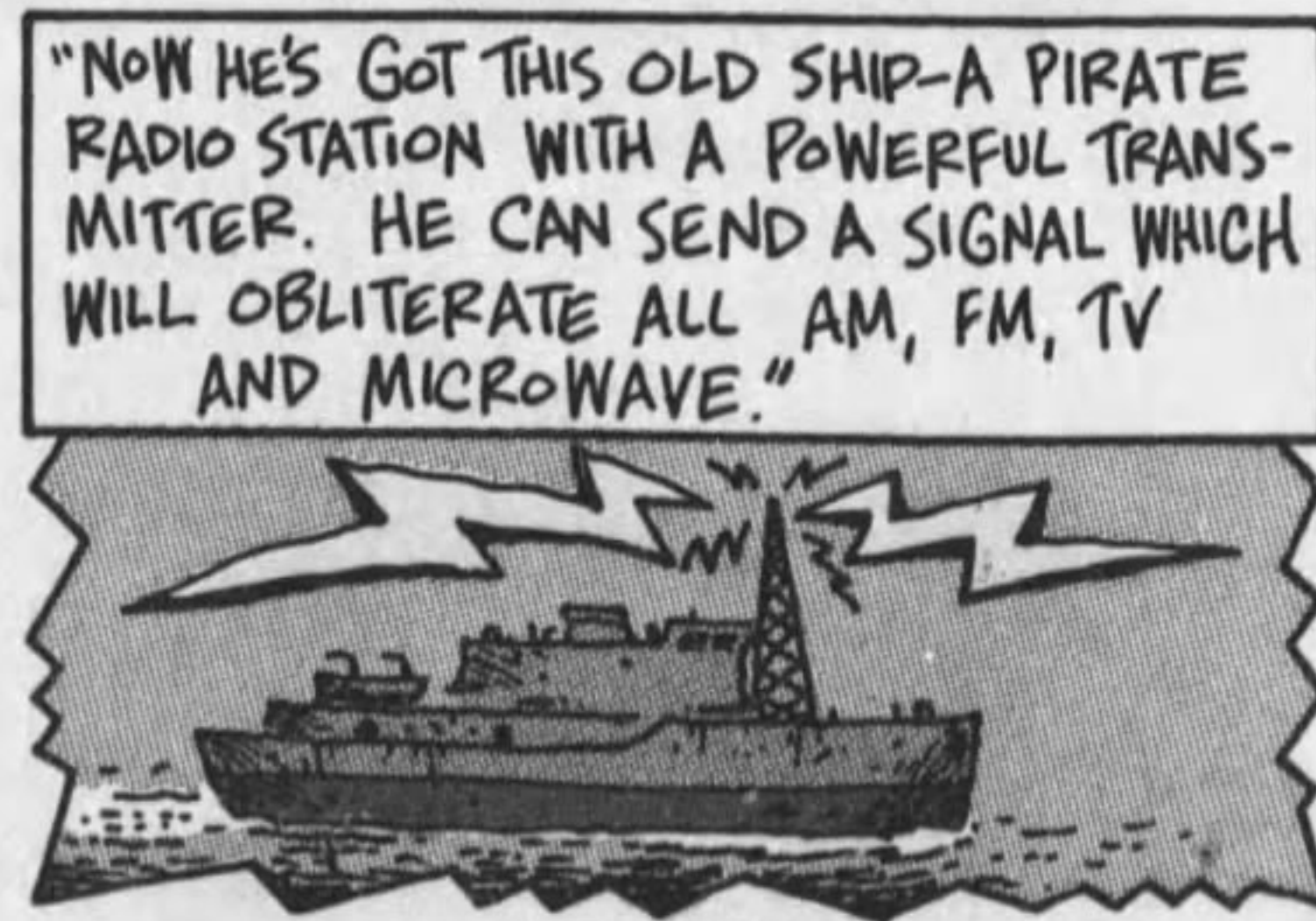


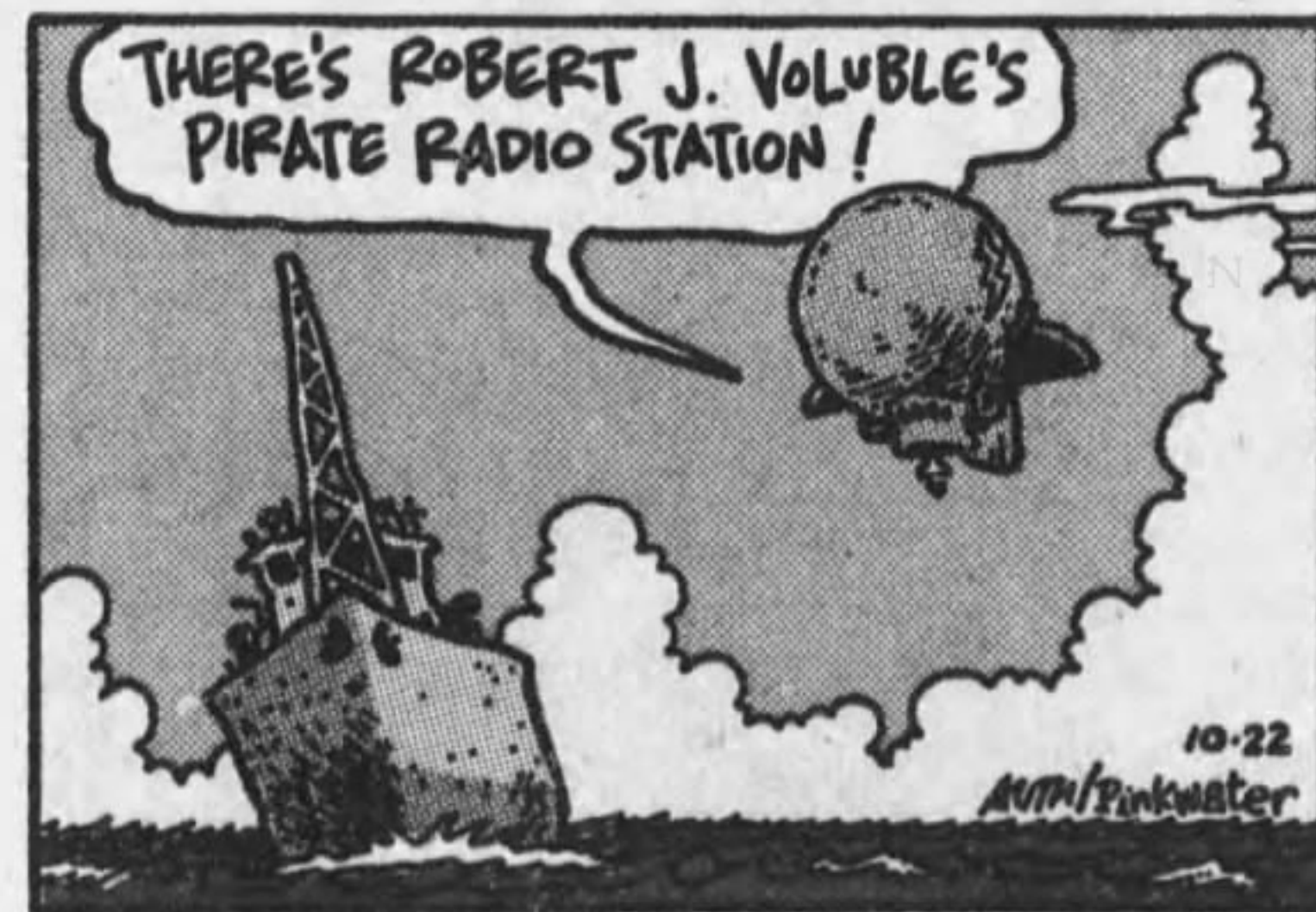
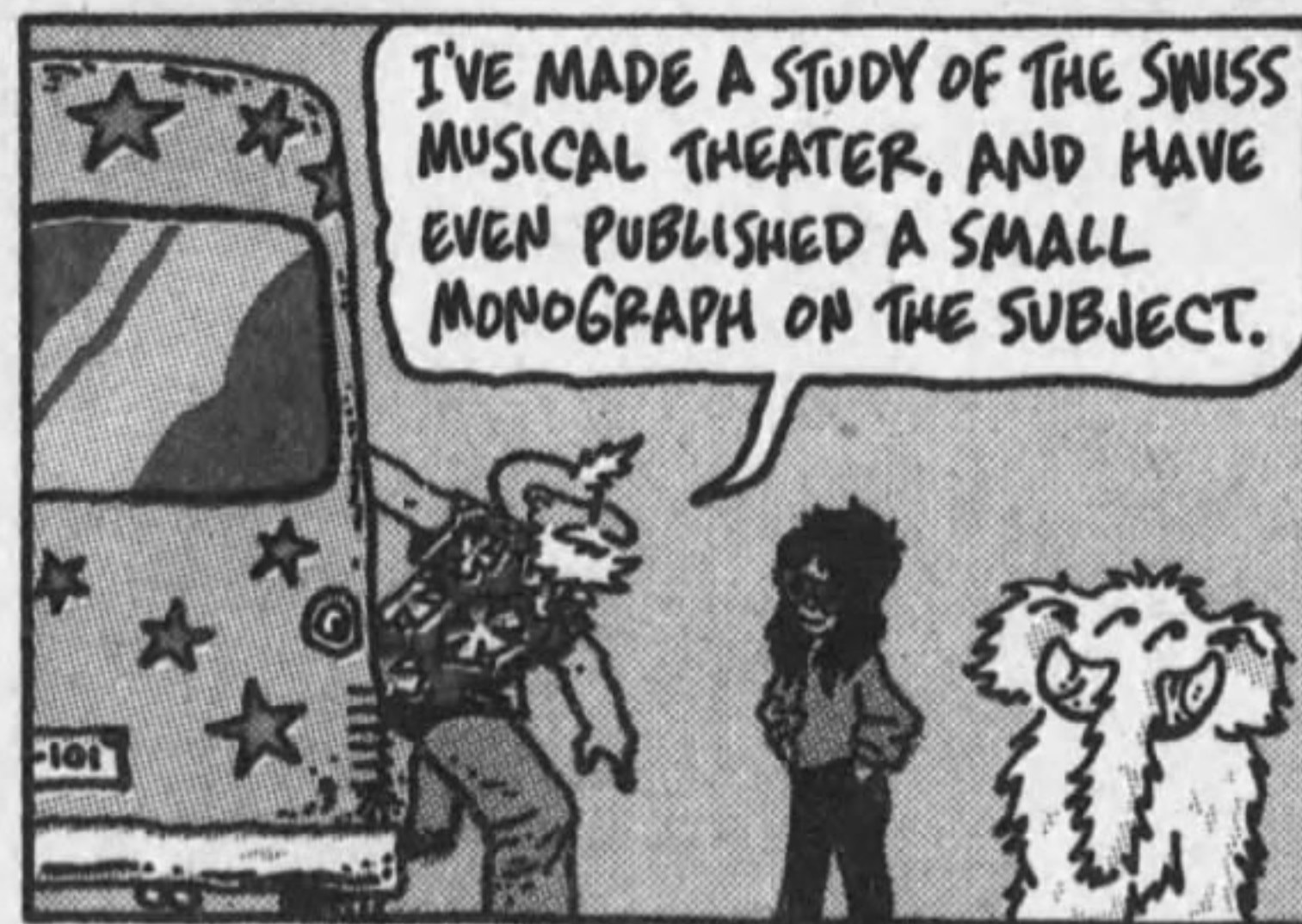
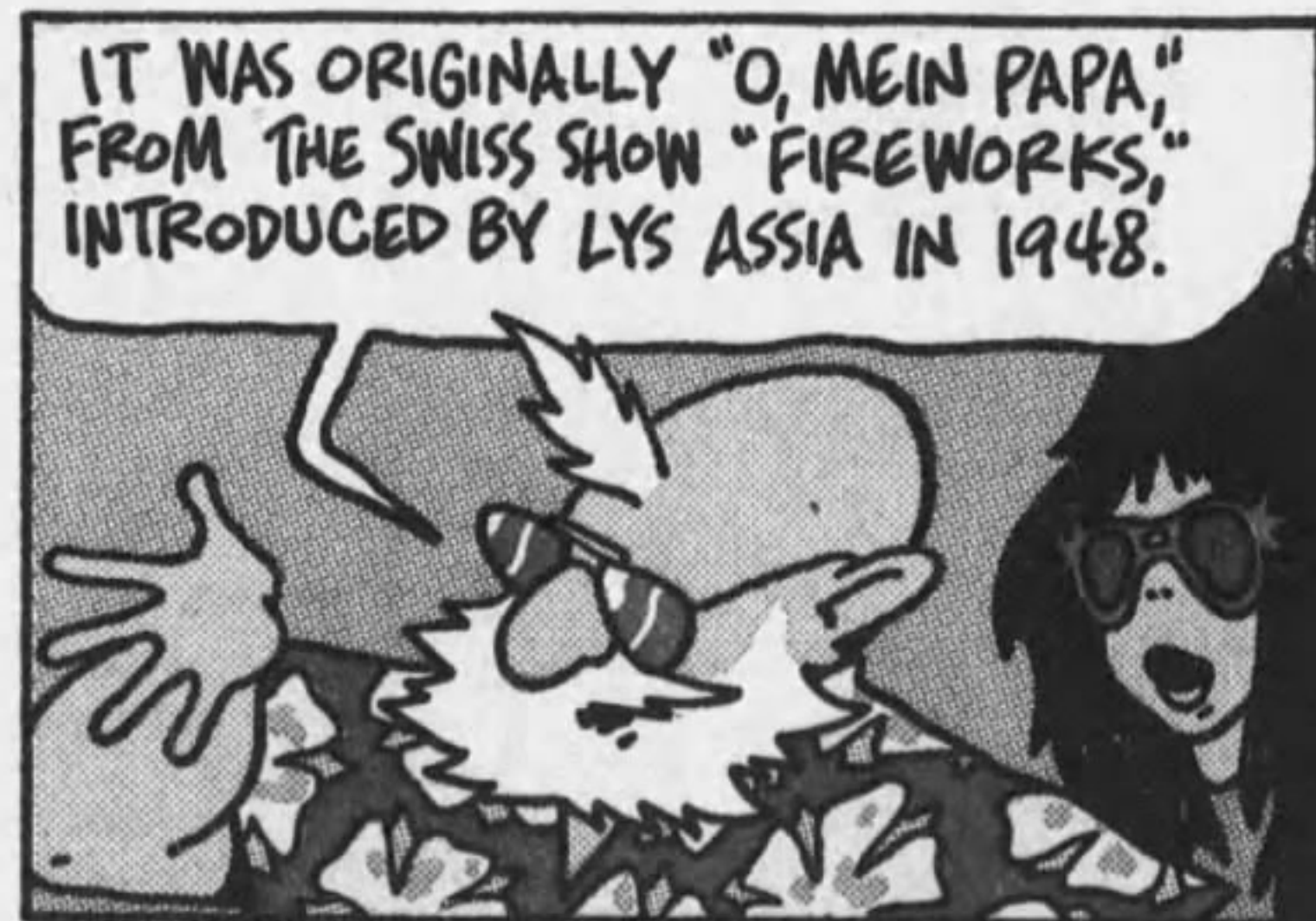


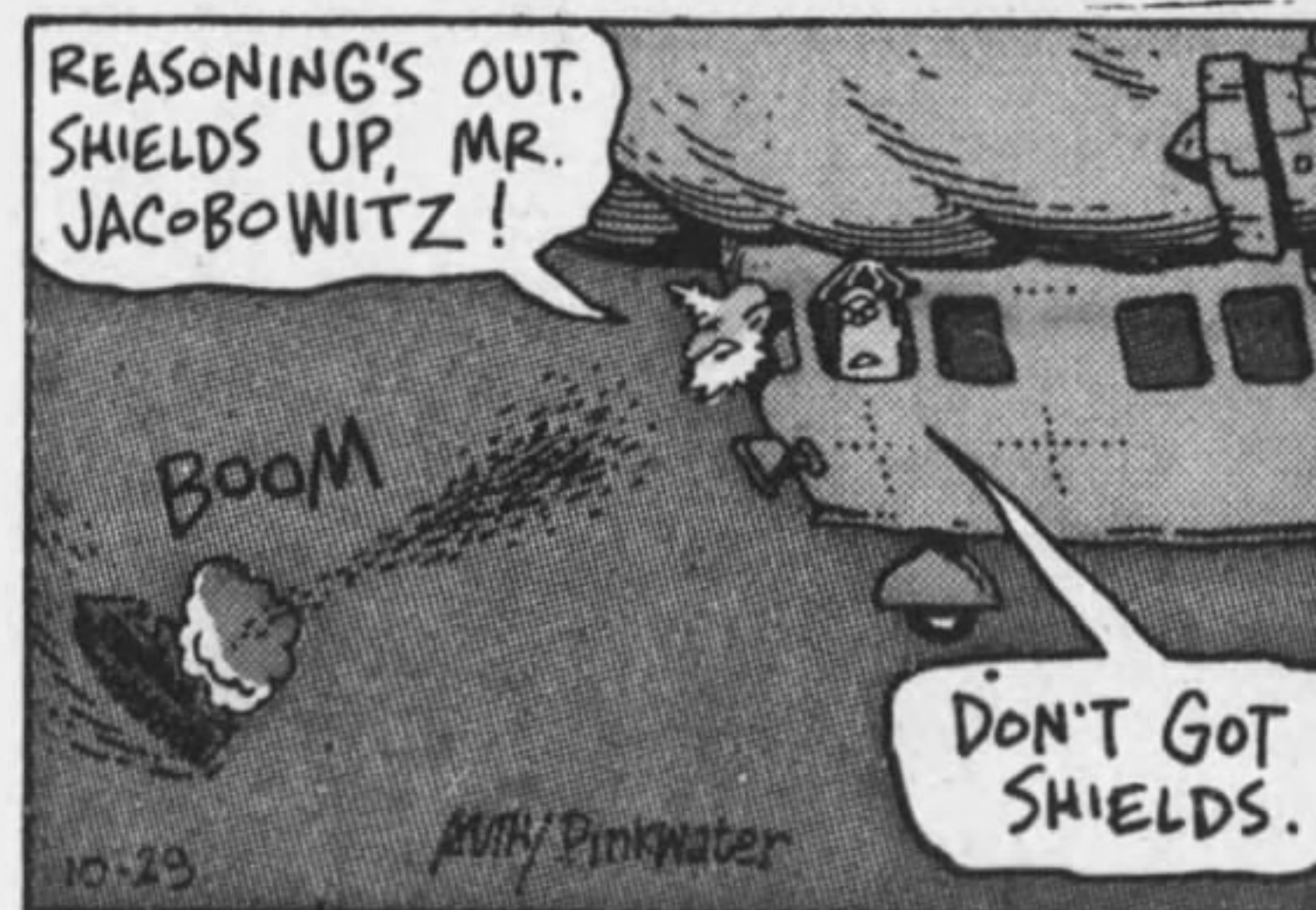
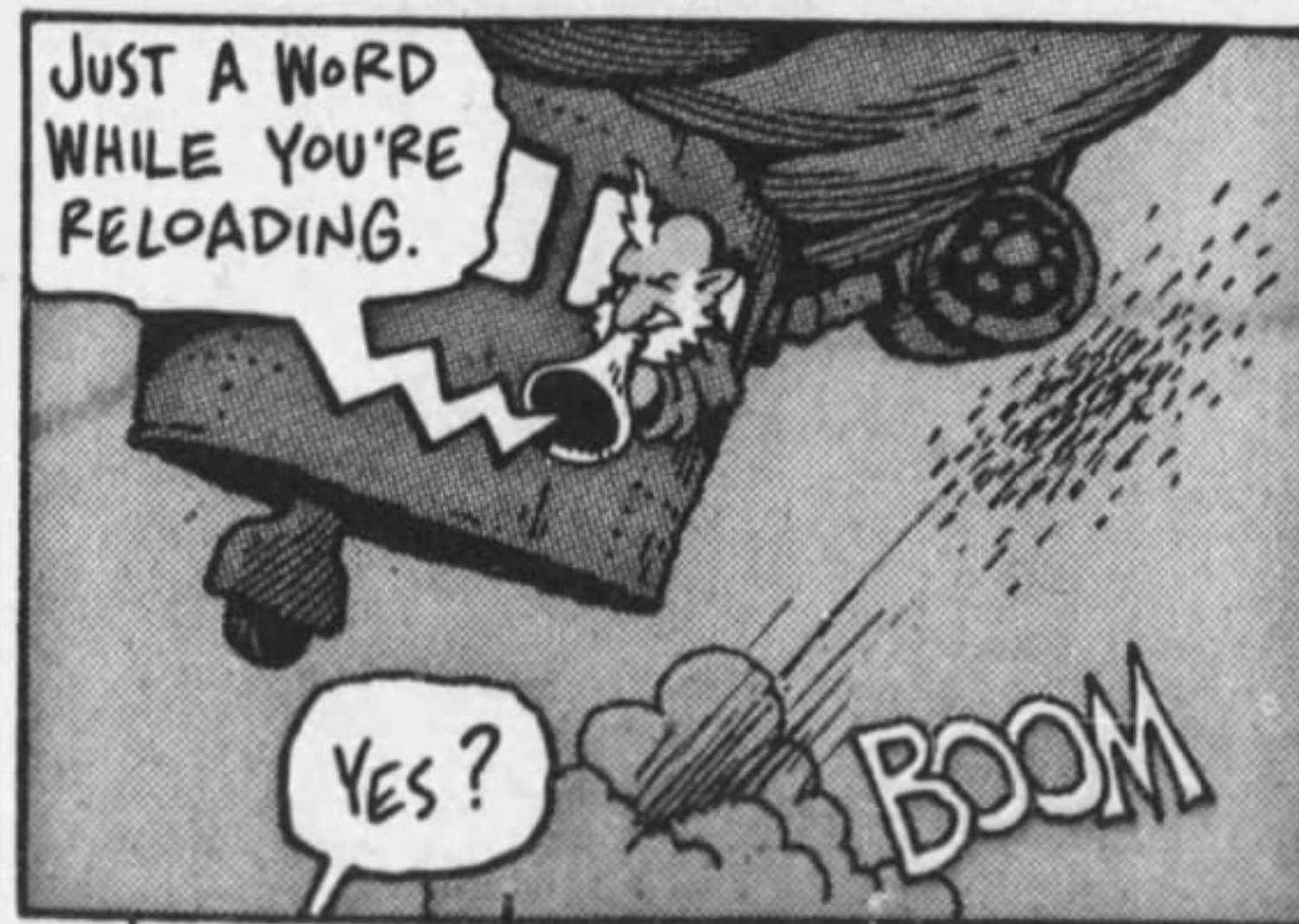
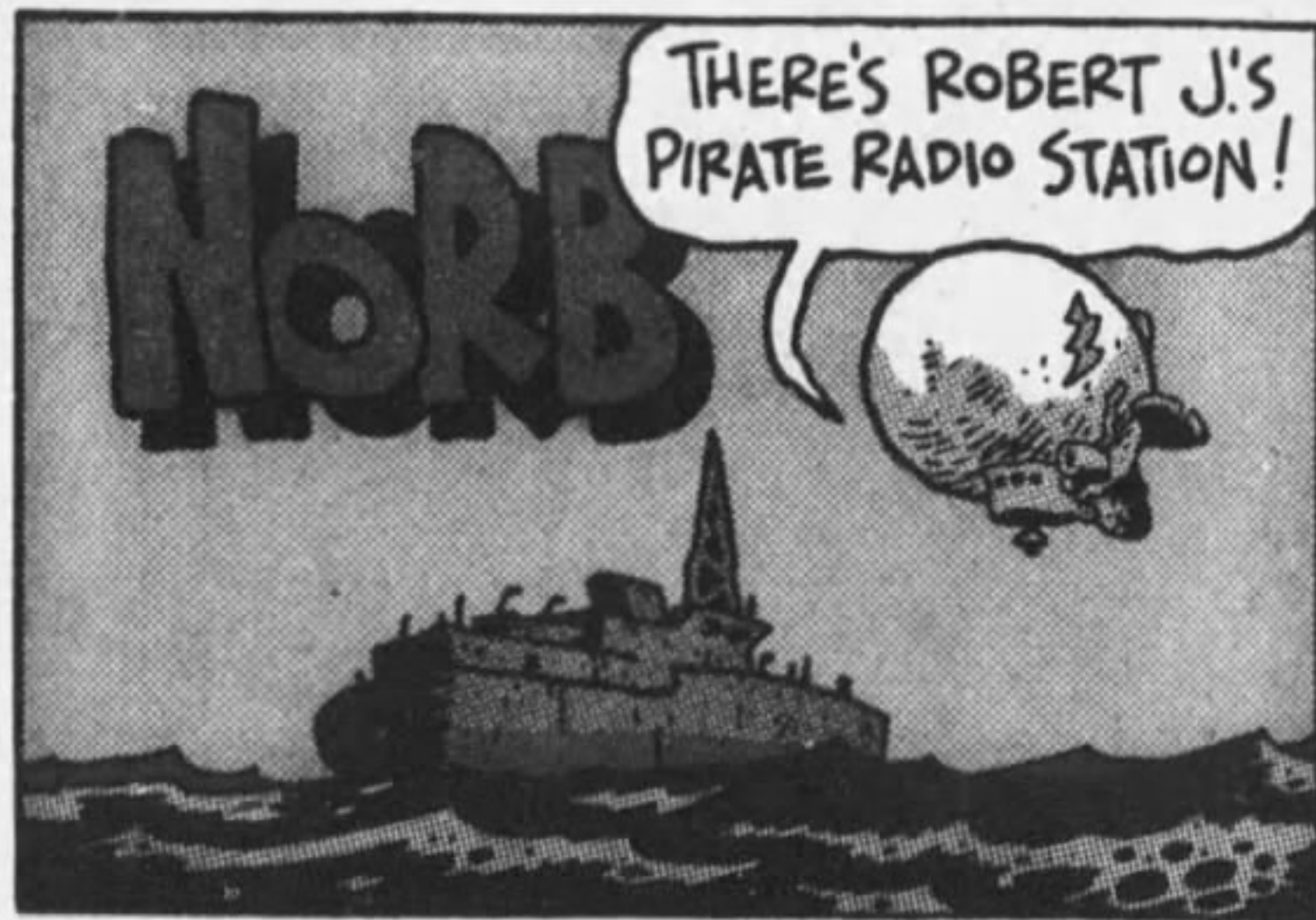


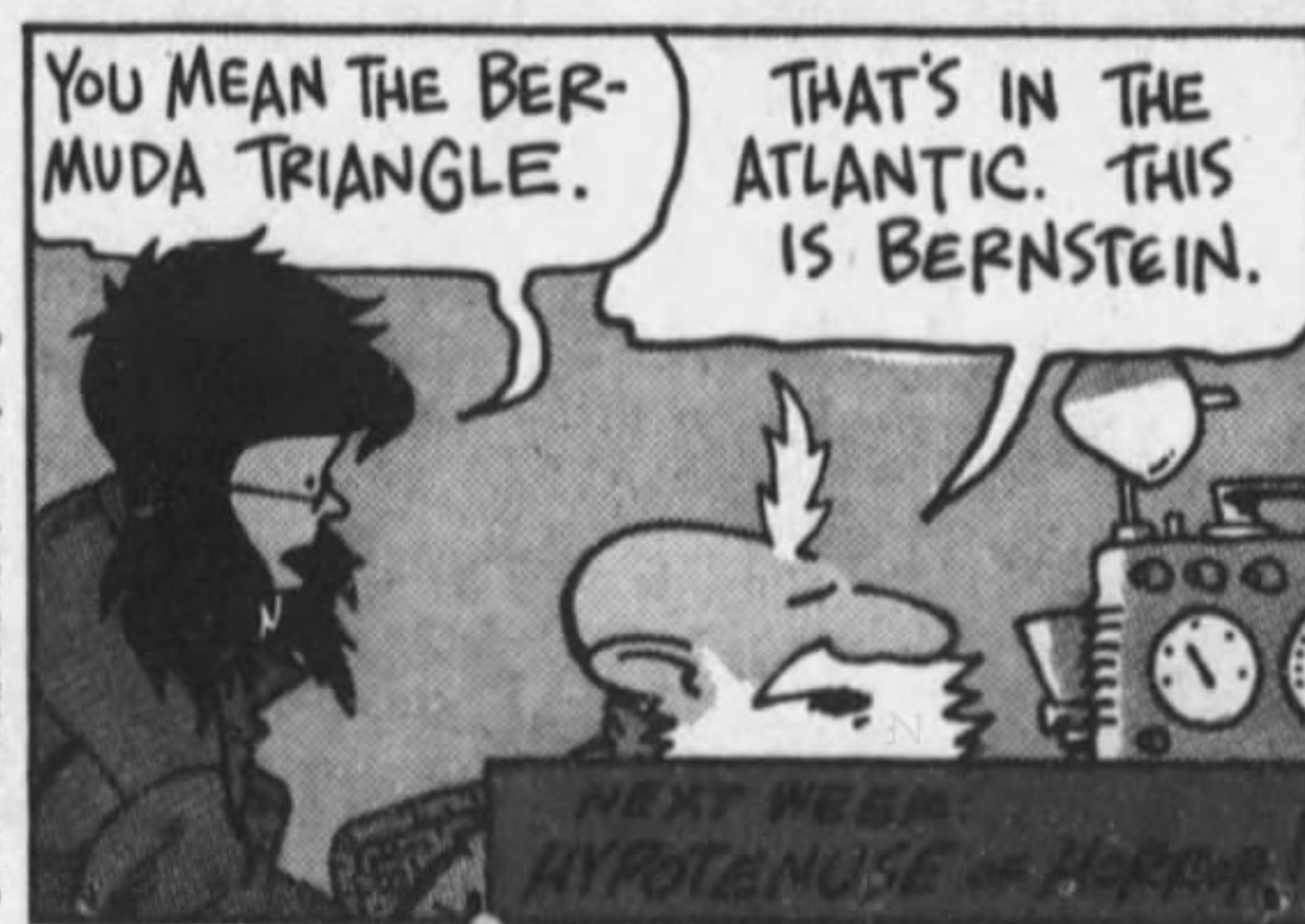
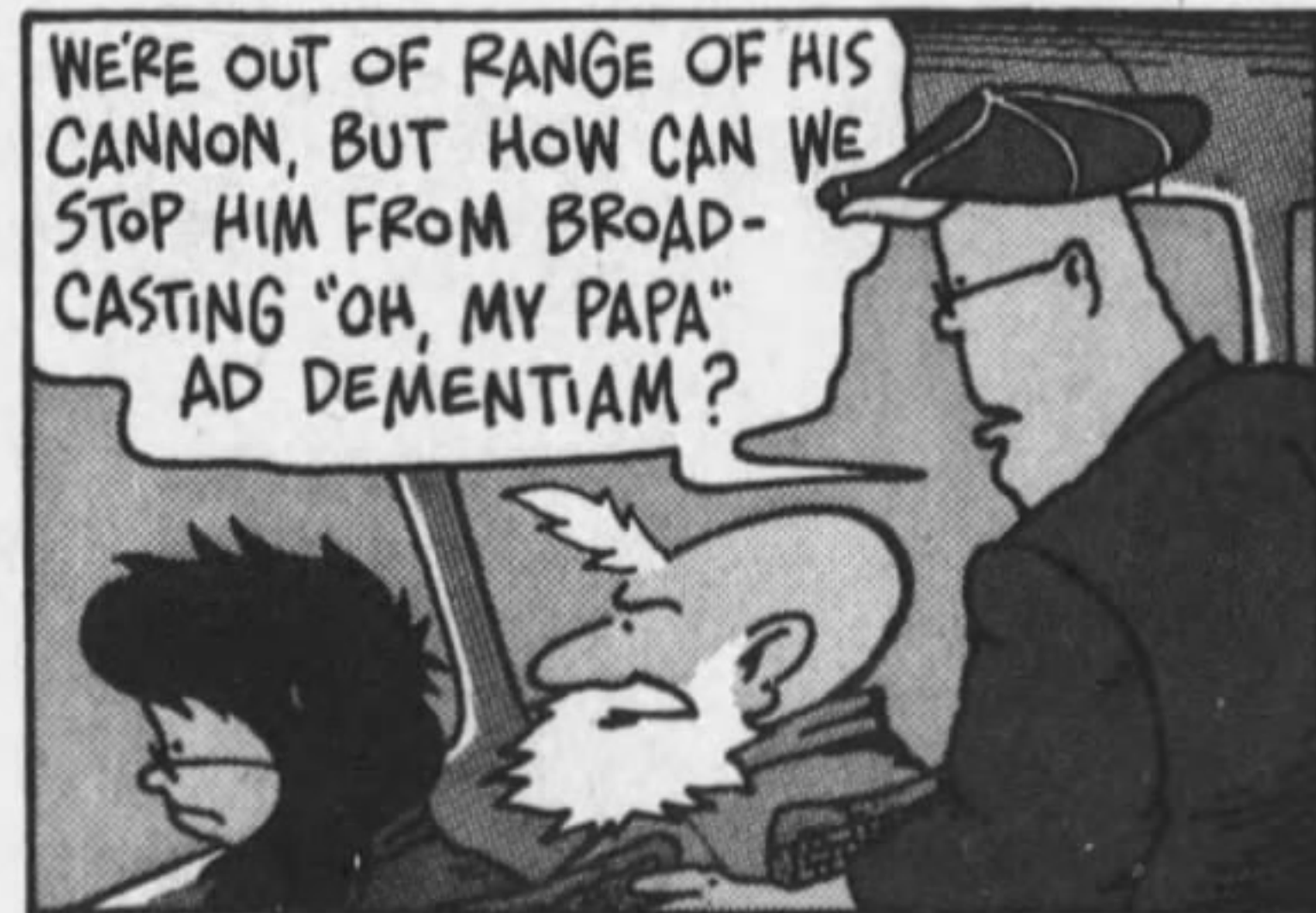
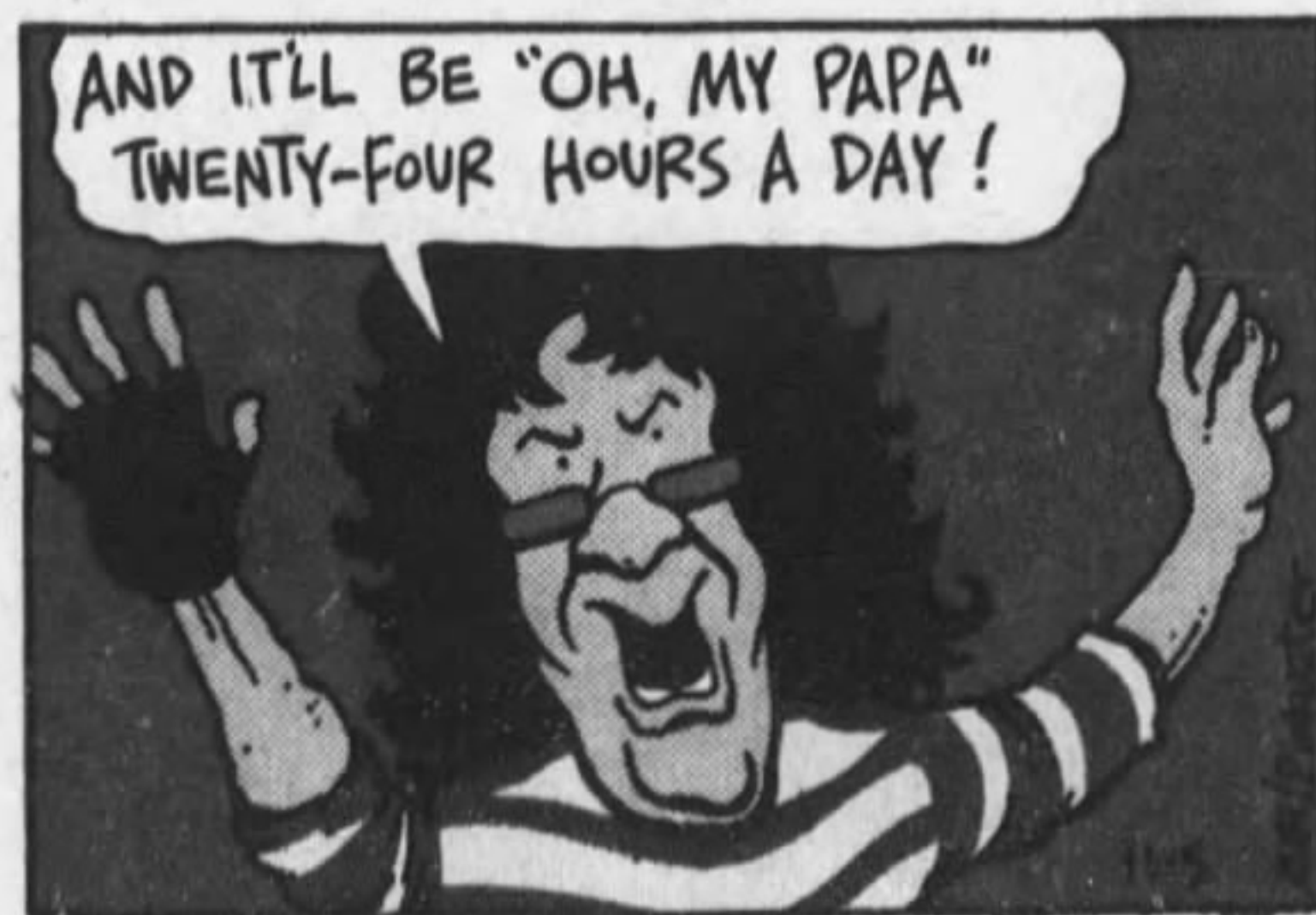
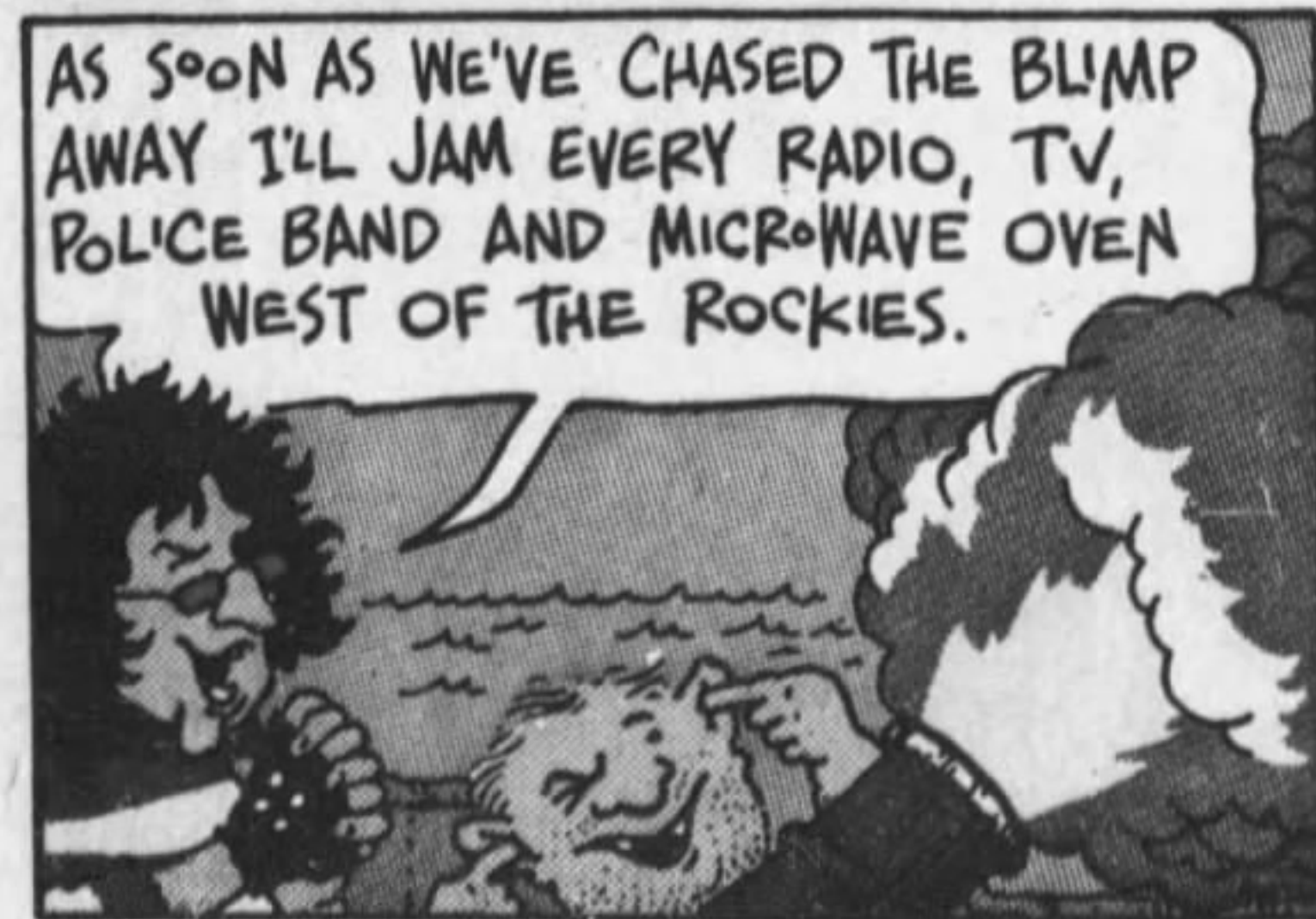
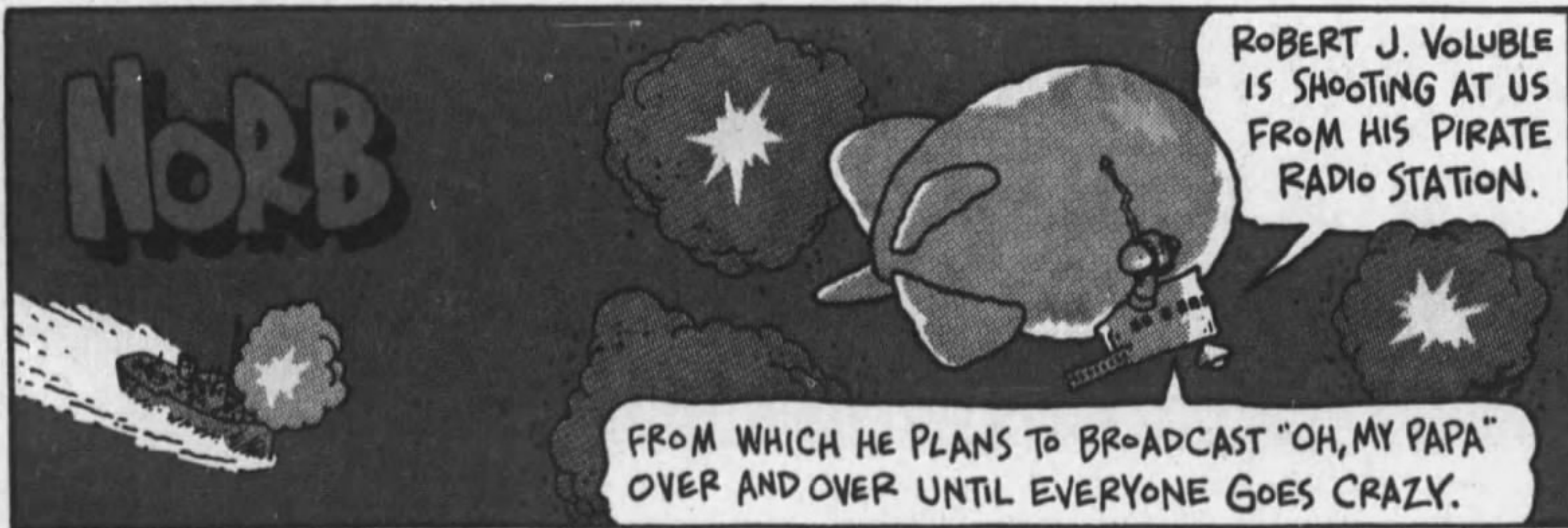


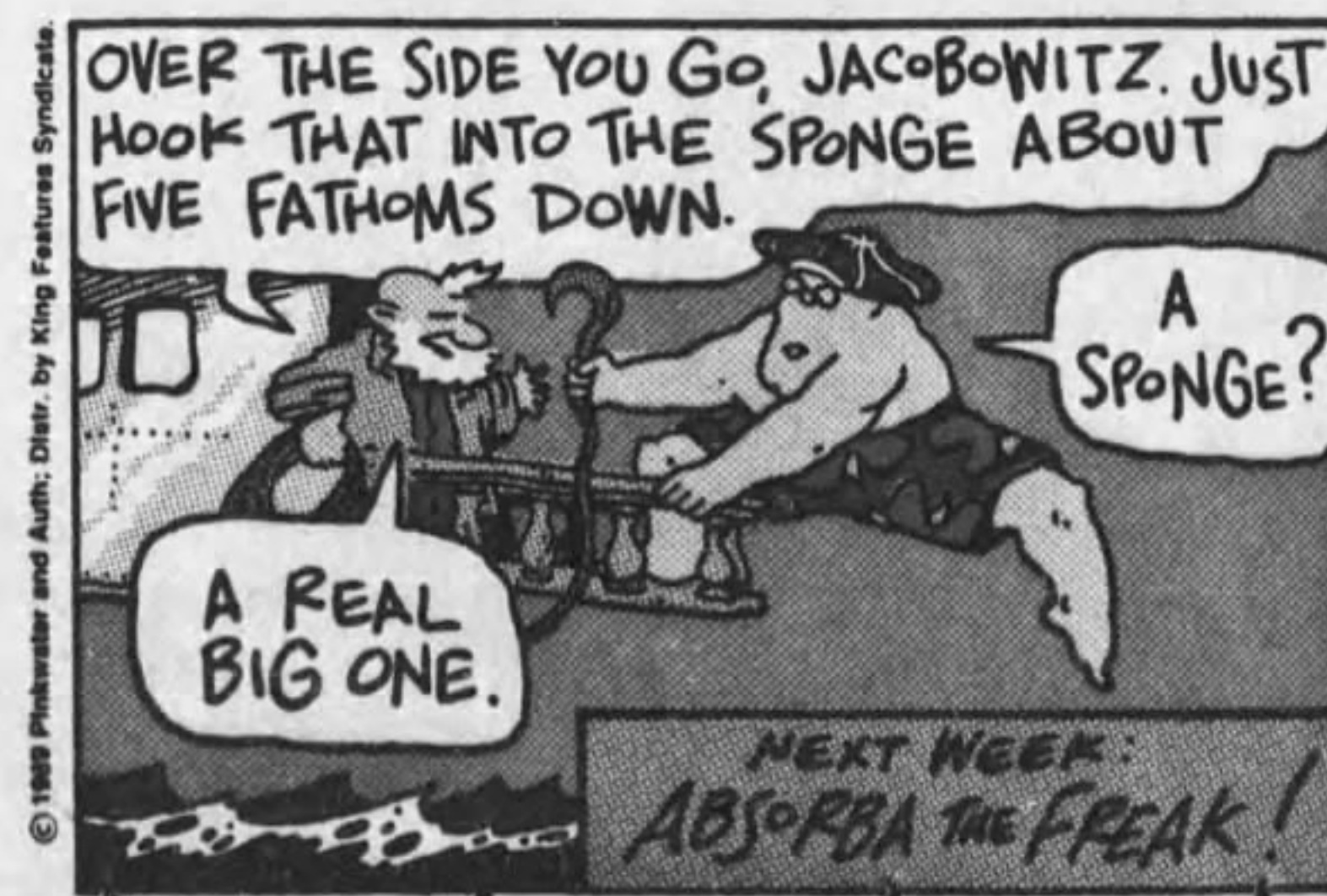
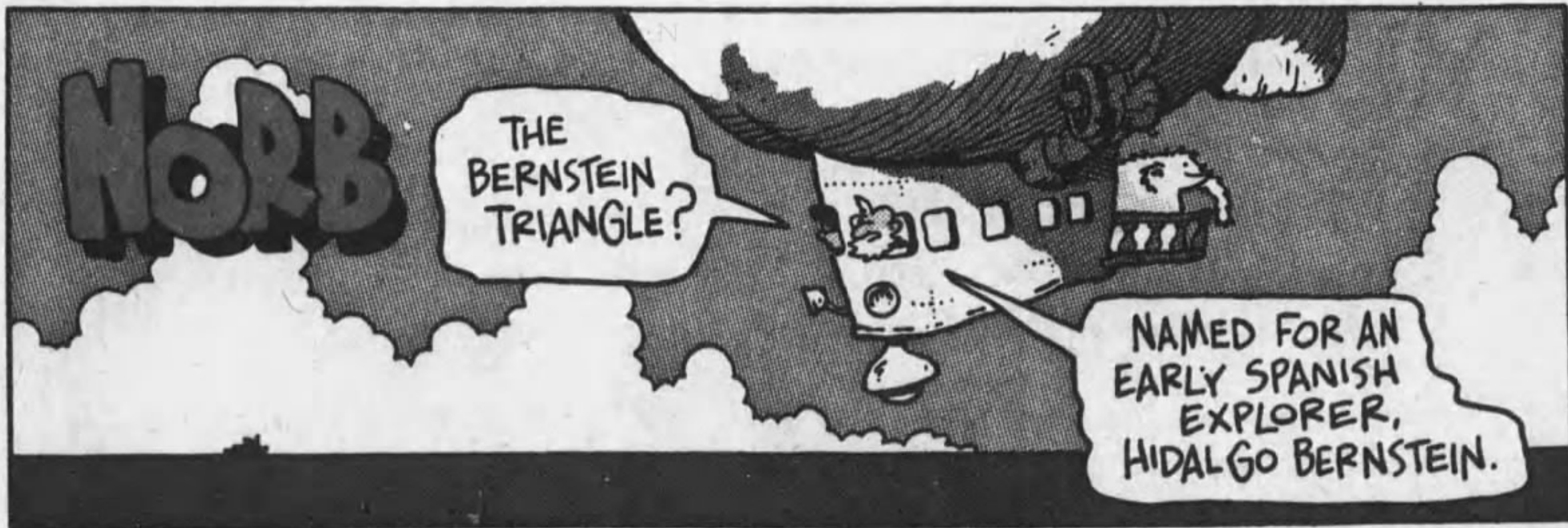


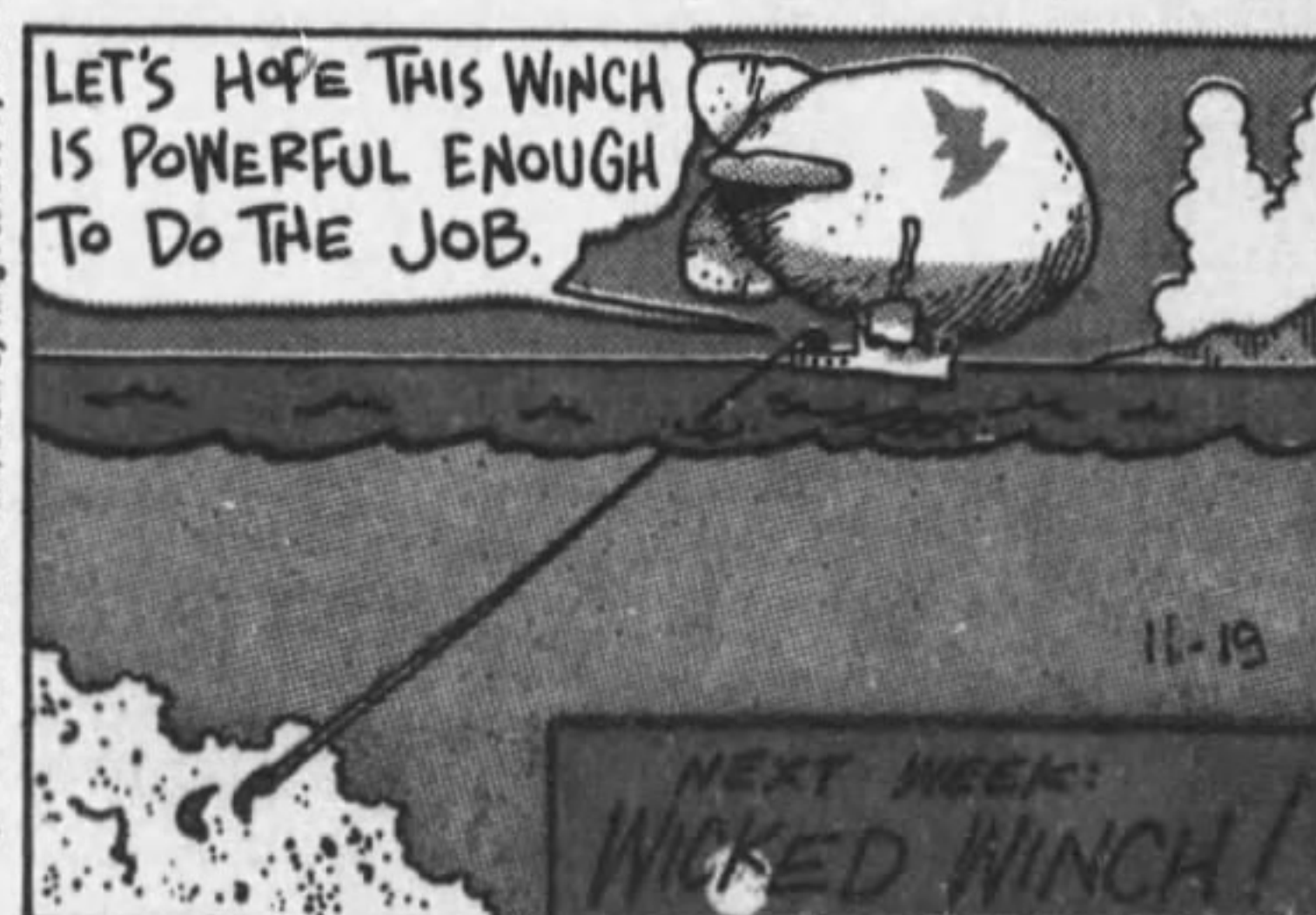
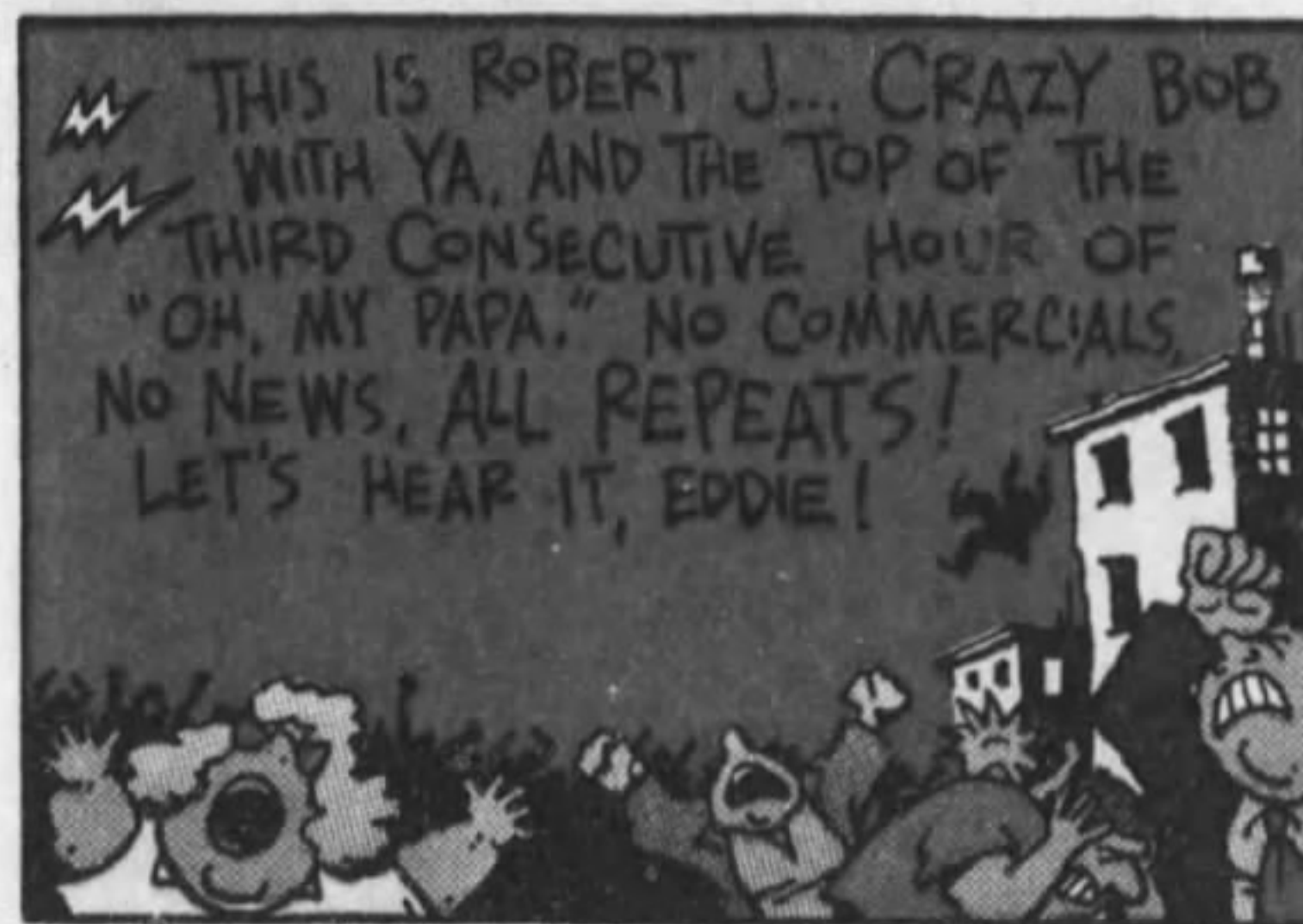
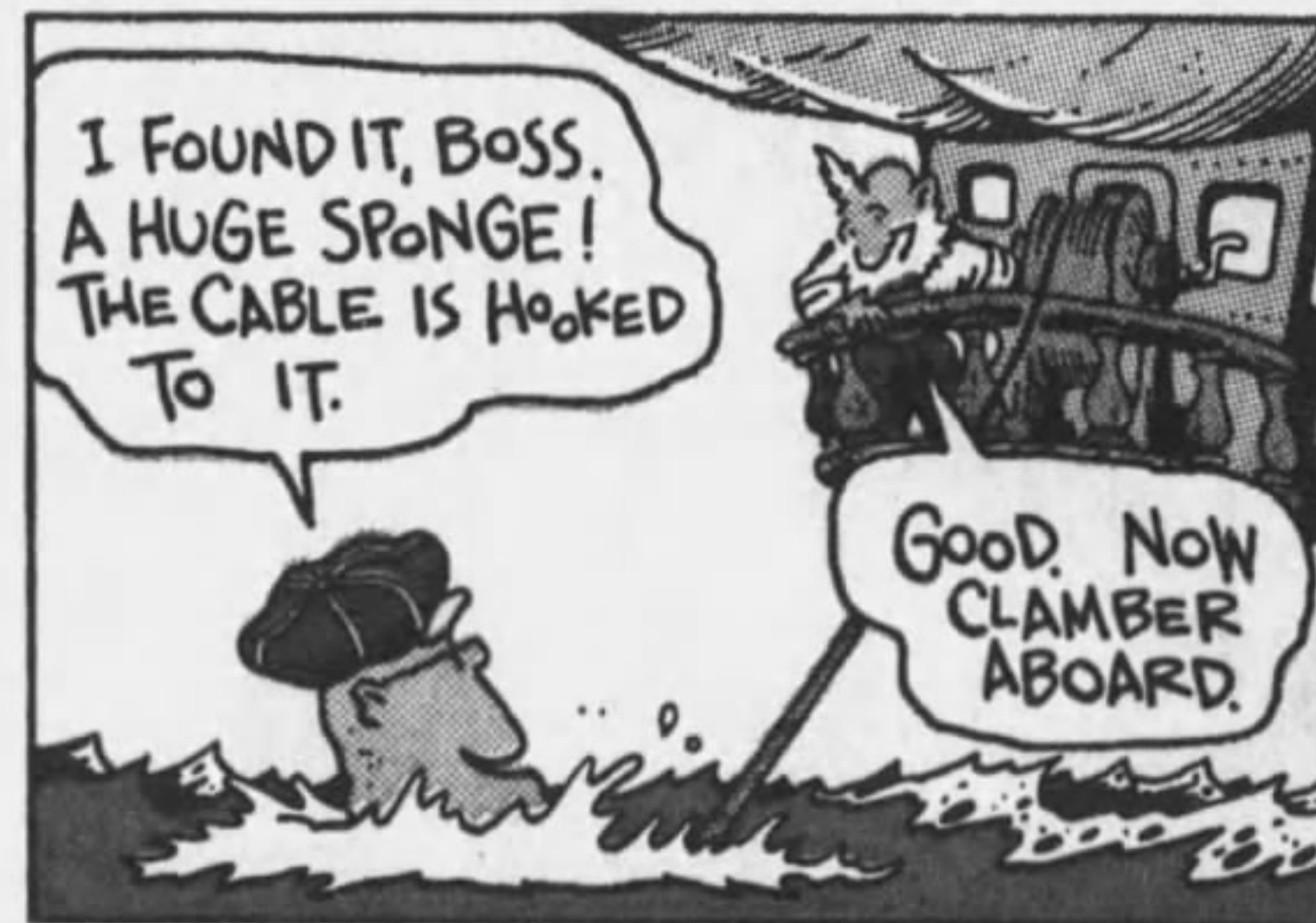
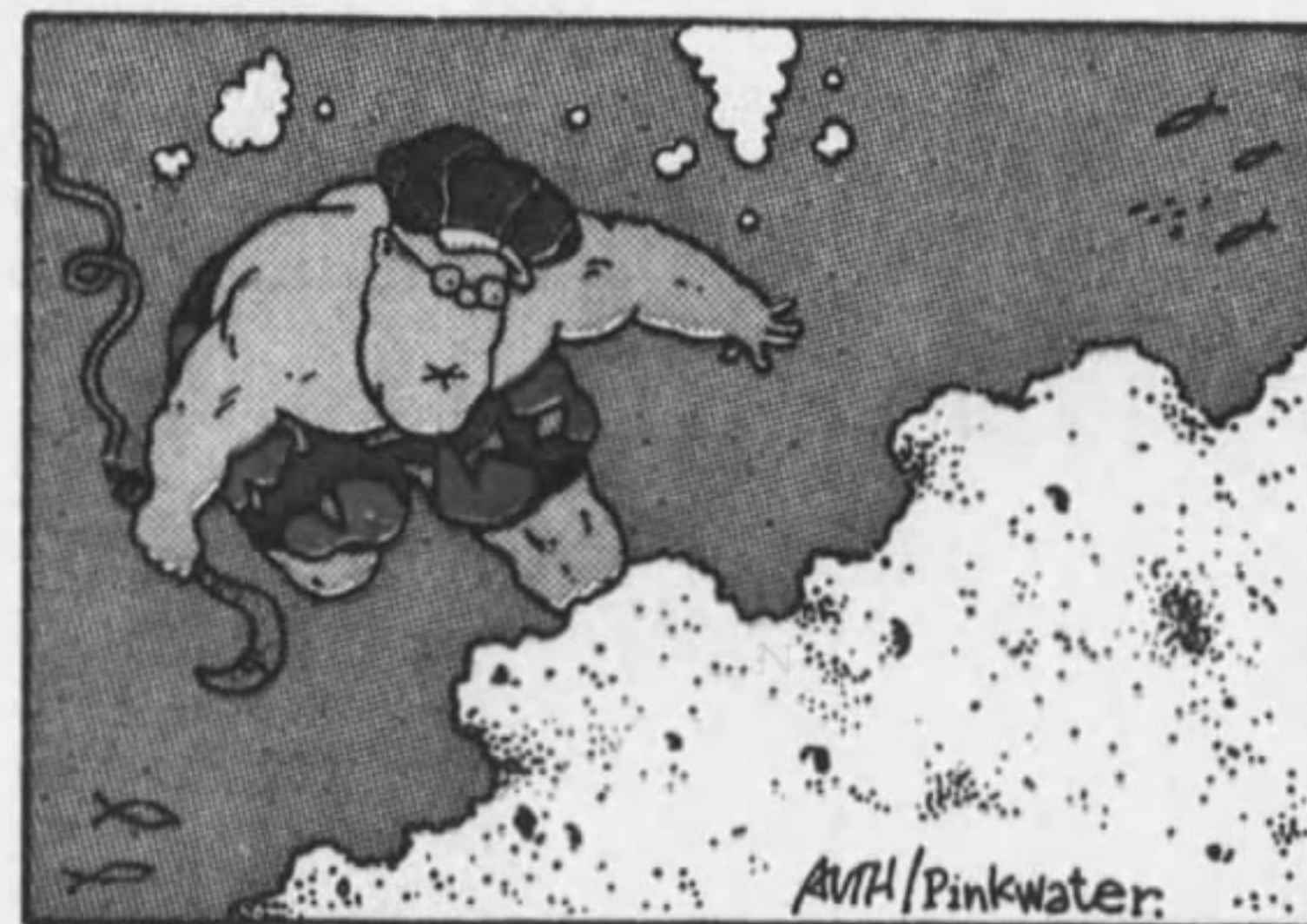
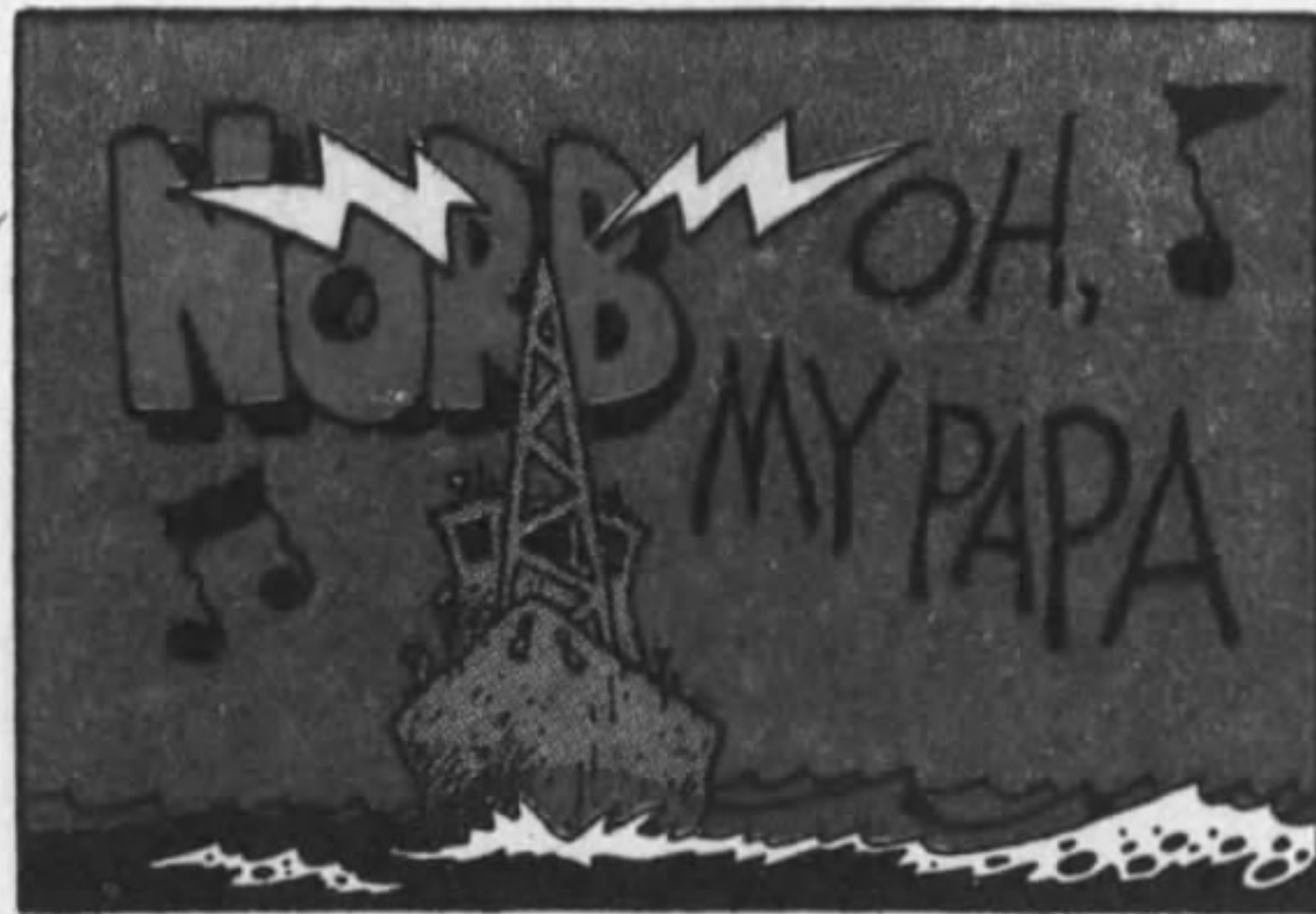


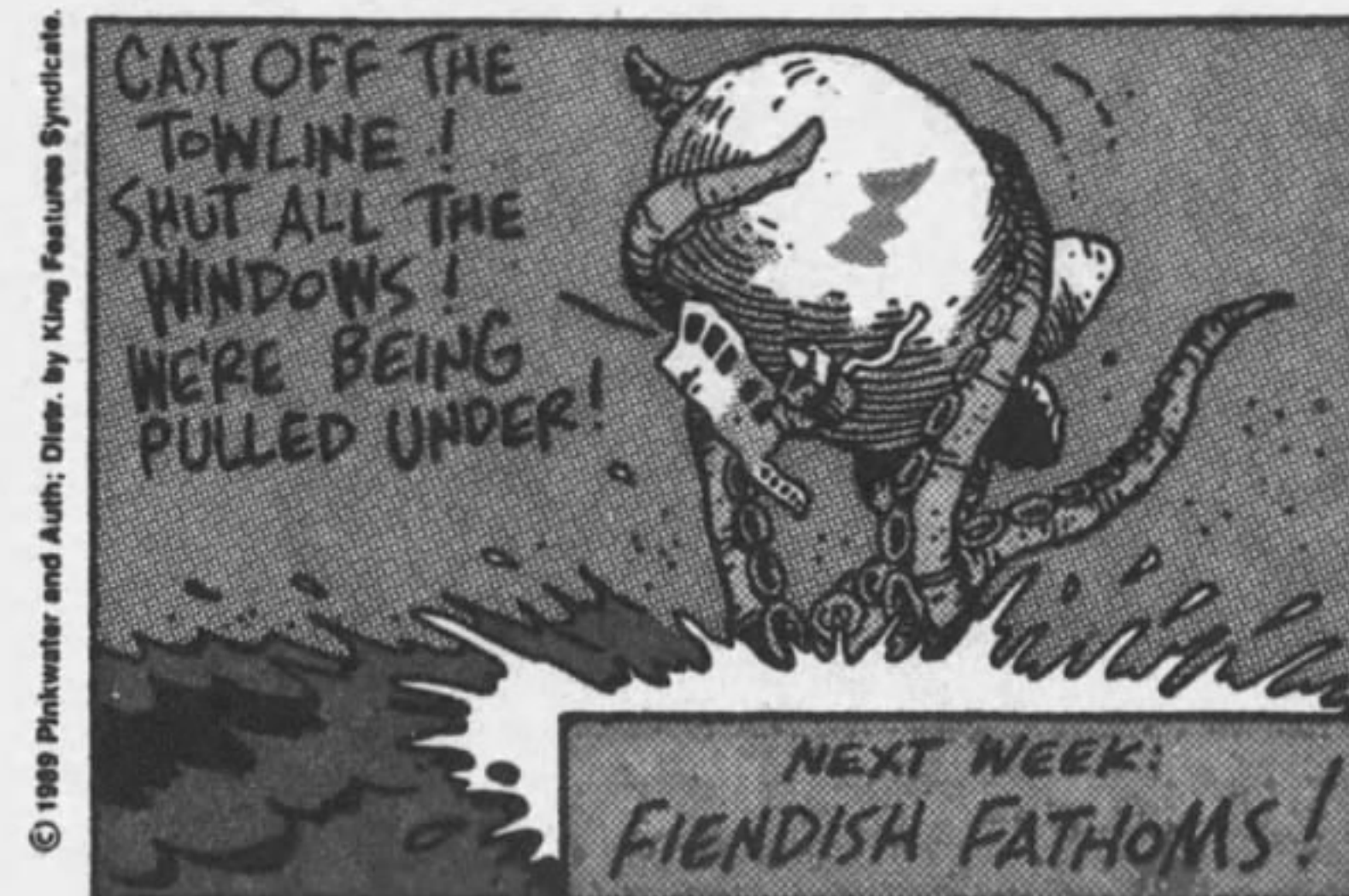
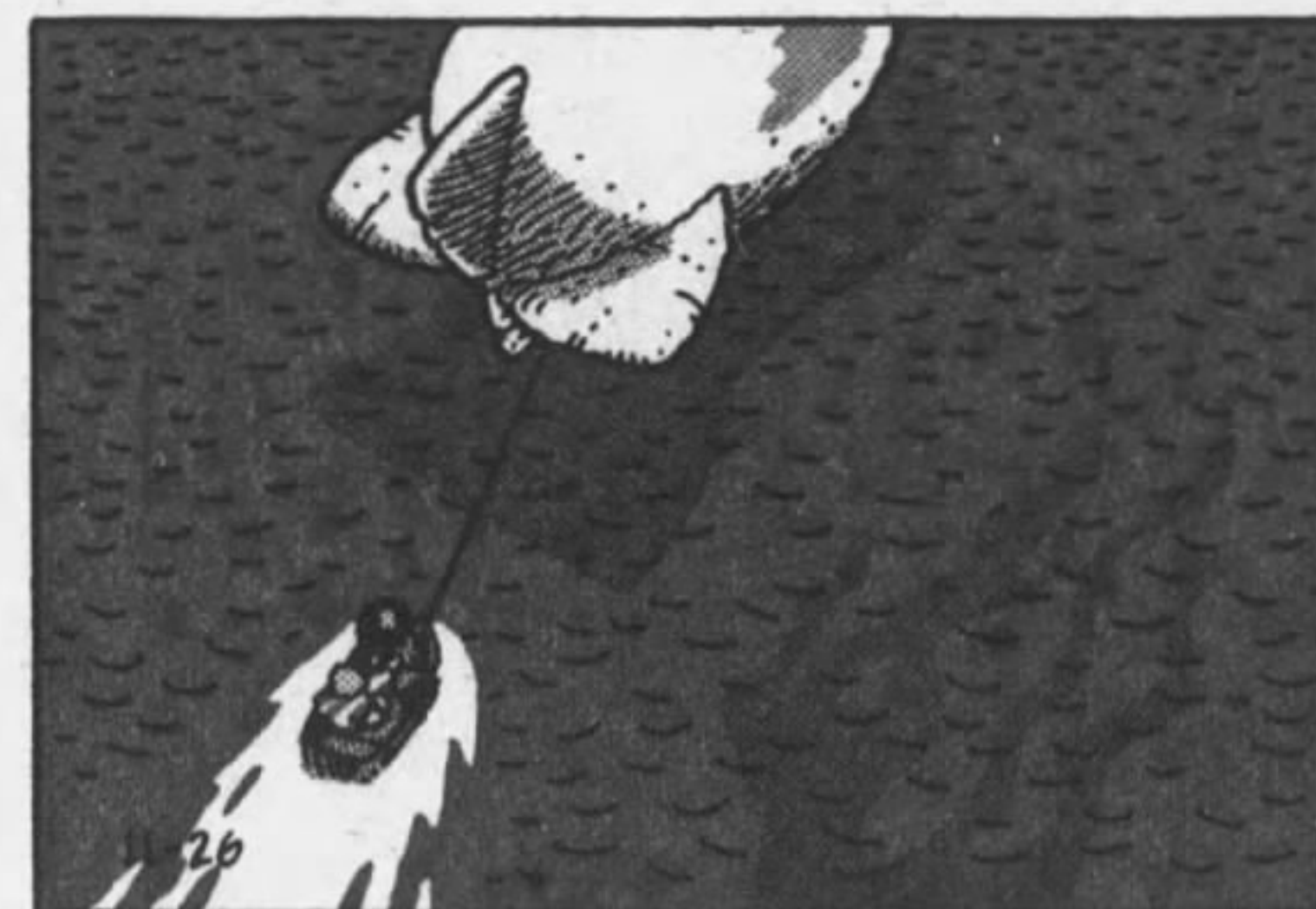
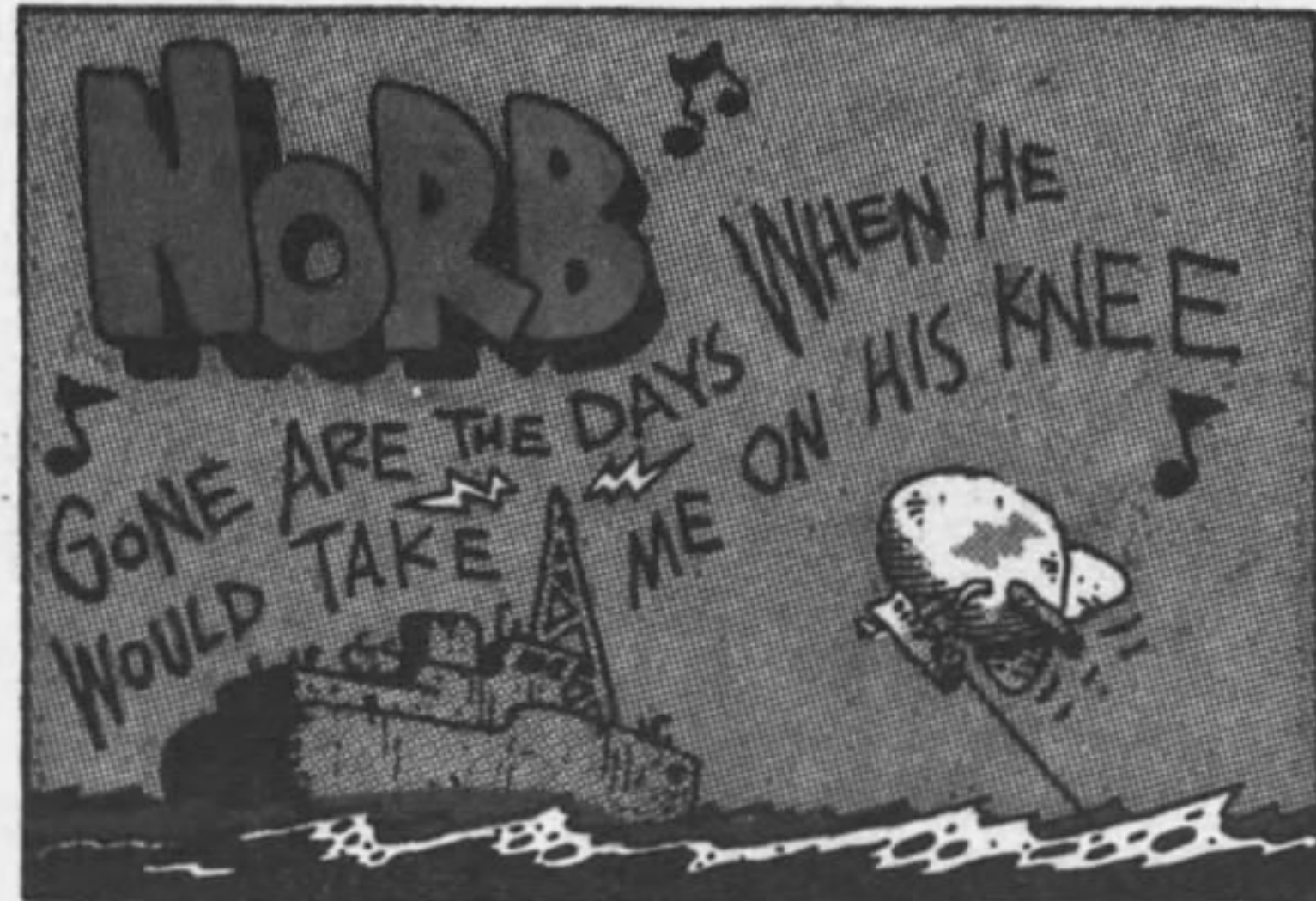




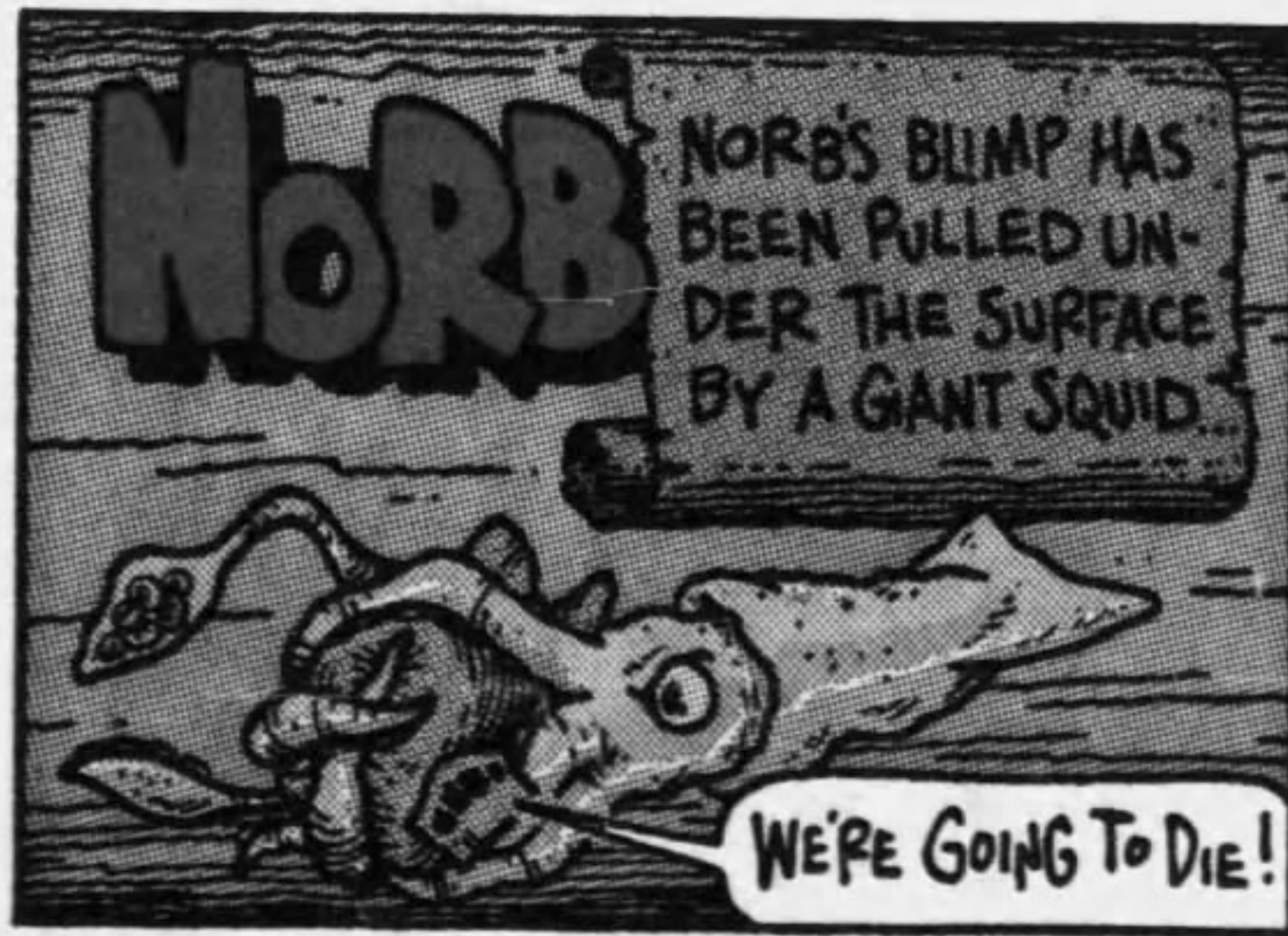




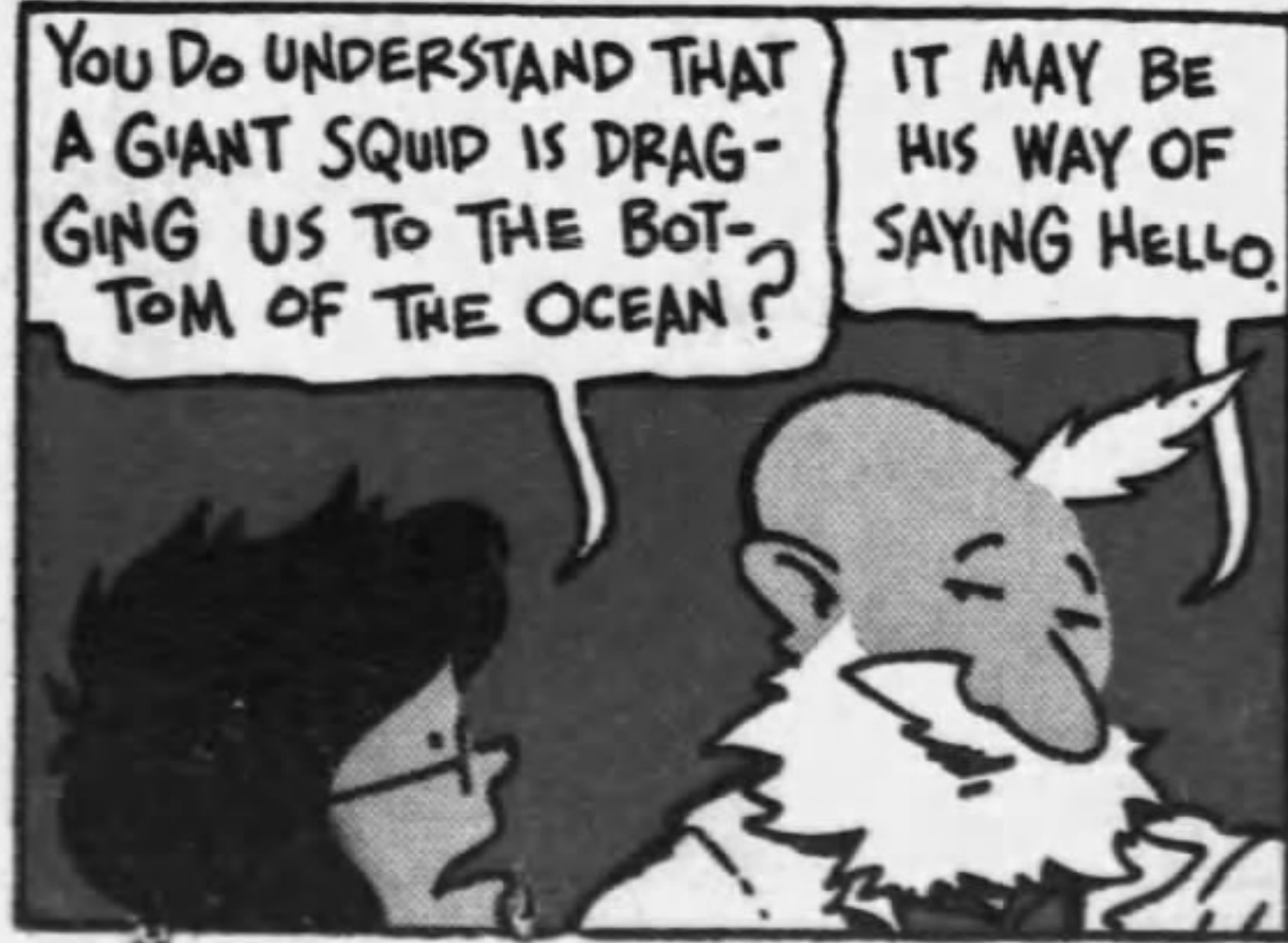




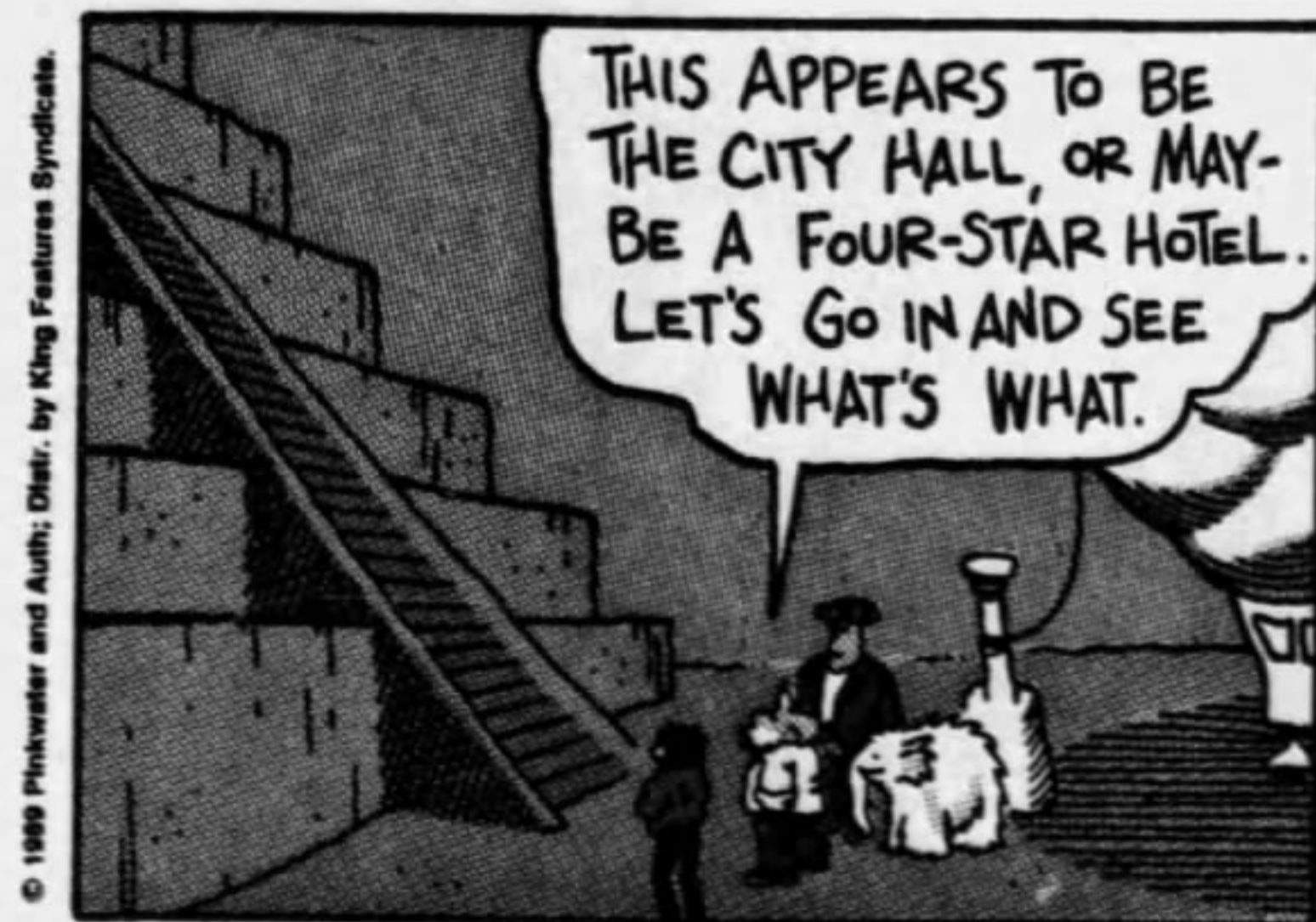
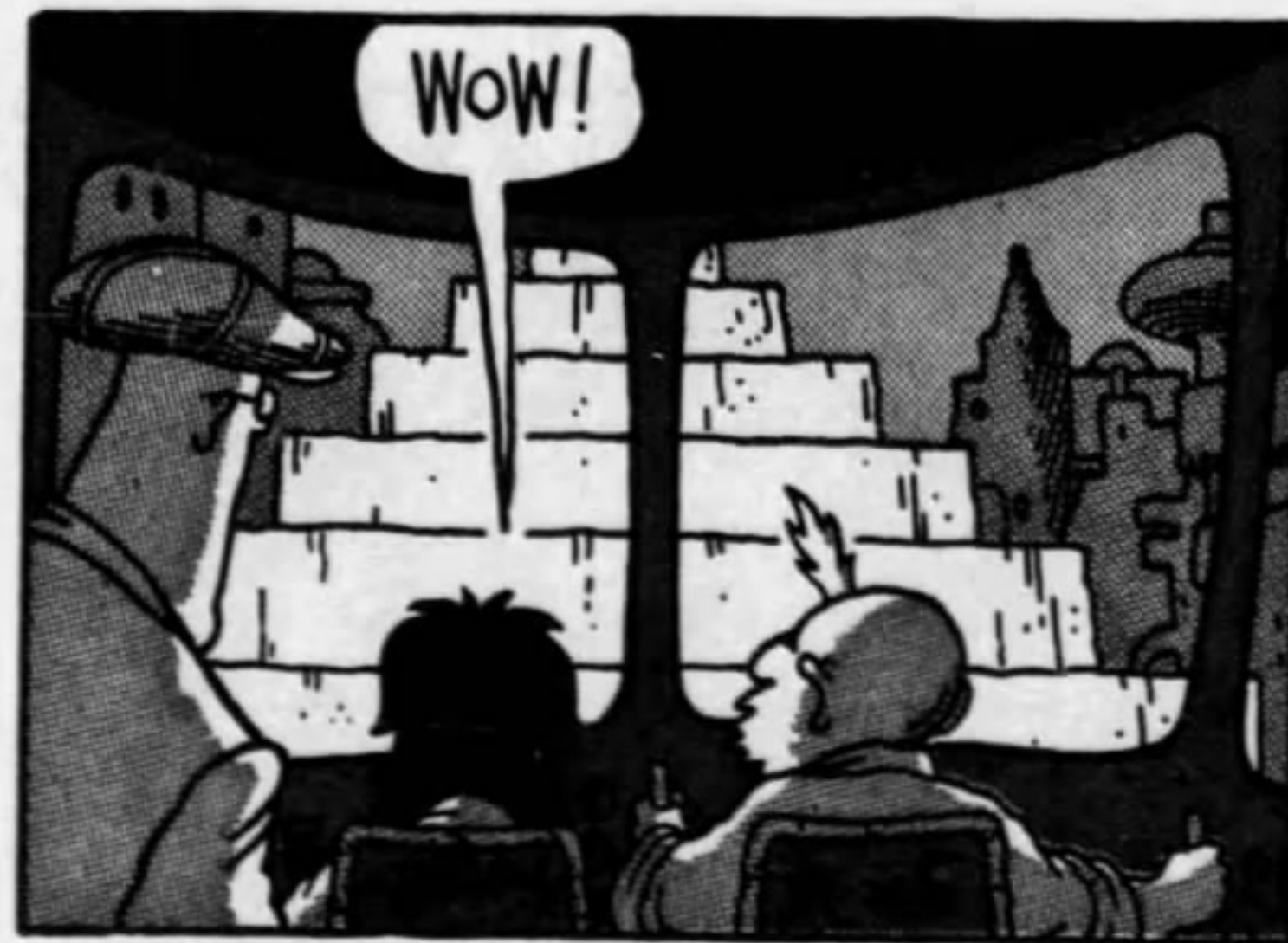
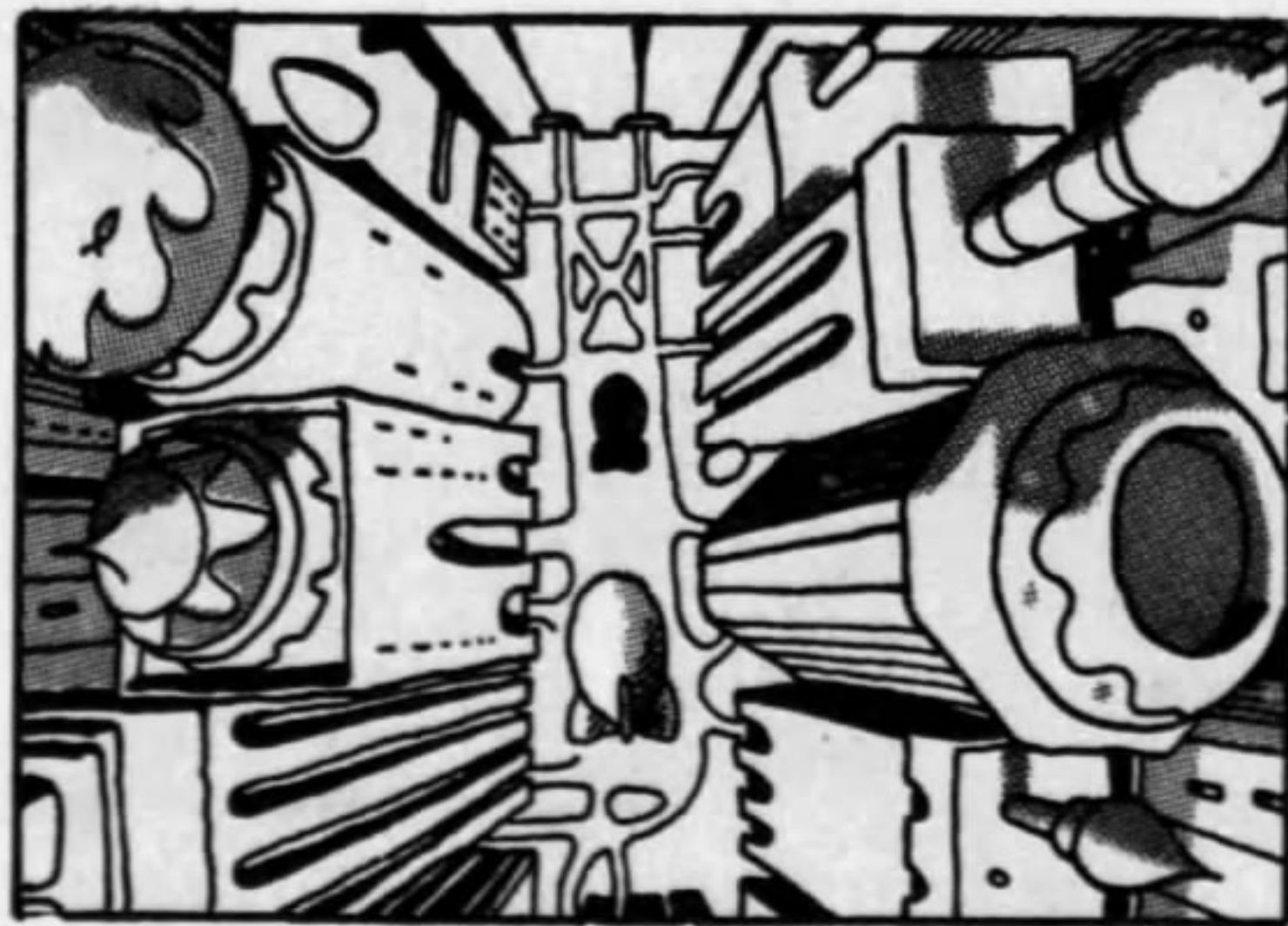
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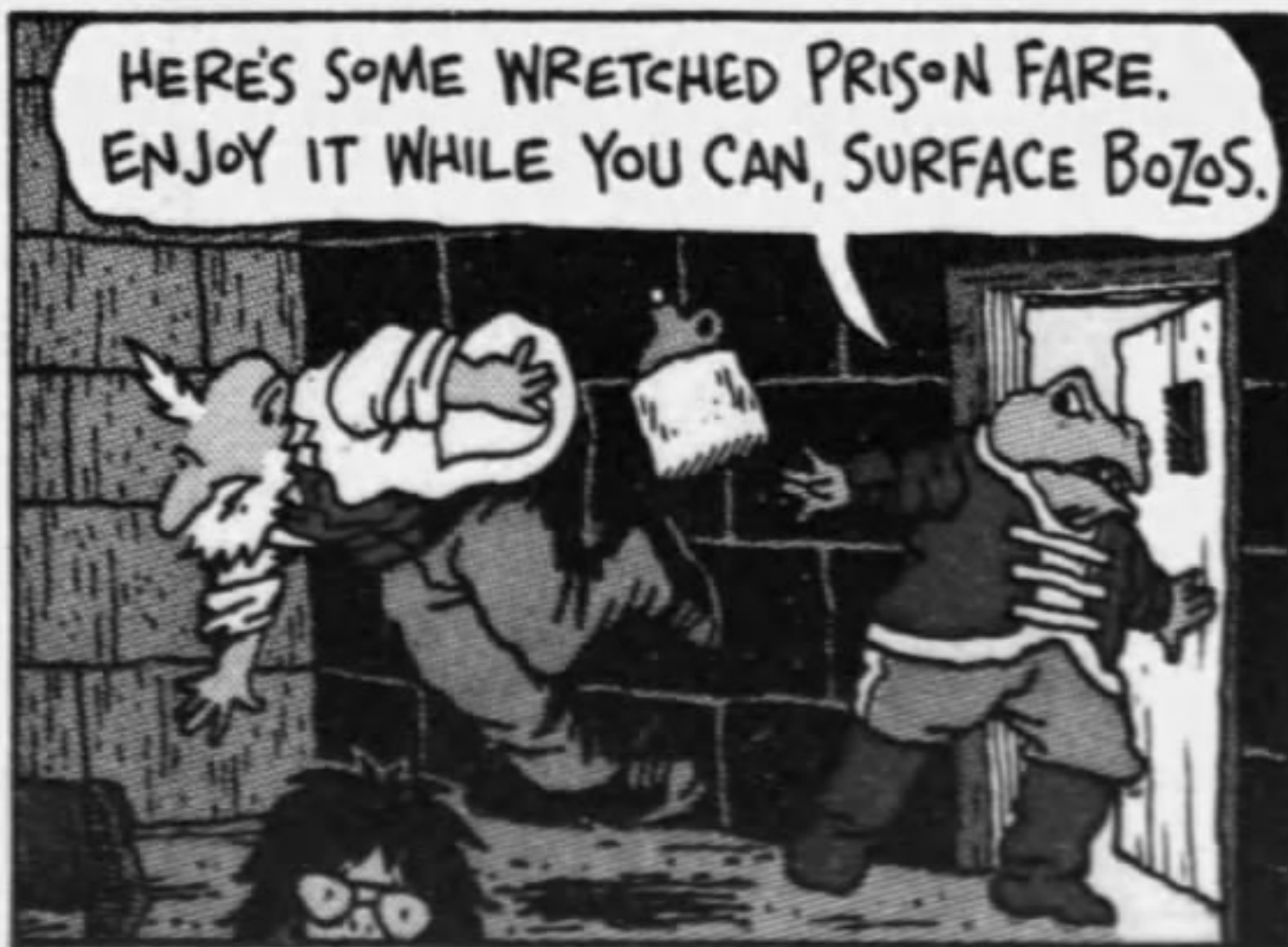
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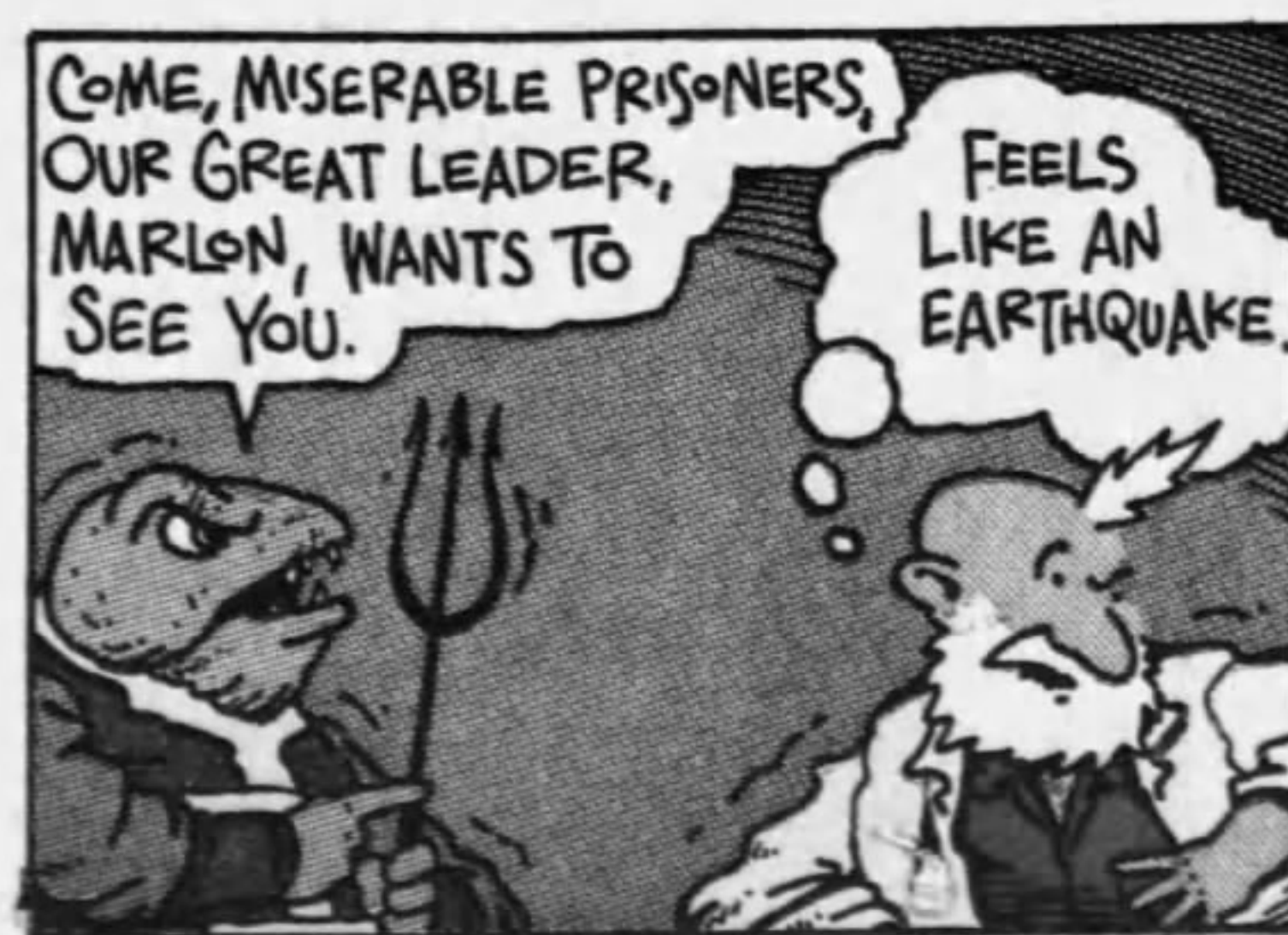
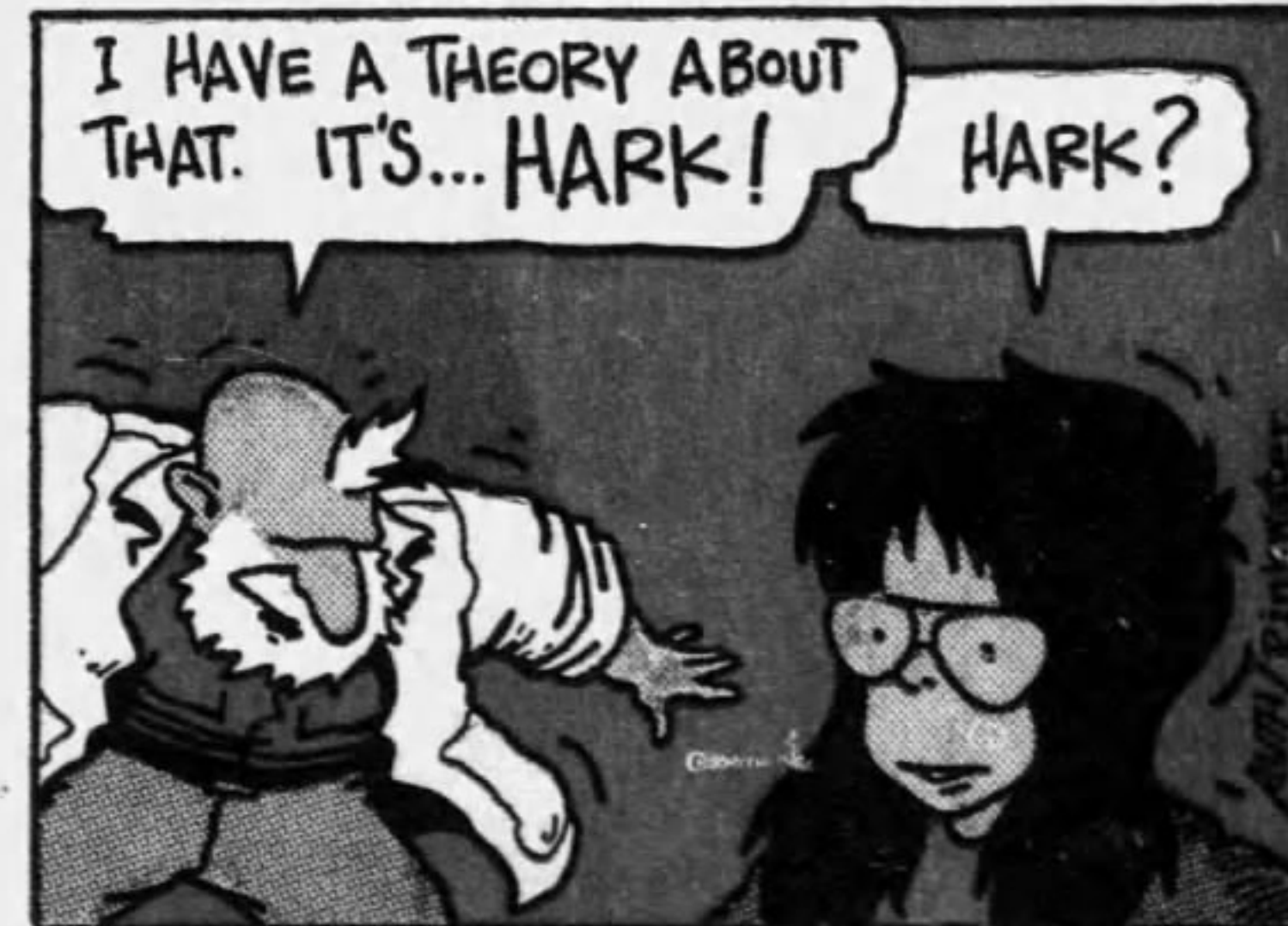
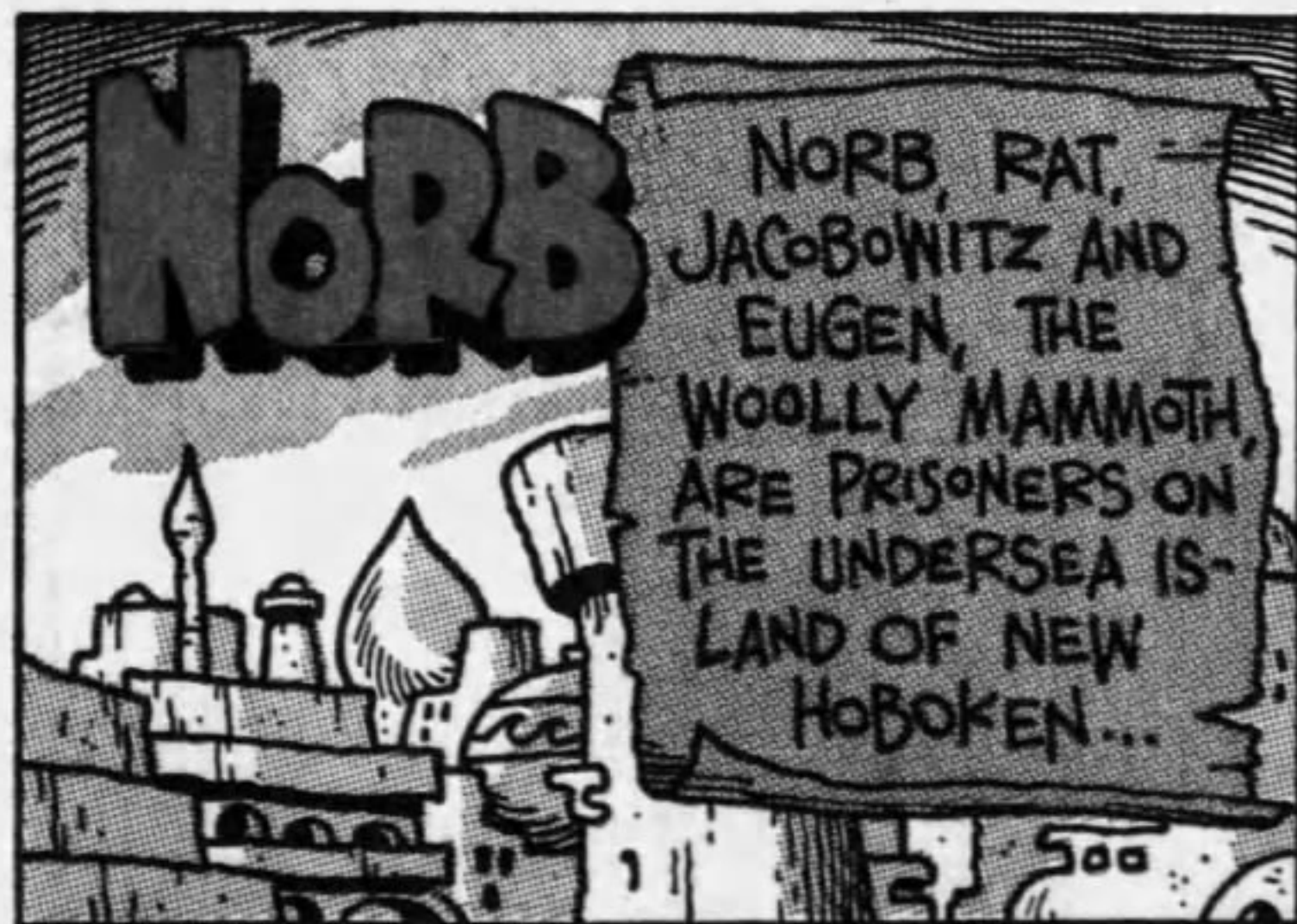


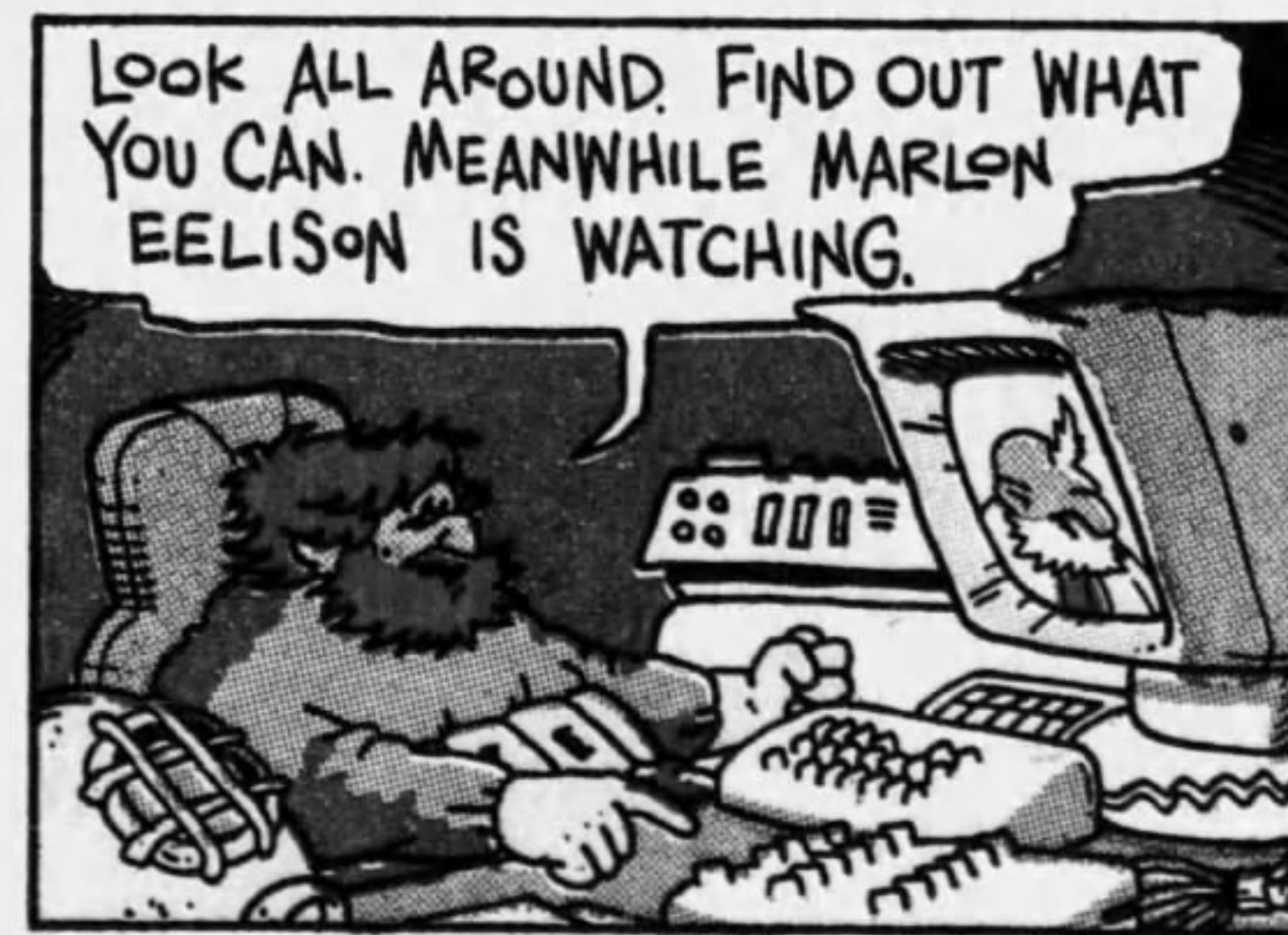
NEXT WEEK:
TOMB OF DOOM!



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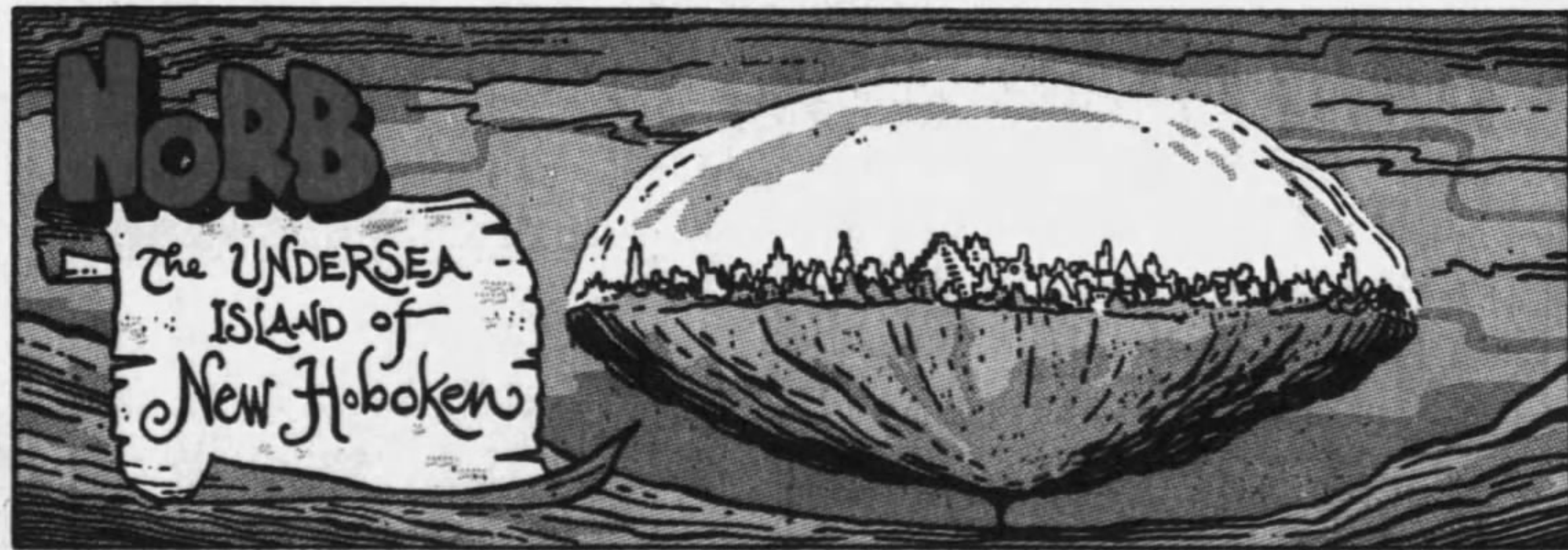


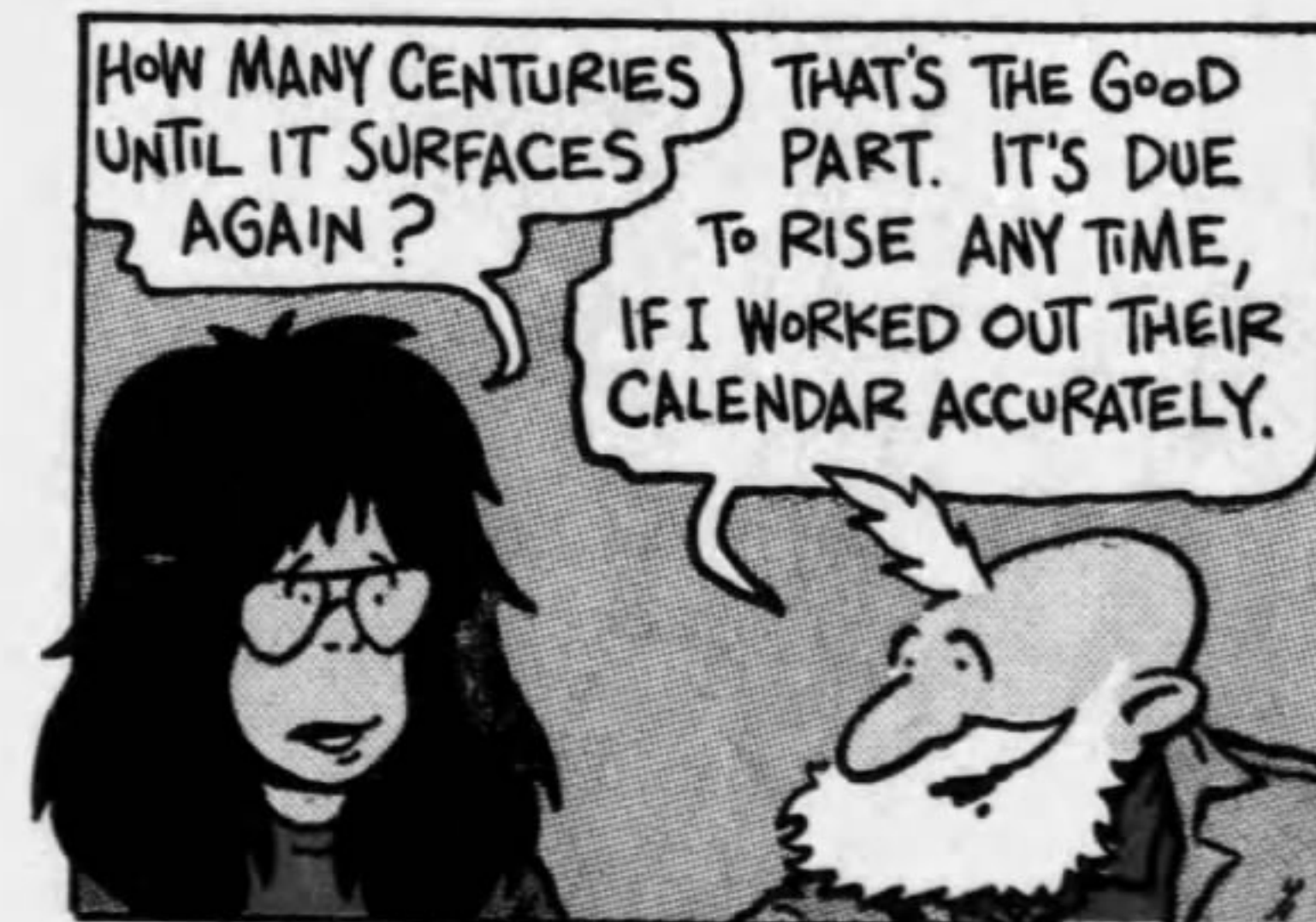


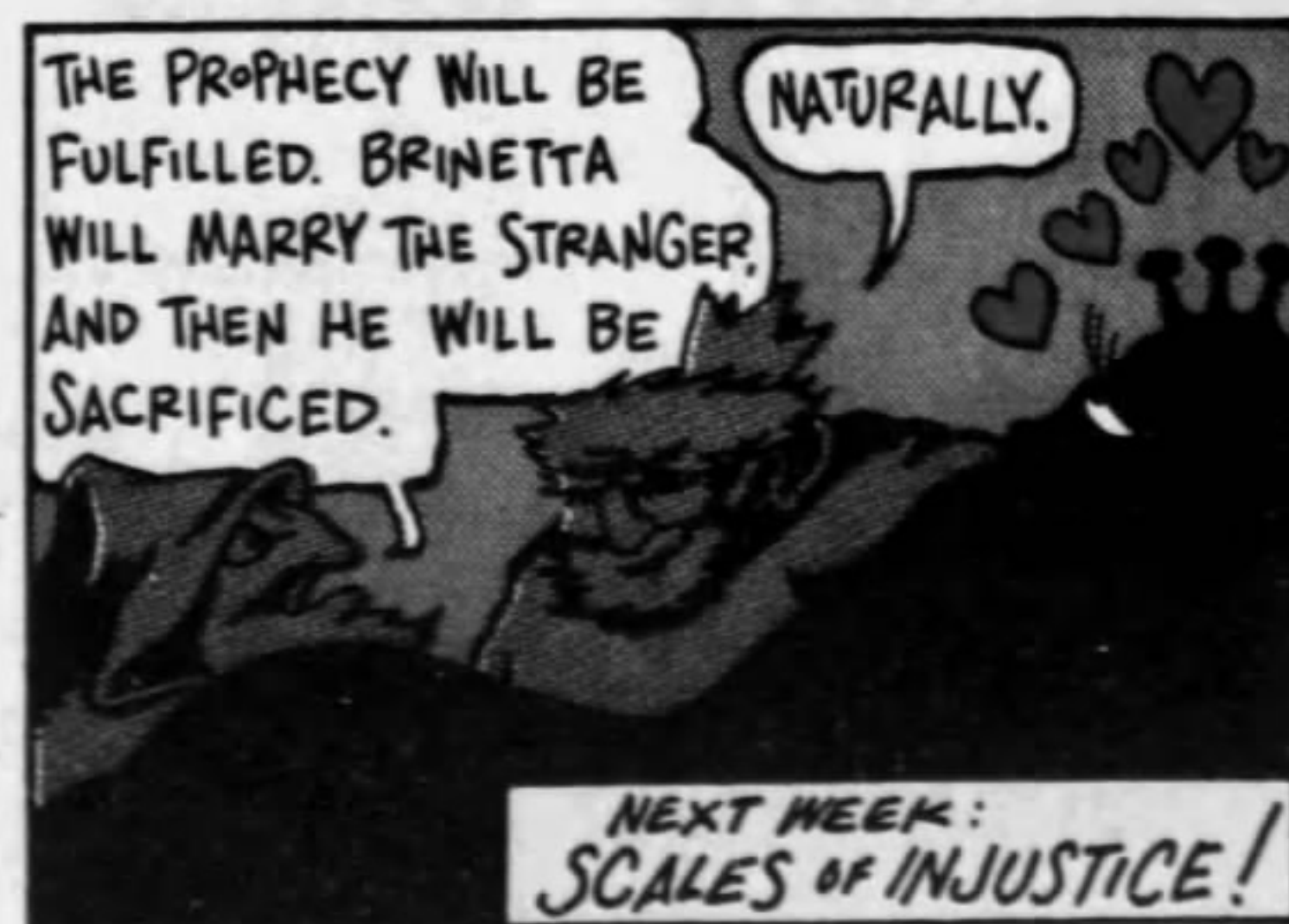
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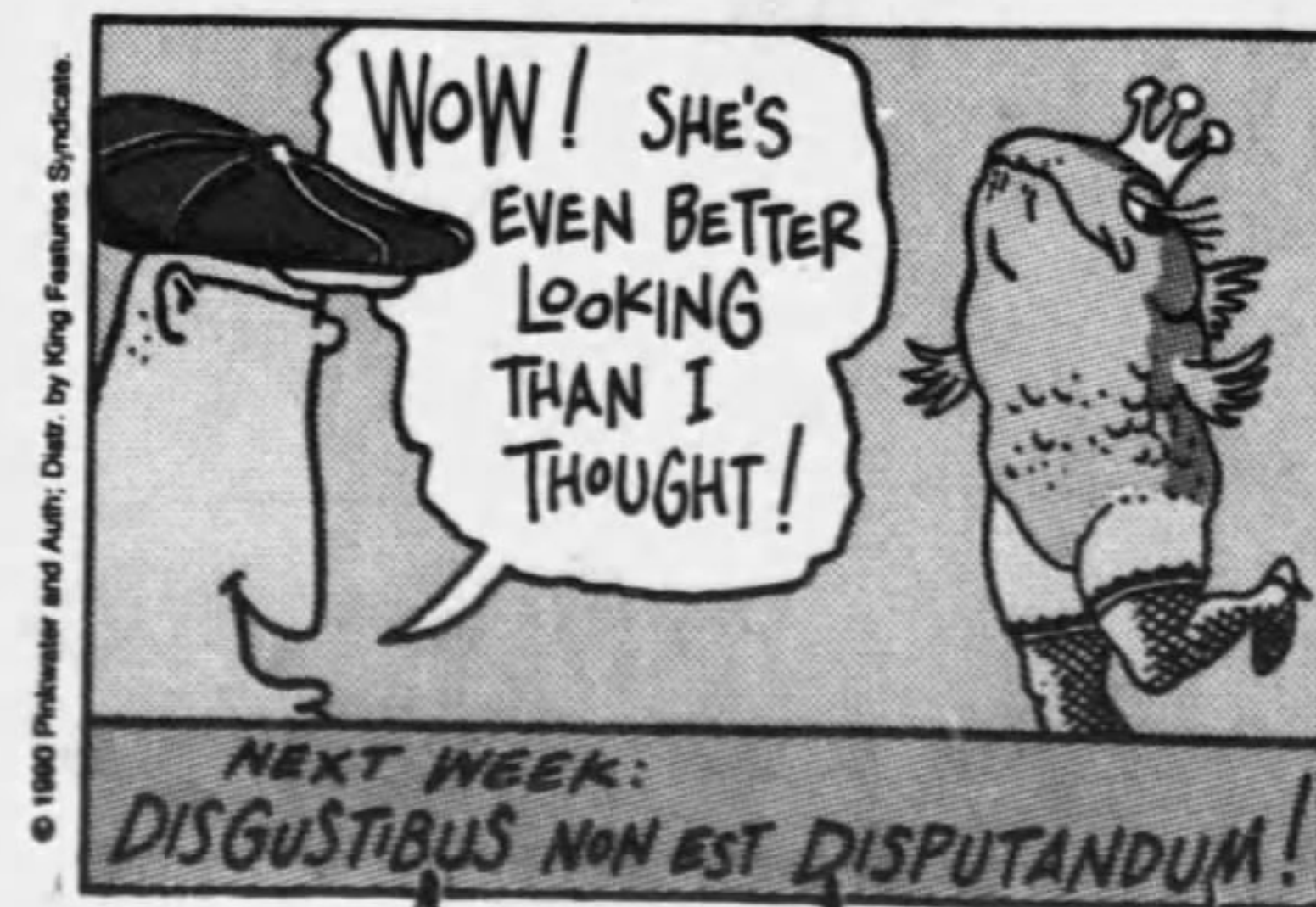
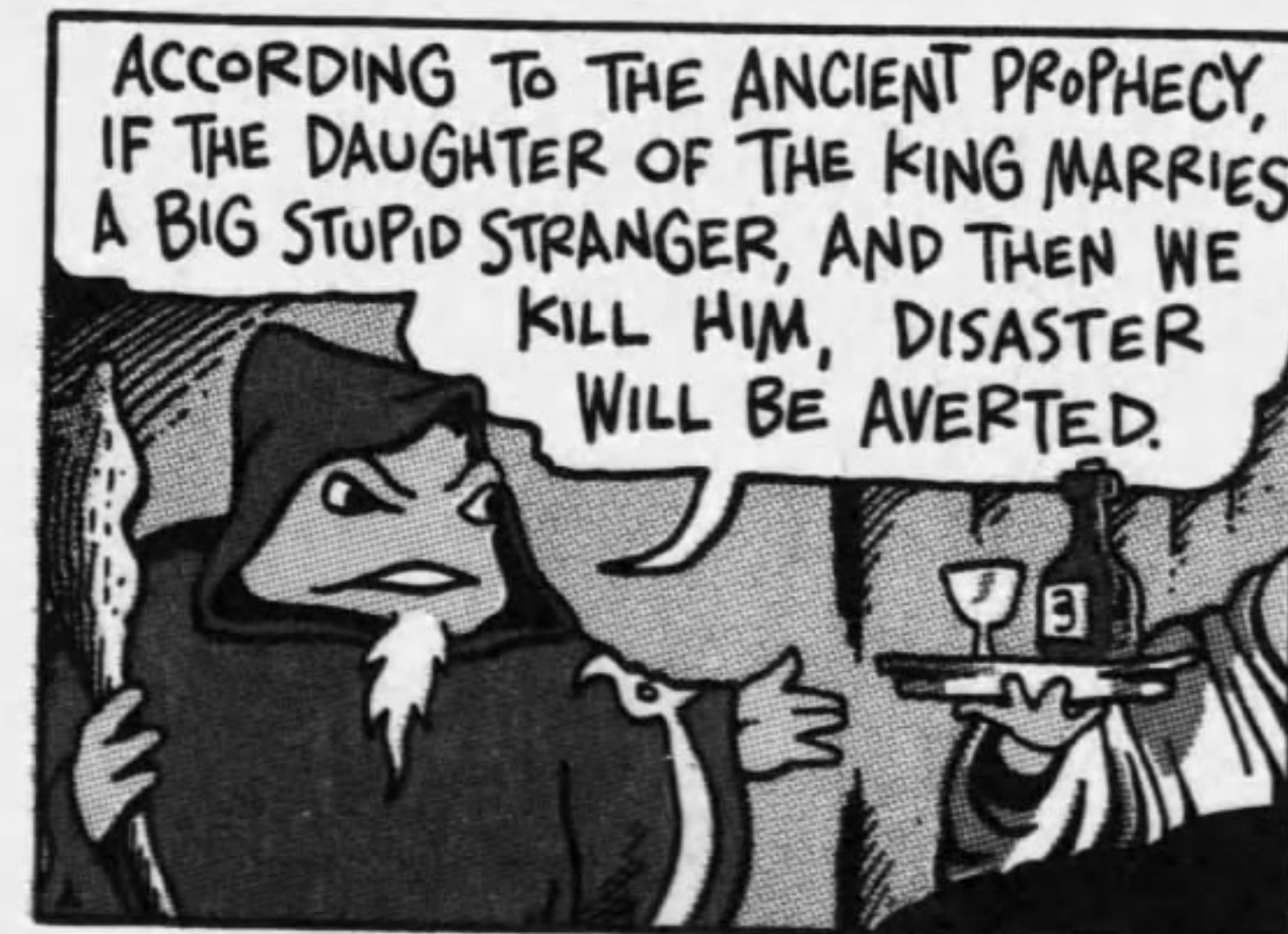
NEXT WEEK:
BRIDE AND GLOOM!







NEXT WEEK:
SCALES OF INJUSTICE!



NORR

LEVEL WITH ME, FISH-WHISKERS. WHAT'S BEHIND THIS ARRANGED MARRIAGE?

NO REASON YOU SHOULDN'T KNOW. A MAJOR CATASTROPHE THREATENS OUR UNDERSEA REALM. IF THE KING'S DAUGHTER MARRIES A BIG, STUPID STRANGER, WE'RE IN THE CLEAR.



AFTER BEING MARRIED TO BRINETTA, YOUR FRIEND GETS SACRIFICED TO THE GODS OF THE SEA.



HEY, KING! I JUST FOUND OUT THAT AFTER THE WEDDING JACOBOWITZ GETS SACRIFICED!

So?



SO WE'RE NOT GOING TO ALLOW IT, THAT'S ALL.

I DON'T SEE HOW YOU'RE GOING TO STOP US, GIVEN THAT YOU'LL BE IN A DUNGEON UNTIL AFTER IT'S OVER.



NOTHING PERSONAL! I'LL SAVE YOU SOME WEDDING CAKE.



OH GLOOM.

CHEER UP. WE MIGHT STILL THINK OF SOMETHING.

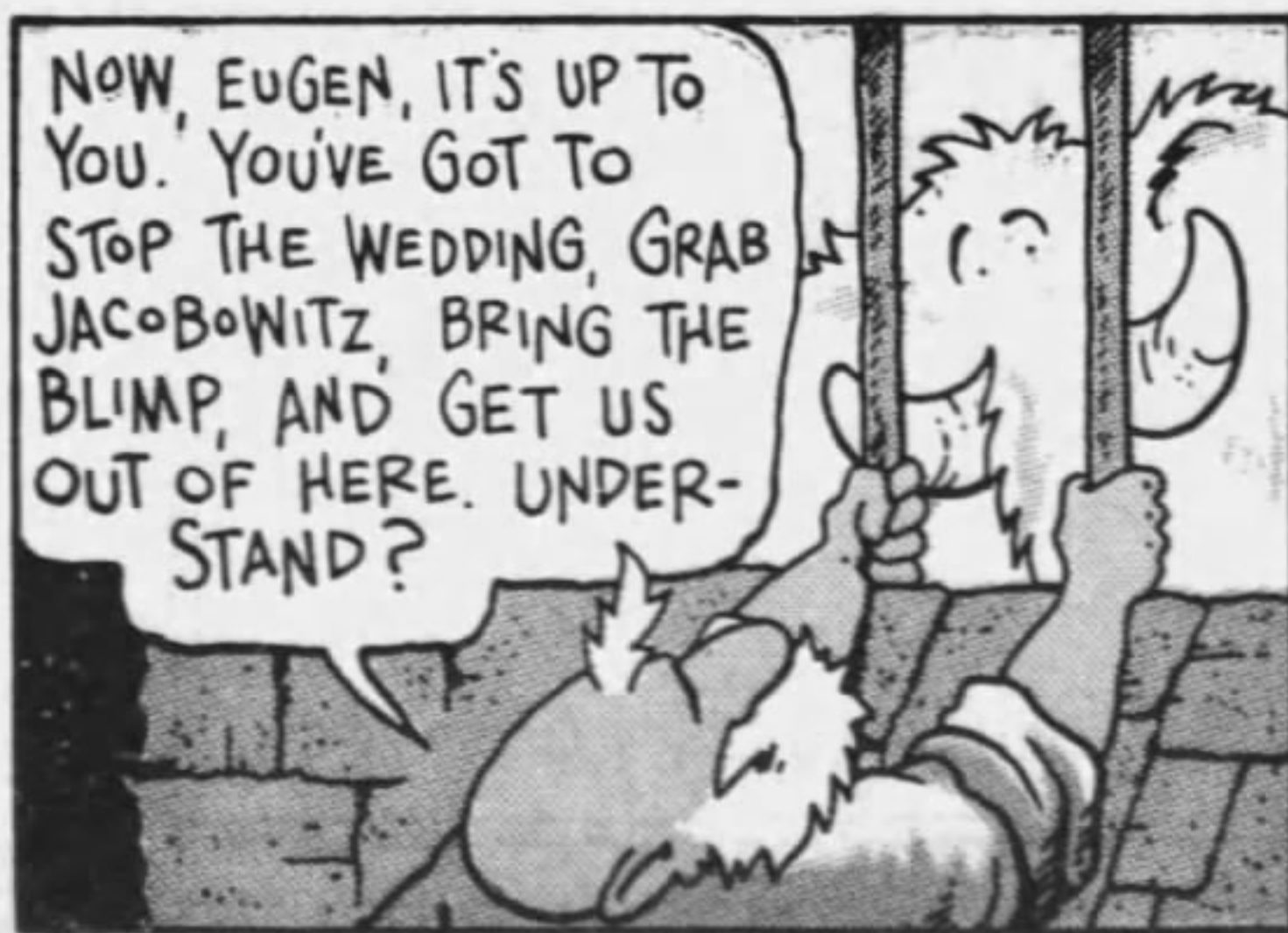
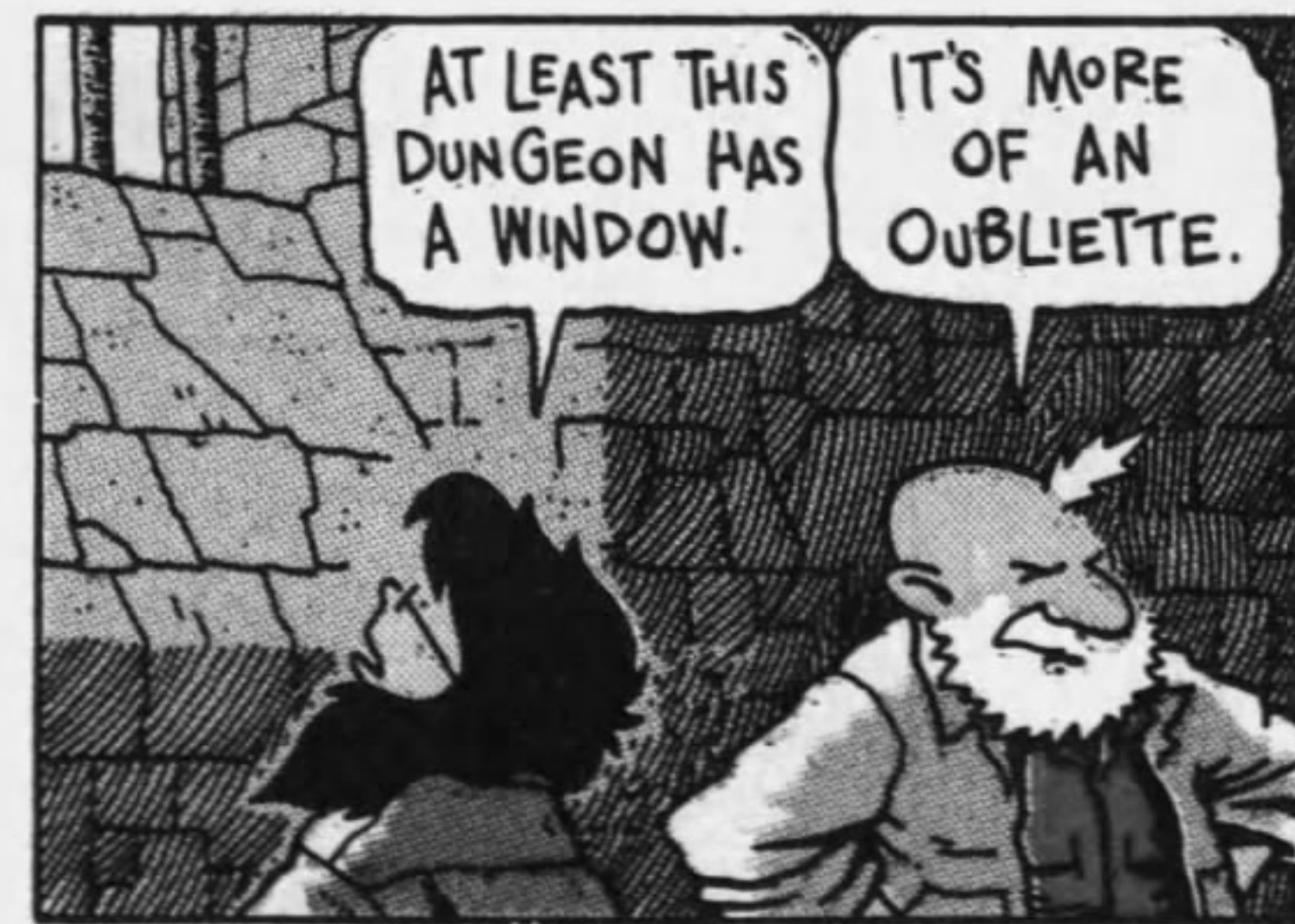
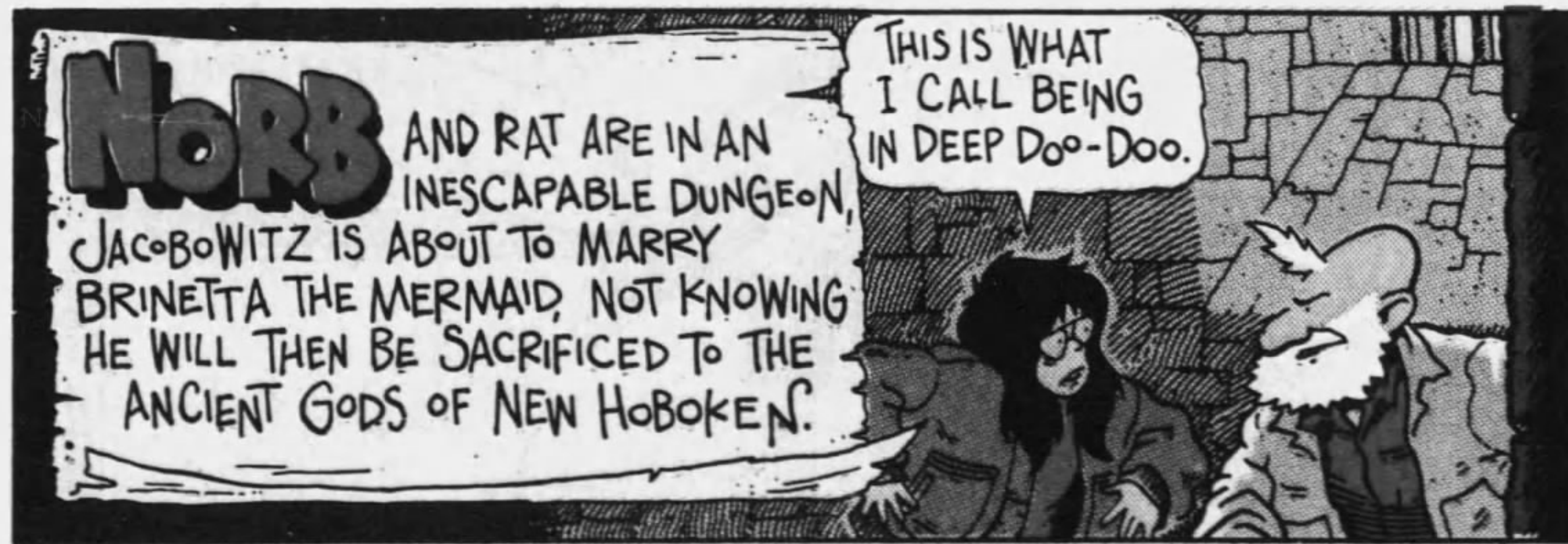


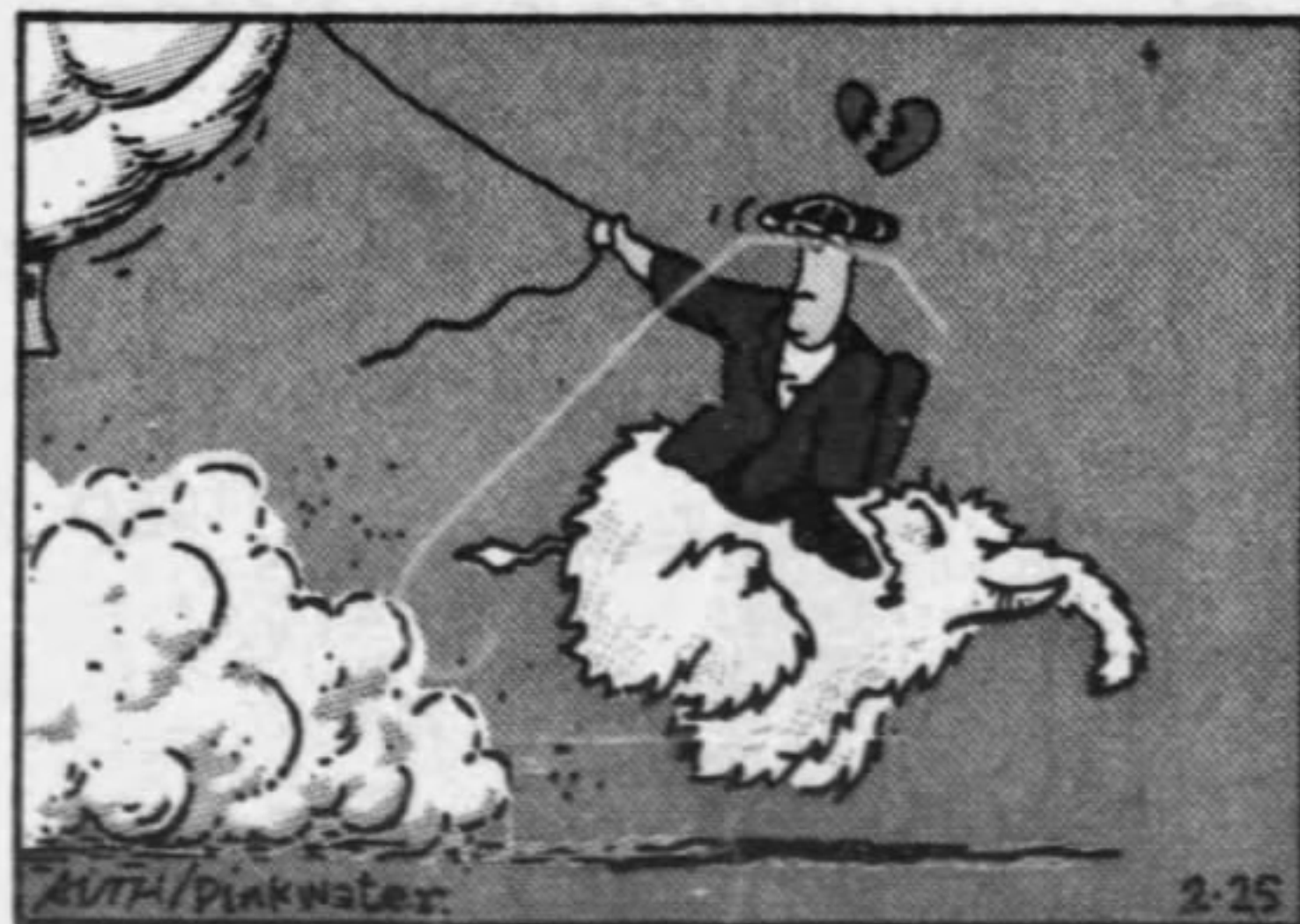
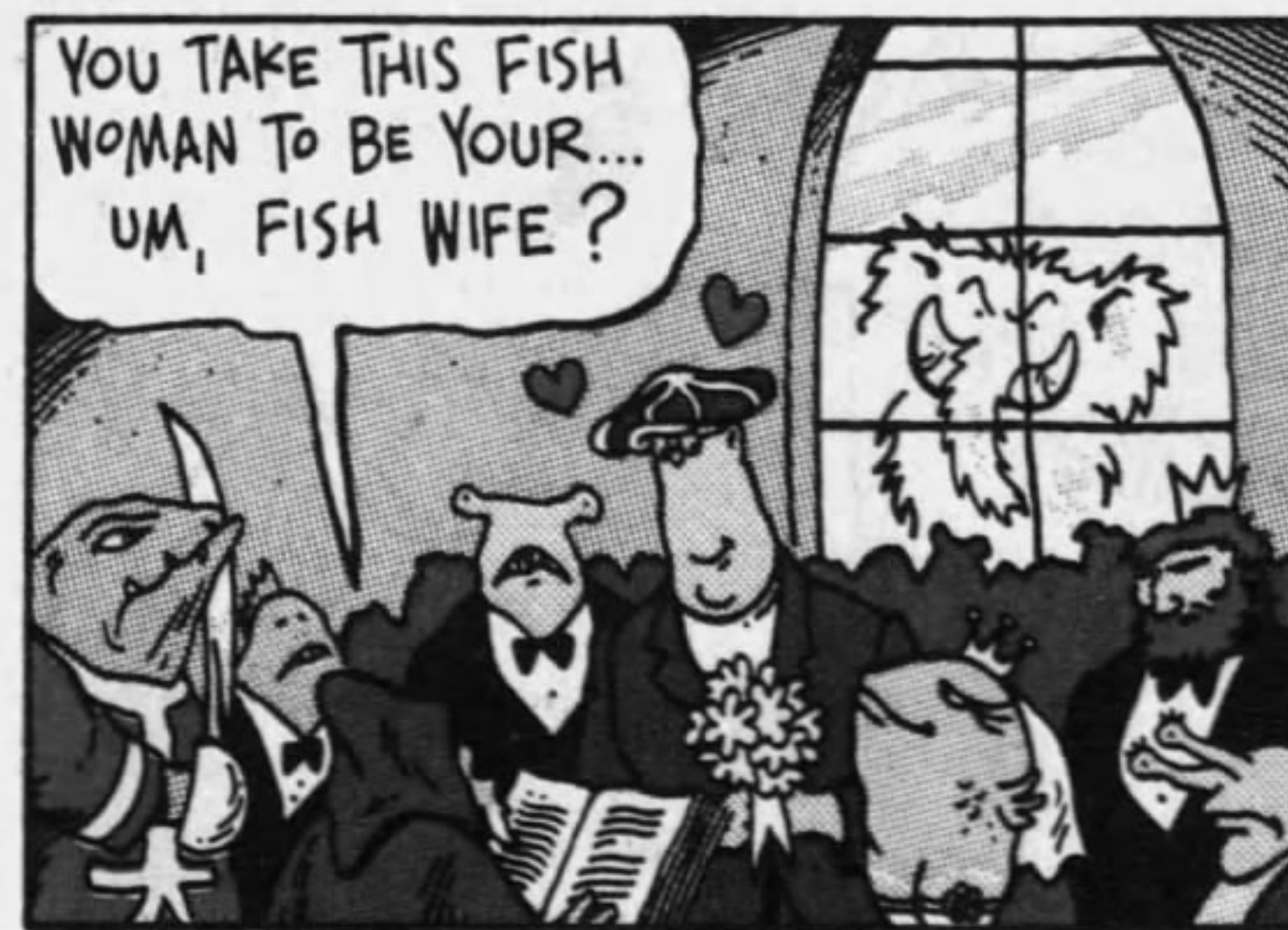
YOU'RE ENTITLED TO ANYTHING YOU WANT FOR BREAKFAST BEFORE THE -UM- CEREMONY.

WHAT A QUAINST CUSTOM!

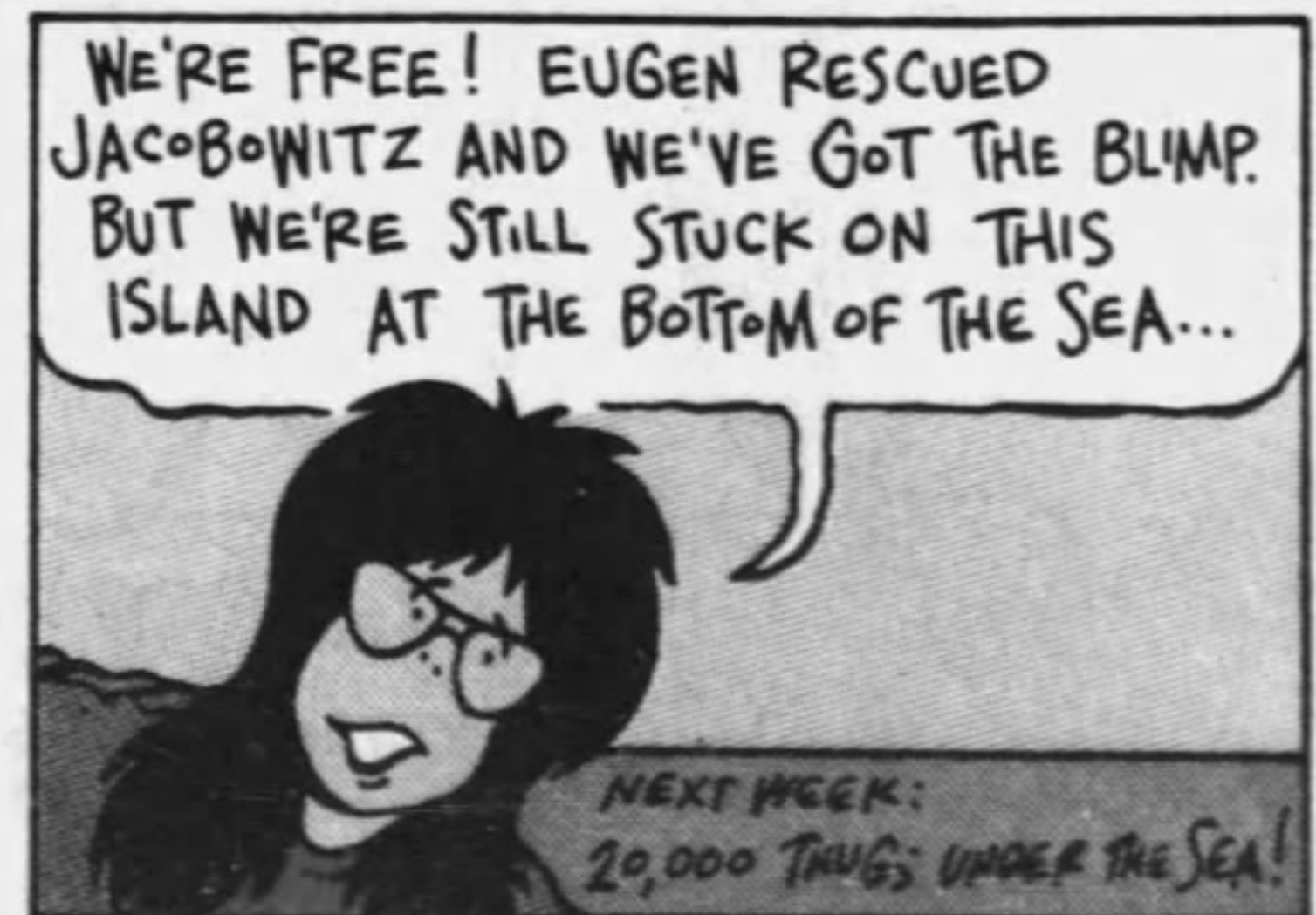
NEXT WEEK:
TIE THE KNOT - OR NOT!

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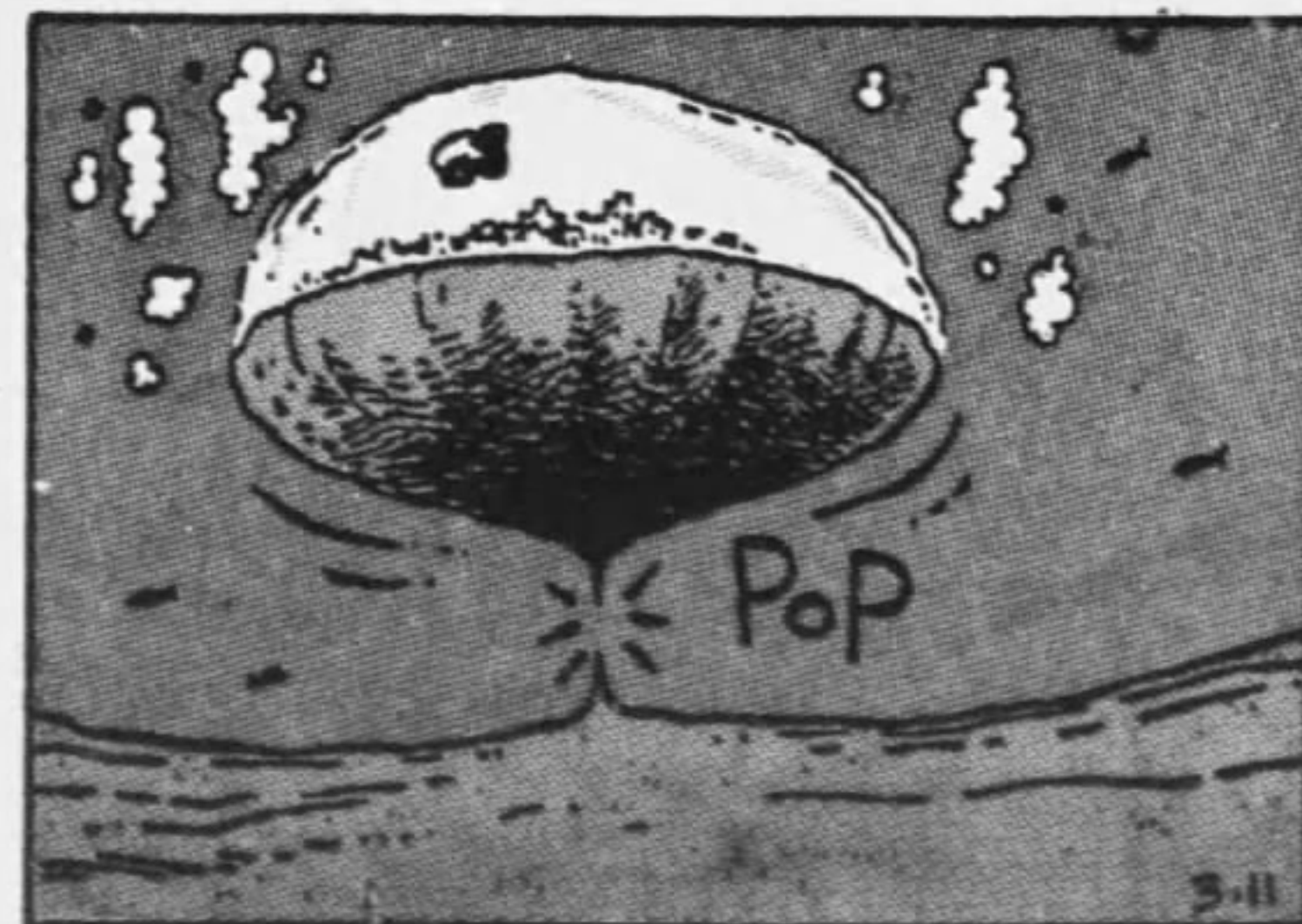
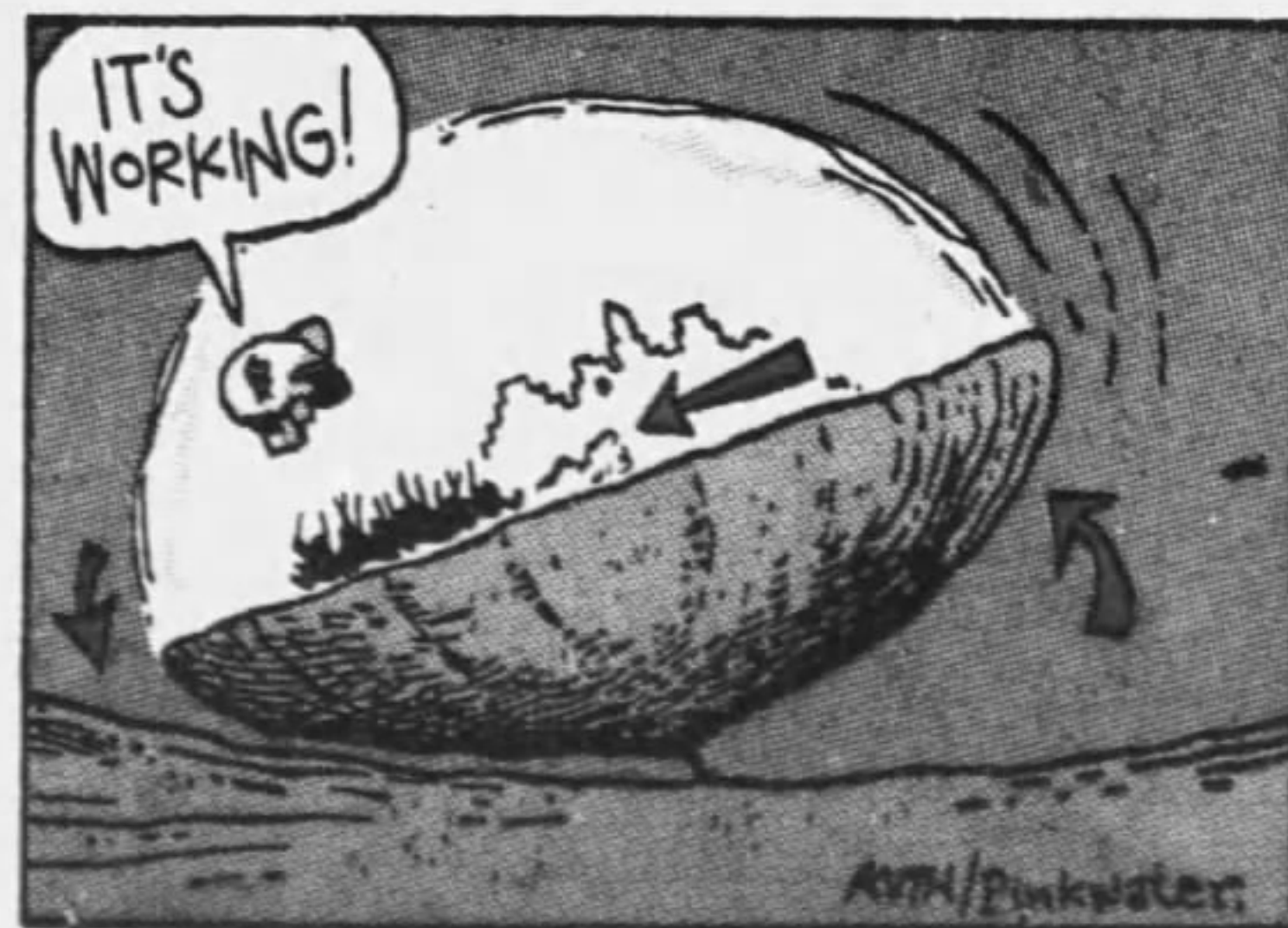
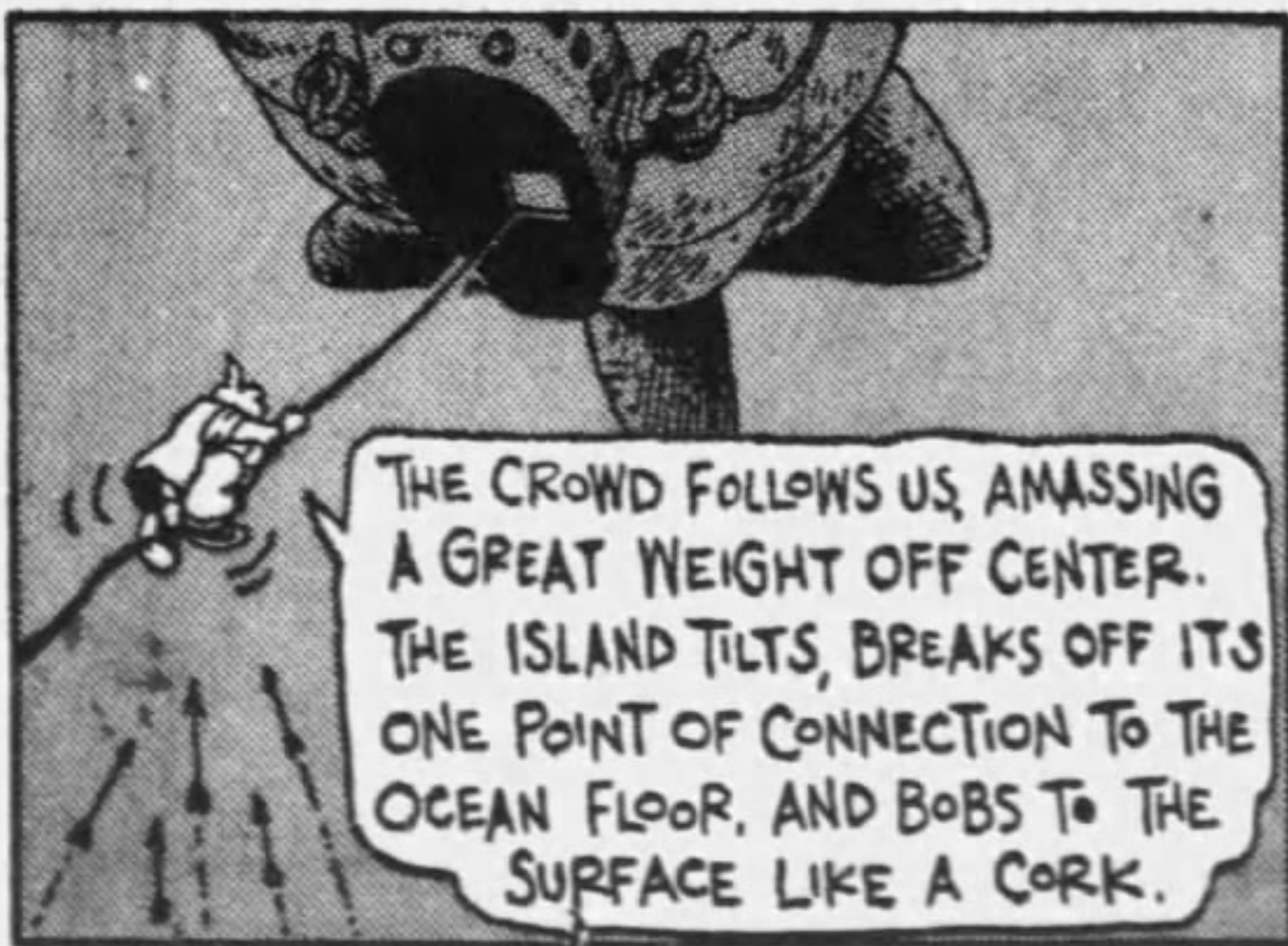
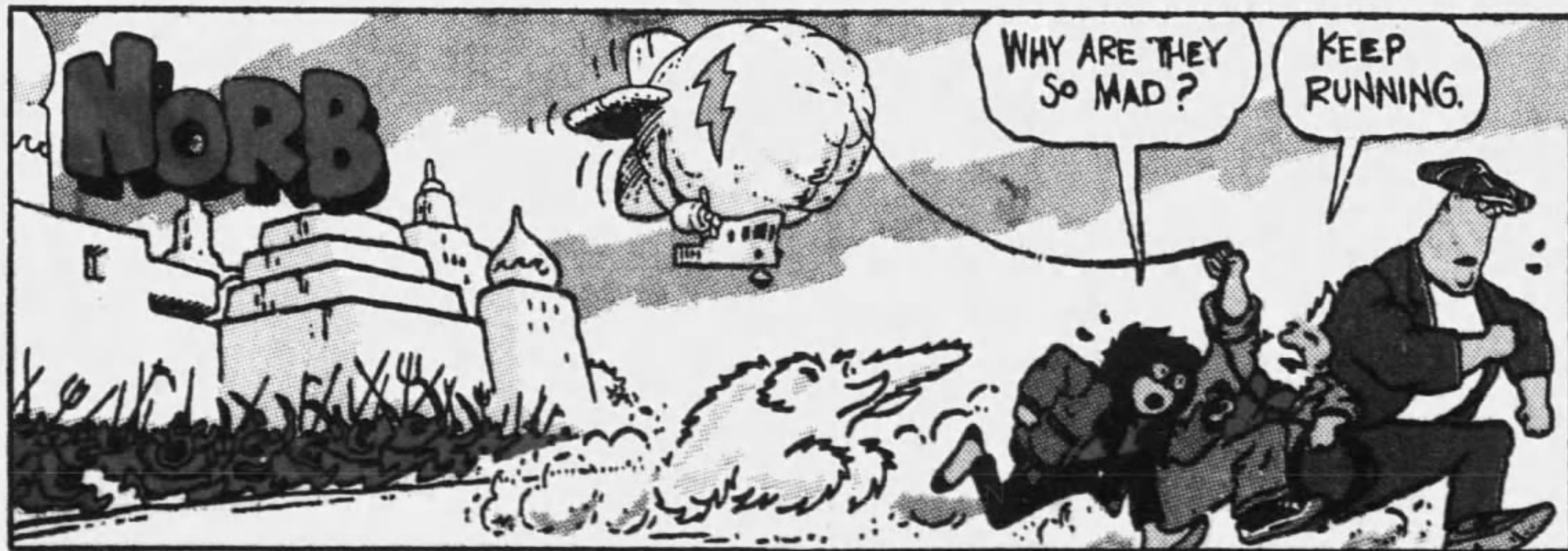


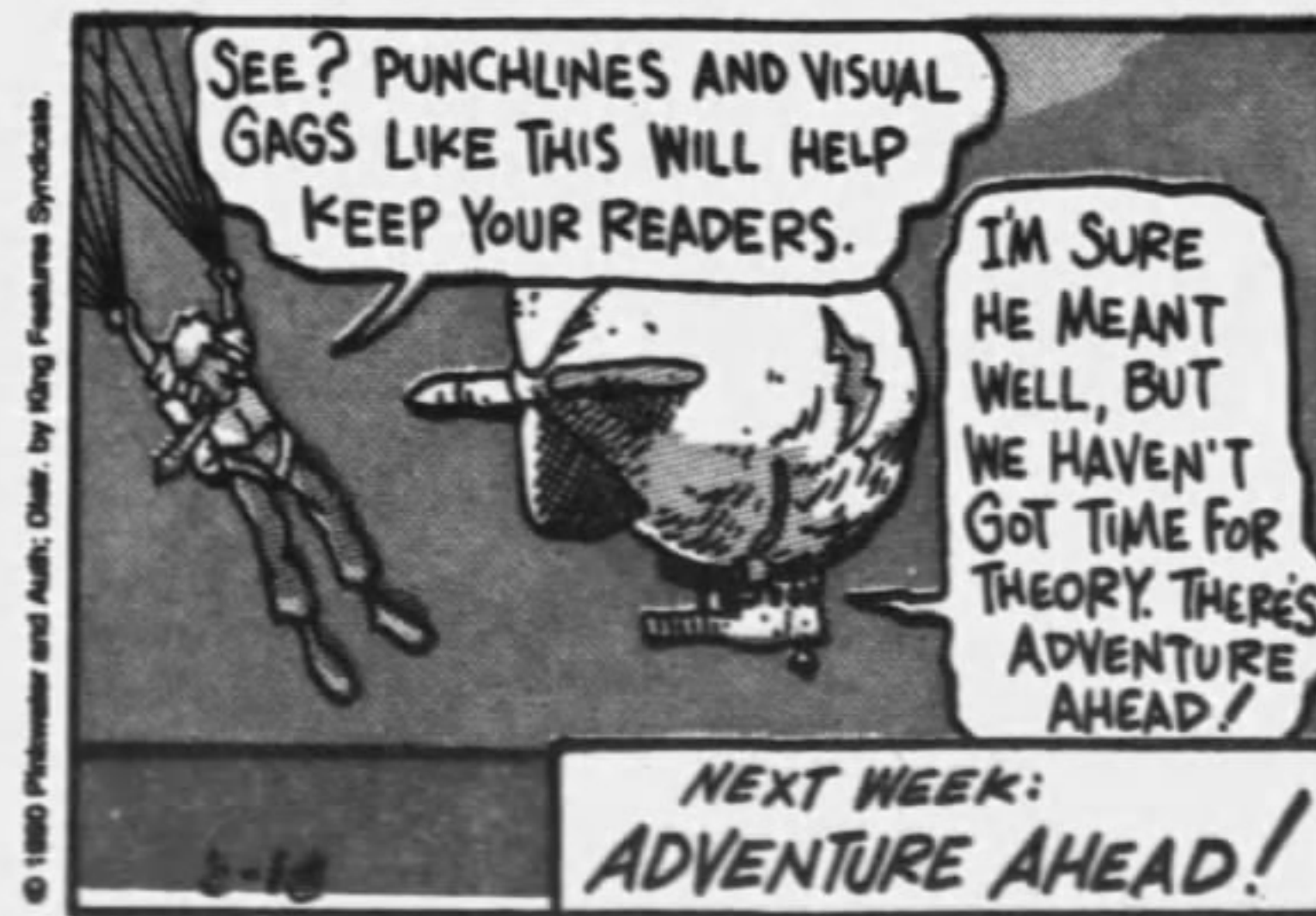
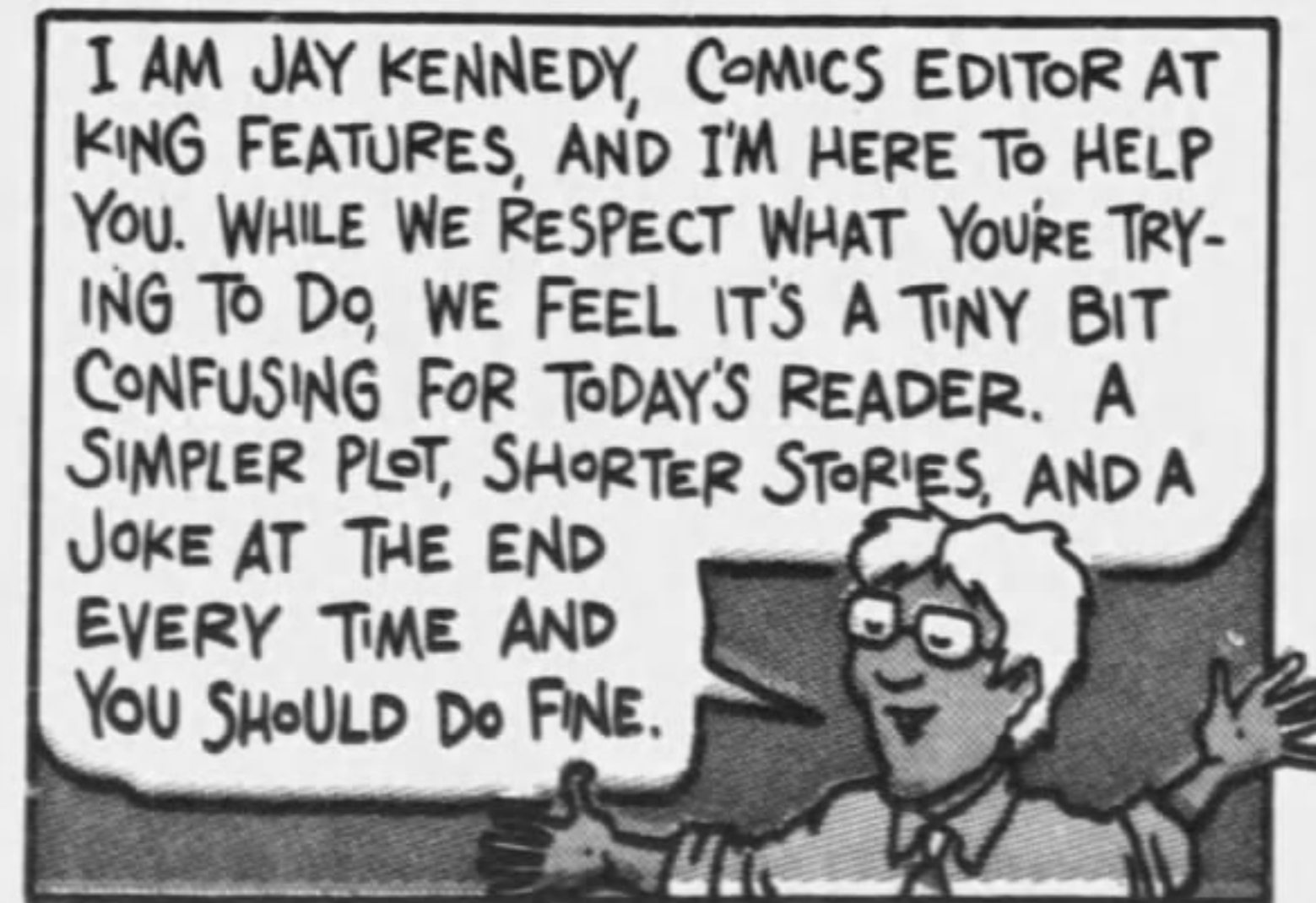
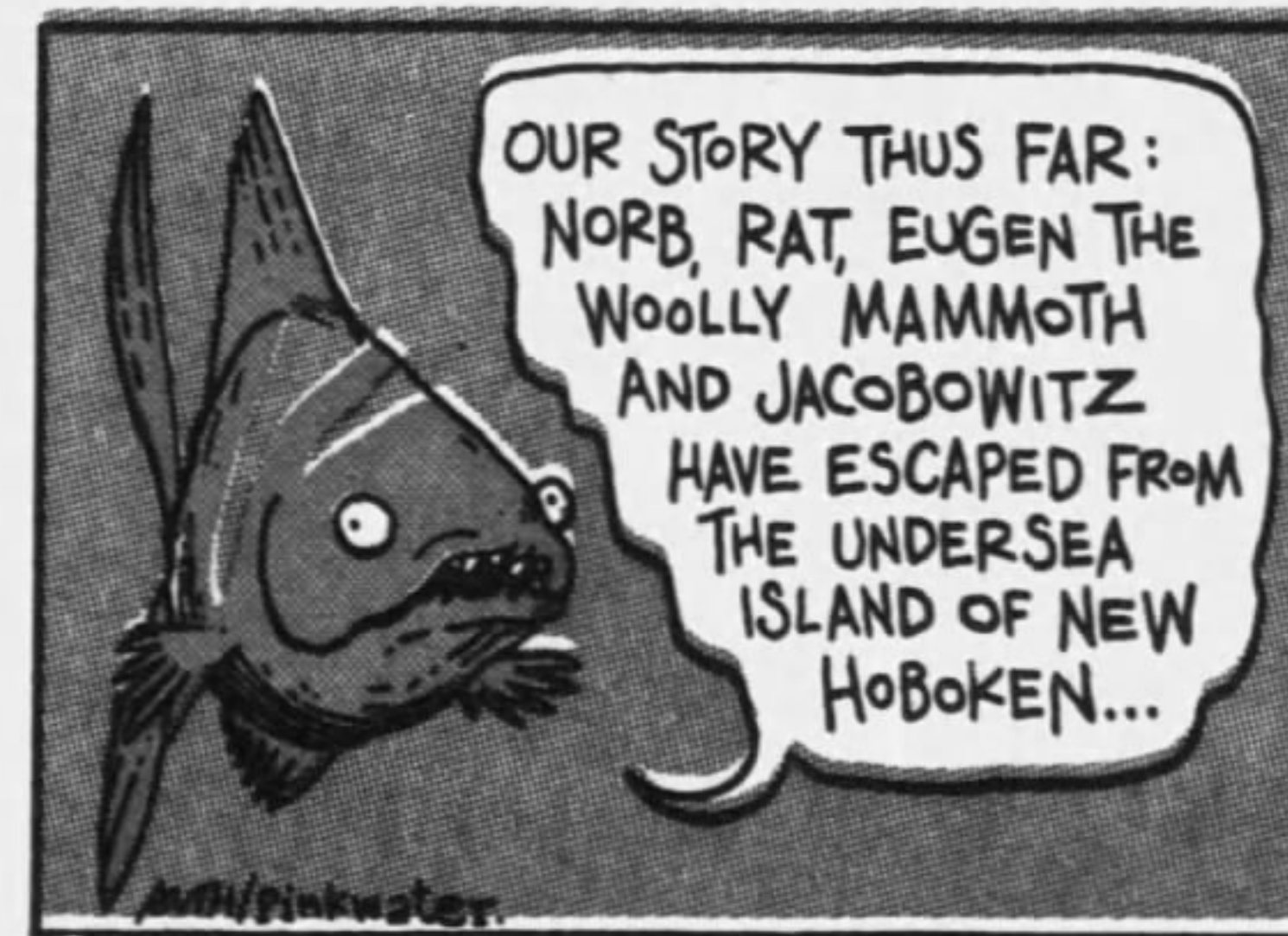
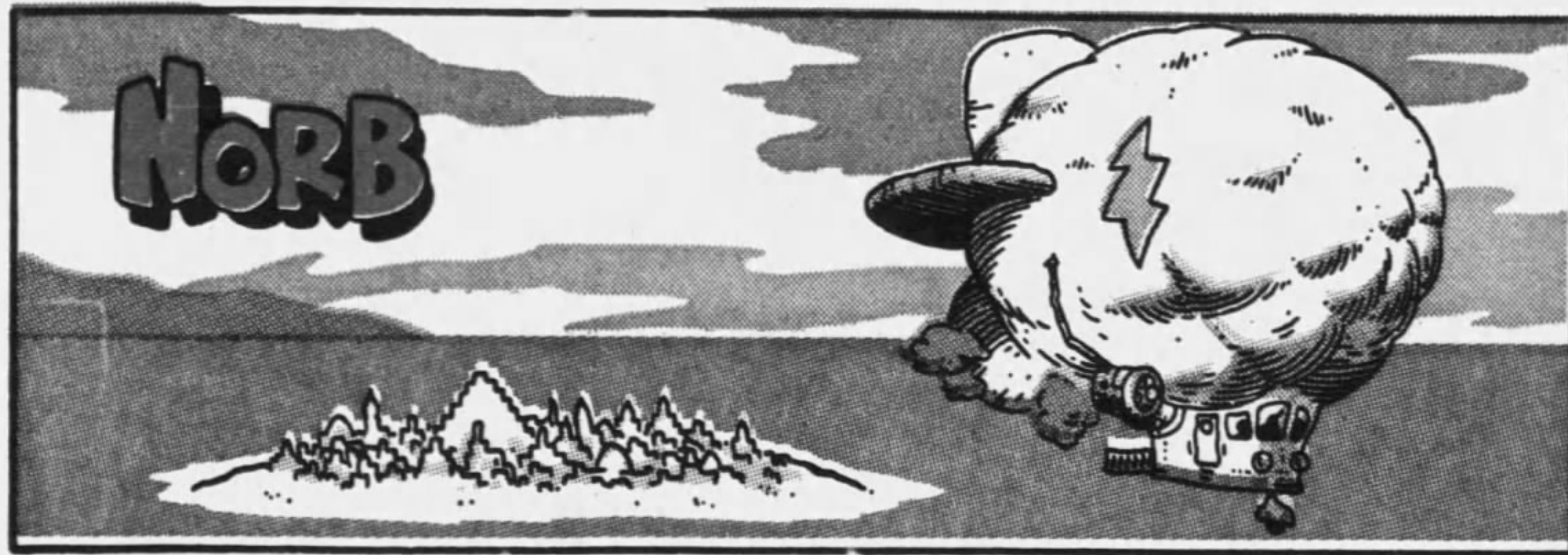
NEXT WEEK:
20,000 THUGS UNDER THE SEA!

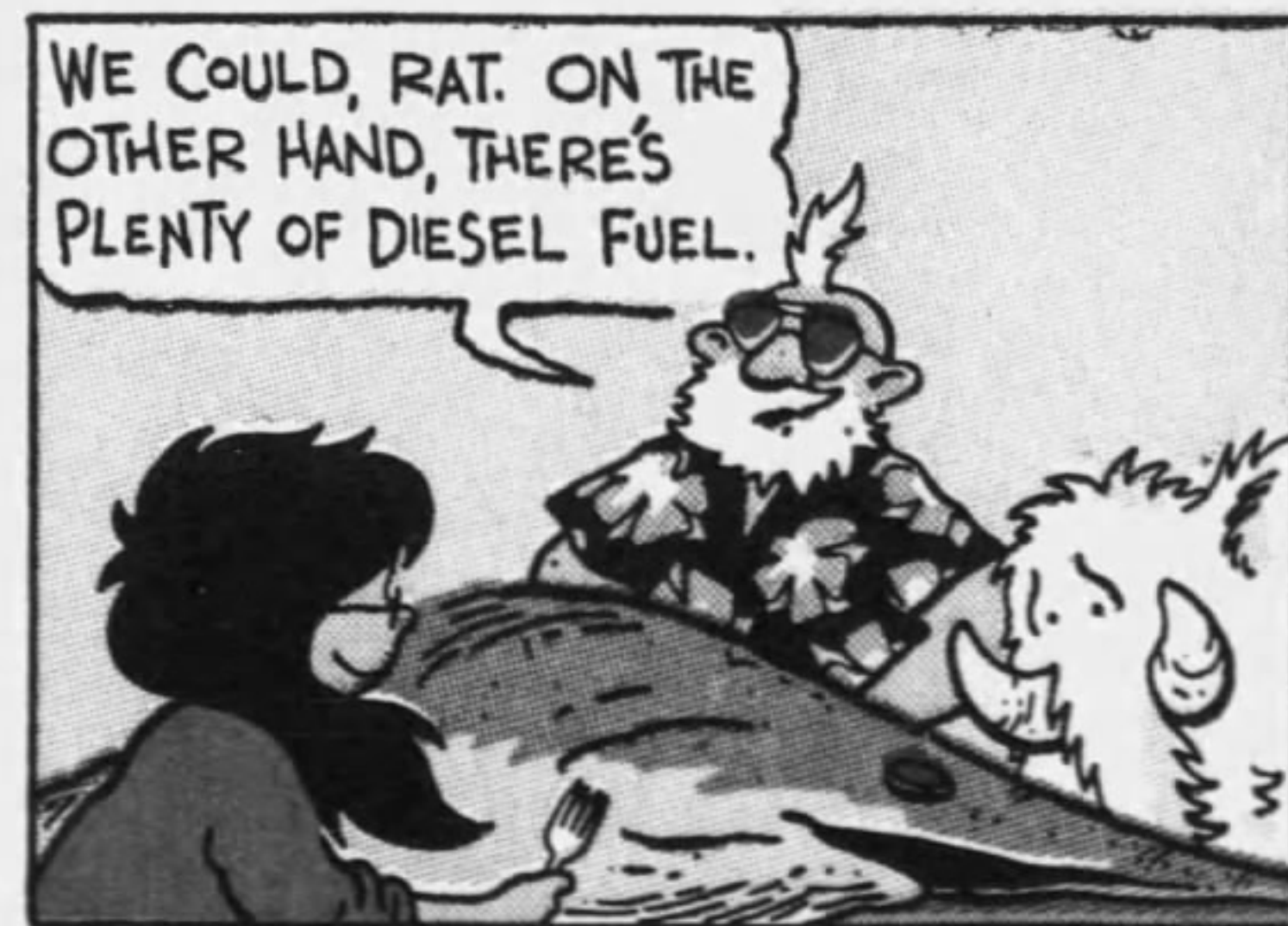


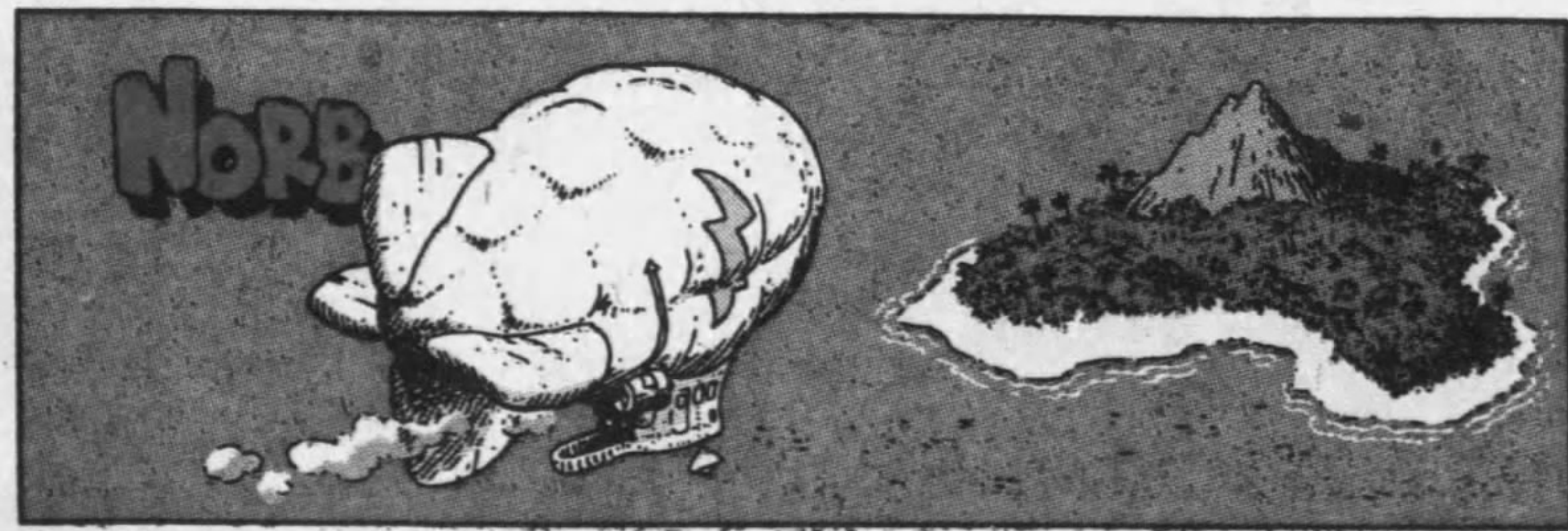
"AS YOU CAN SEE, THE ISLAND IS ATTACHED TO THE OCEAN FLOOR AT ONE POINT. SHOULD THAT CONNECTION BE BROKEN, THE WHOLE WORKS WOULD BOB TO THE SURFACE."











OUR SUNDAY STORY THUS FAR: NORB, RAT, JACOBOWITZ AND EUGEN, THE WOOLLY MAMMOTH, ARE BUMMING AROUND THE PACIFIC. THEY STOP FOR FRESH WATER ON A TROPICAL ISLAND...



OK, WE SHOOT ENEMIES NOW. READY... AIM...



APRIL FOOL! OH, SO DROLL! WE MAKE JOKE TO INTERRUPT UNBEARABLE TEDIOUS OF LIFE ON THIS ISLAND. ONLY A JEST. WILL NOT SHOOT.



HOWEVER, YOU ARE PRISONERS UNDER HONORABLE ARTICLES OF WAR. VERY SORRY.



ALLOW ME TO INFORM YOU THAT HOSTILITIES ENDED FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

HA! COUNTER-APRIL FOOL, NO DOUBT.

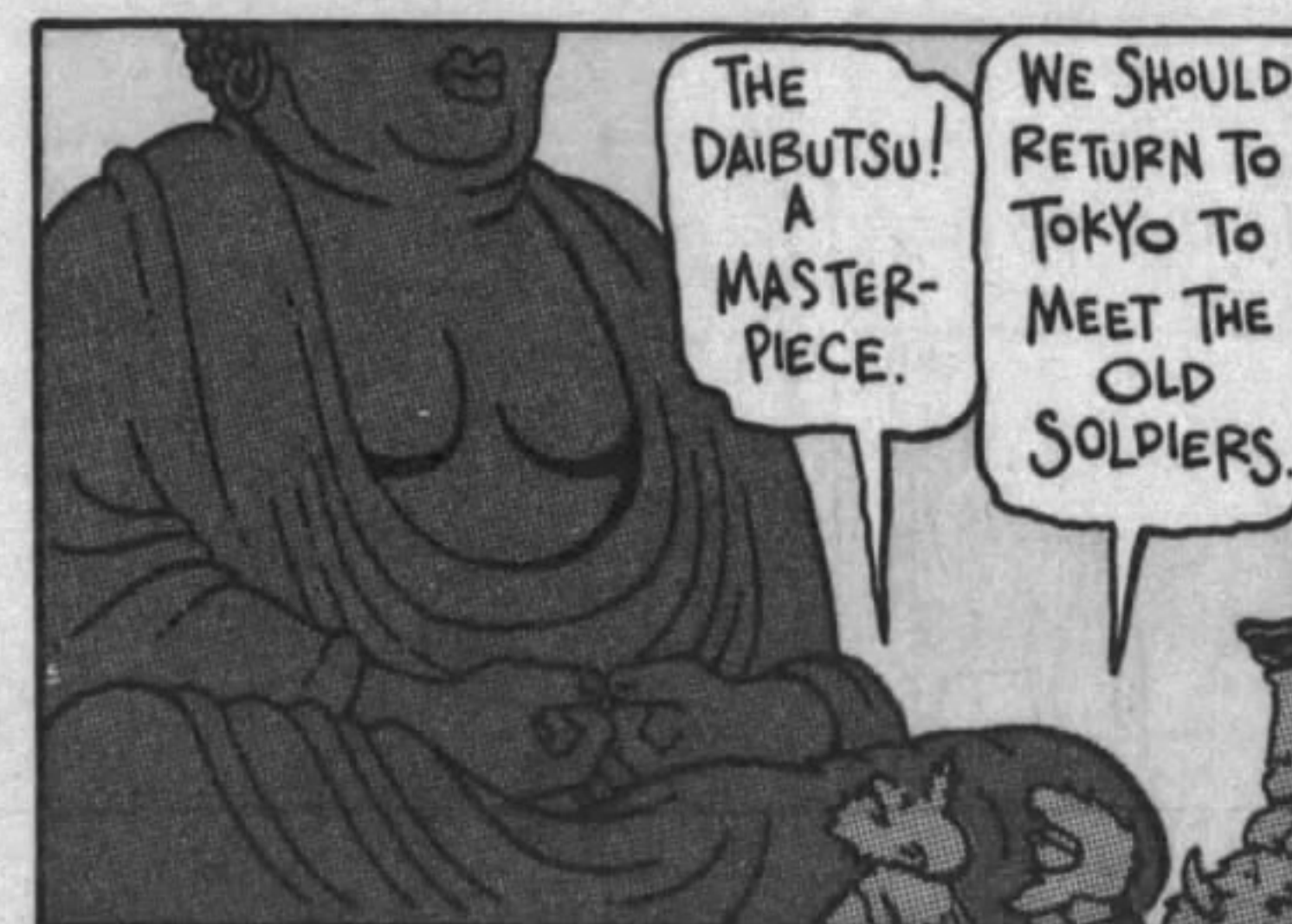
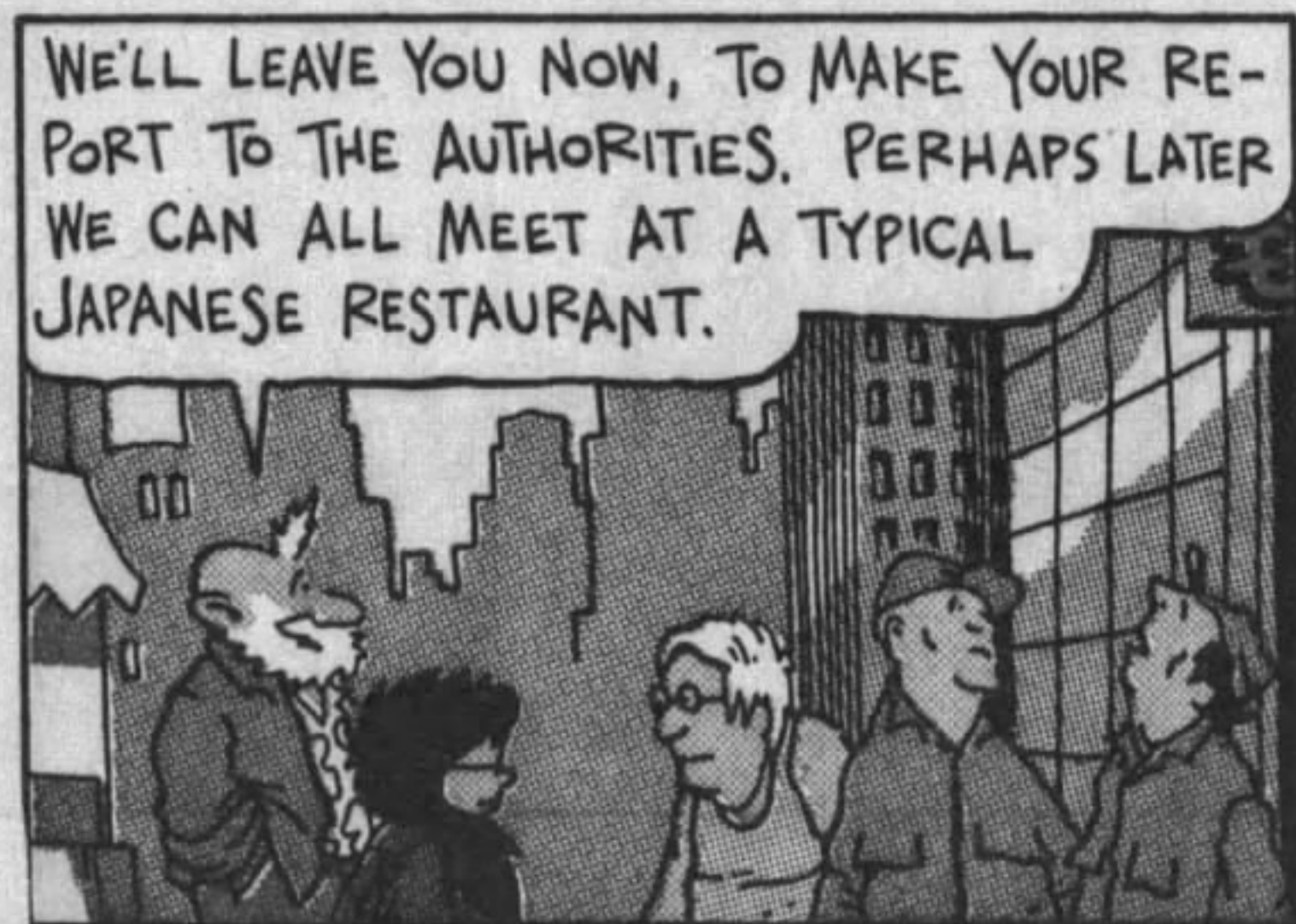
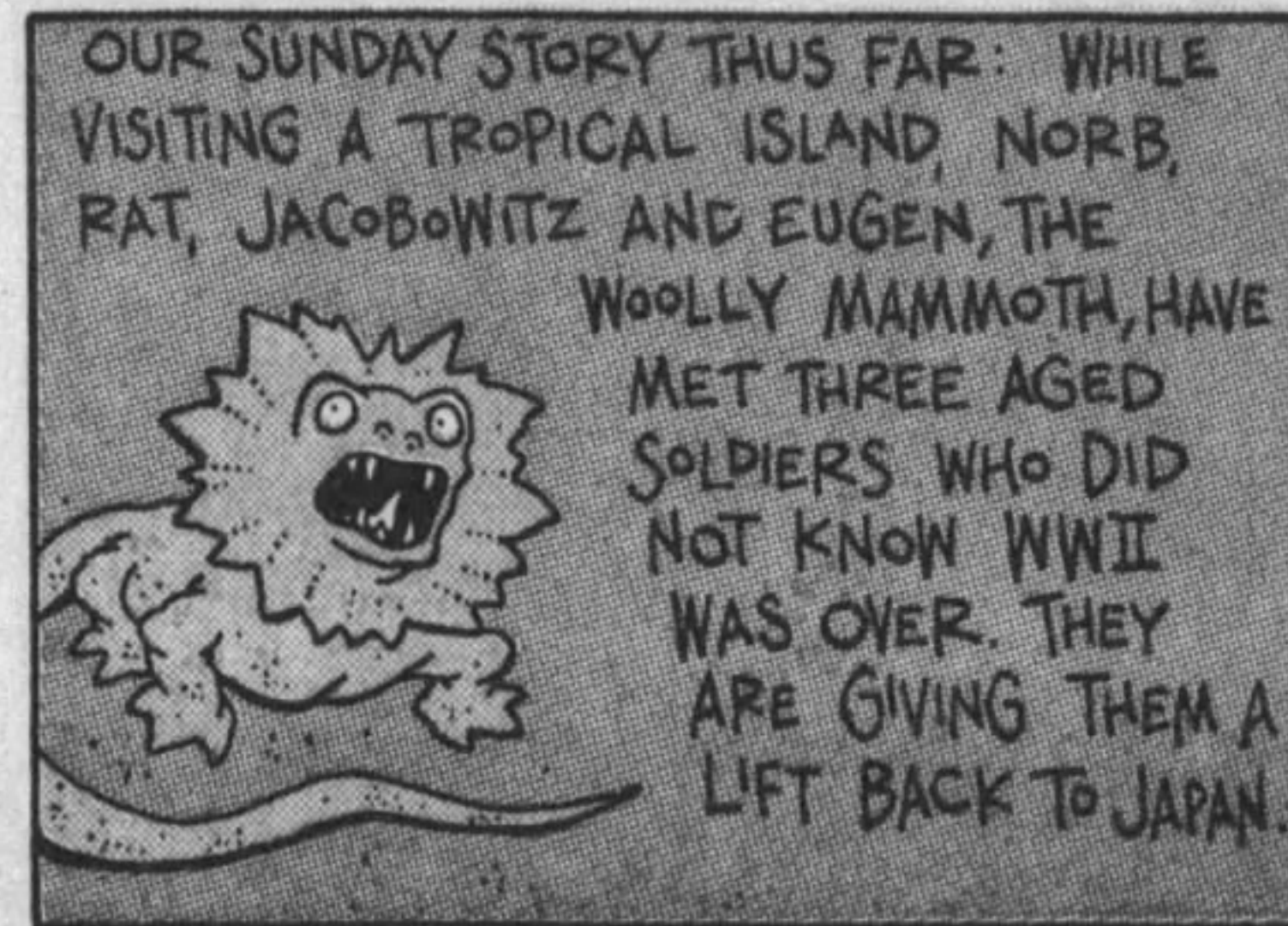
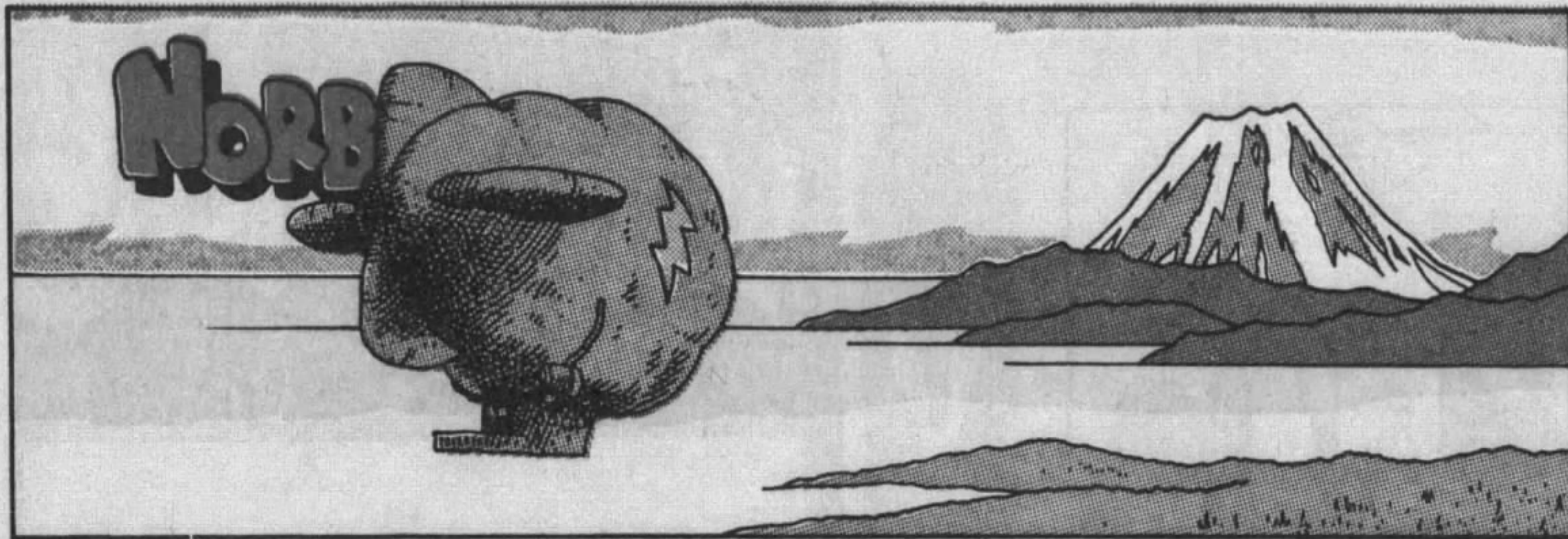


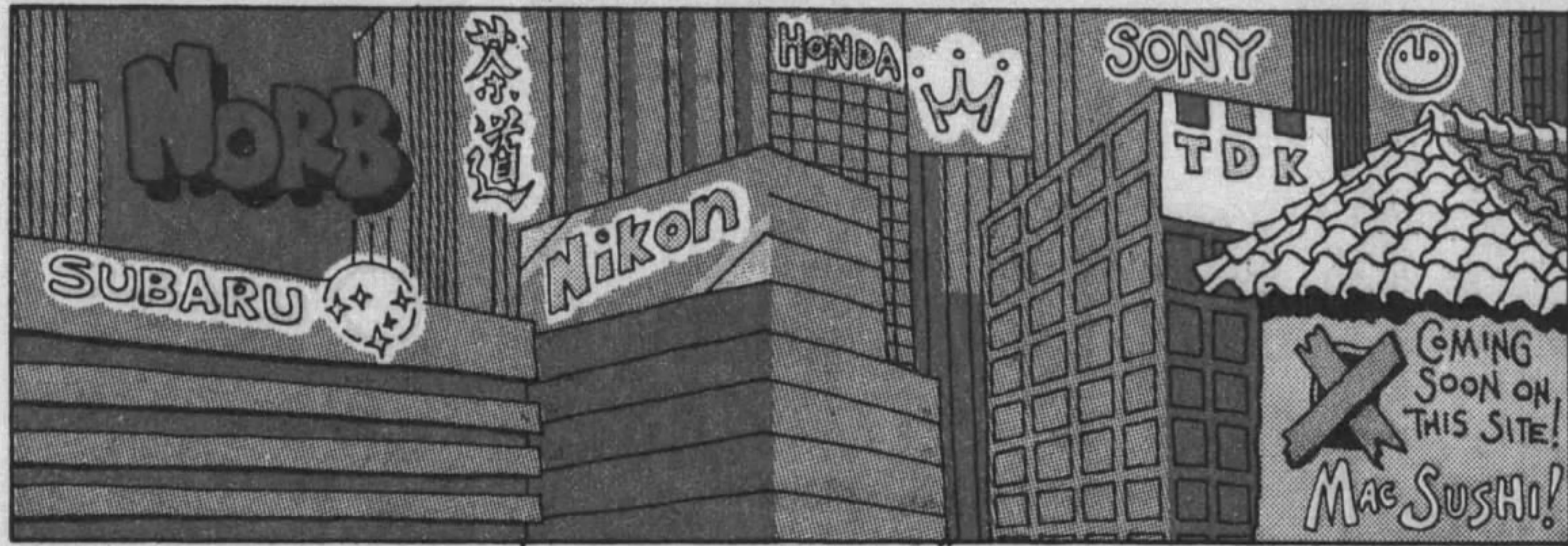
HOWEVER, IF TRUE... INCREDIBLE! AMOUNT OF BACK PAY WAITING AT HOME.

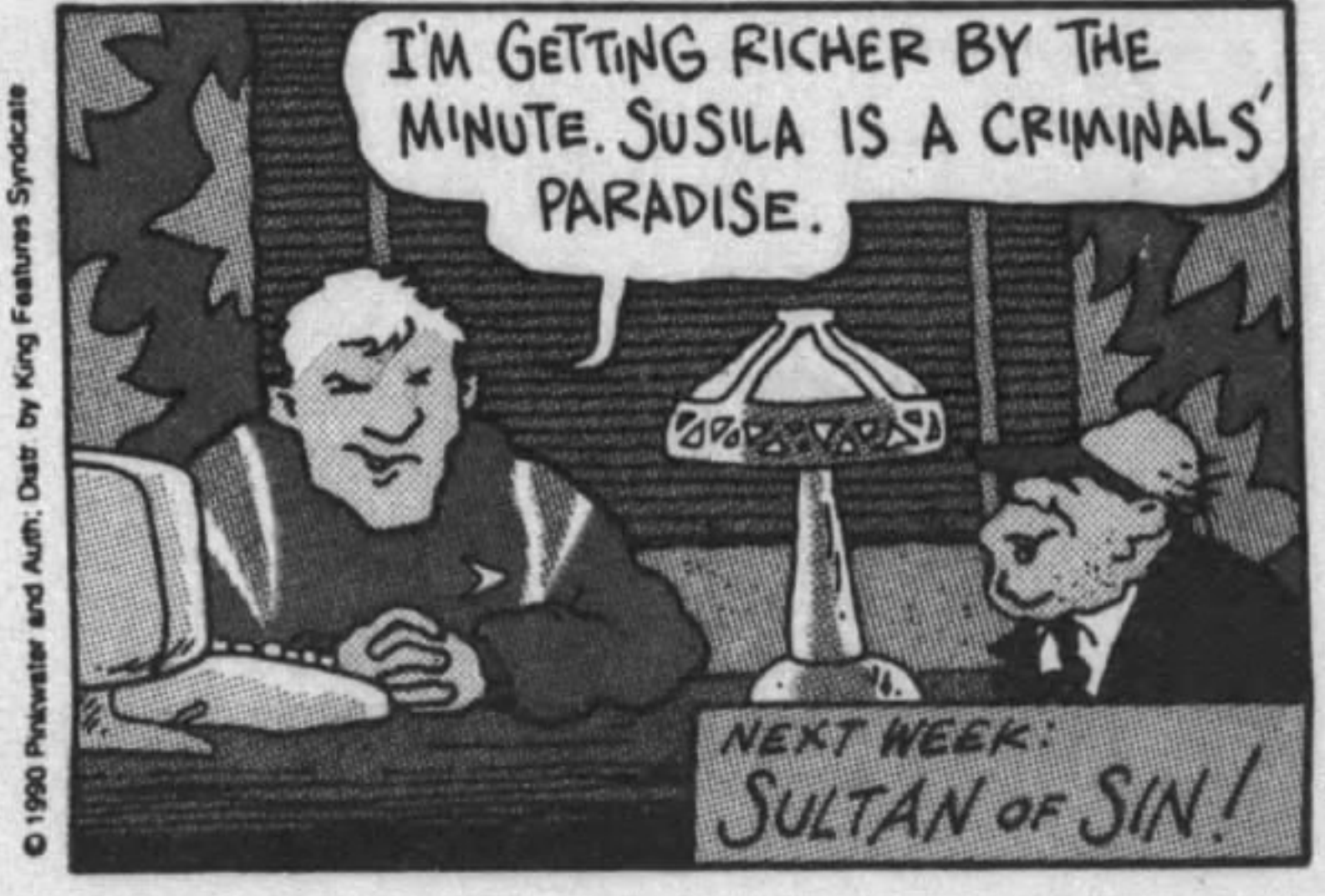
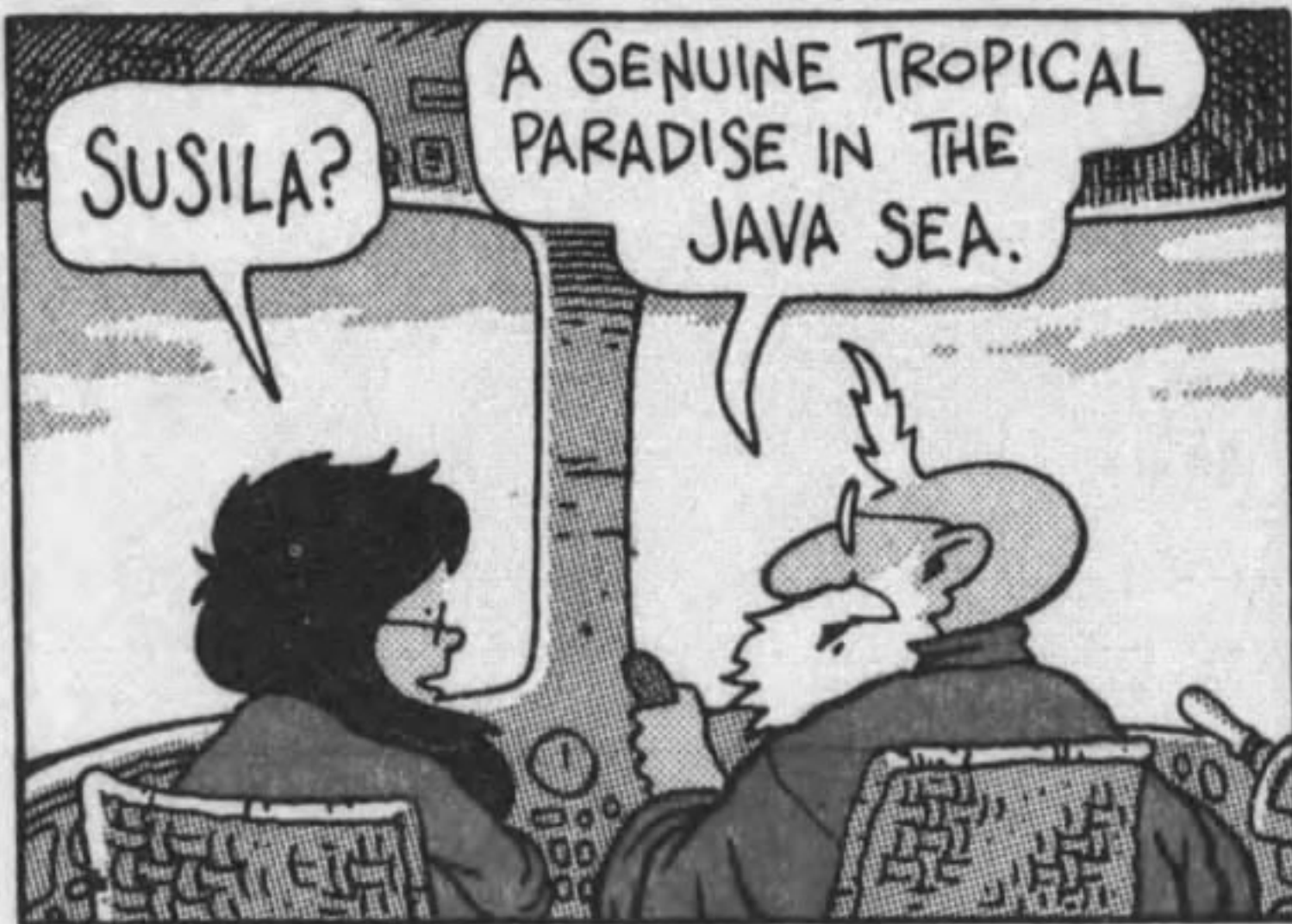
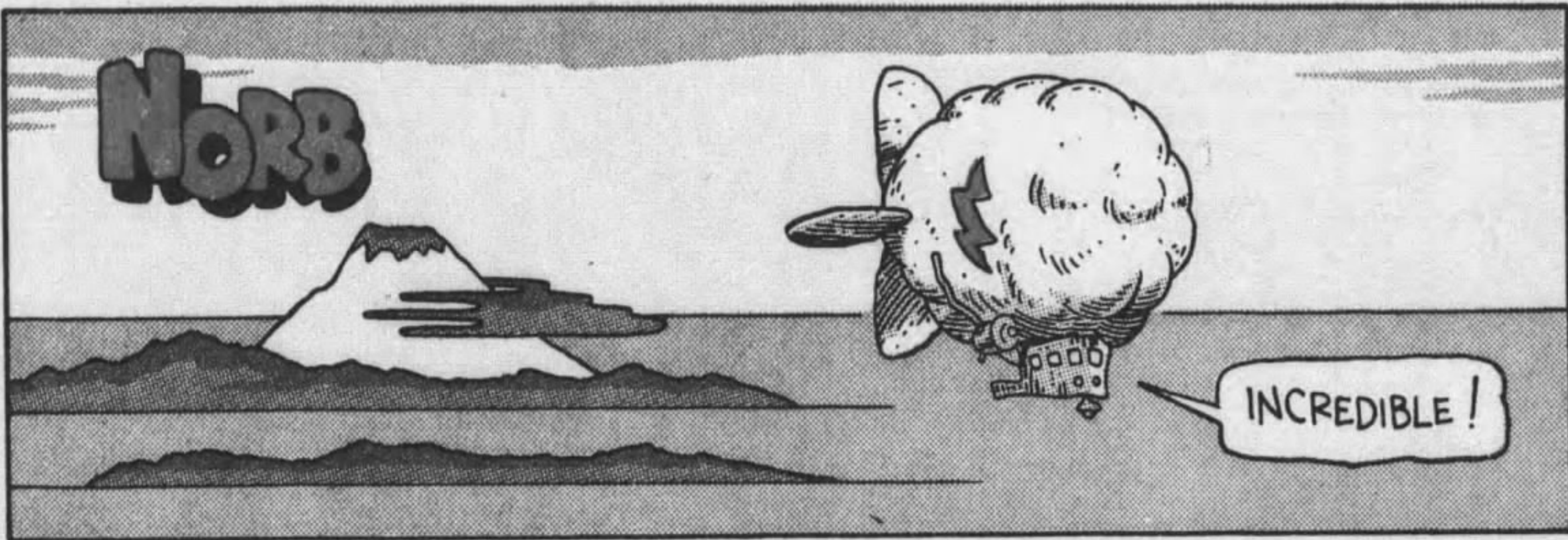
BEST TAKE PRISONERS TO CAPTAIN KWAZI-MOTO NOW.

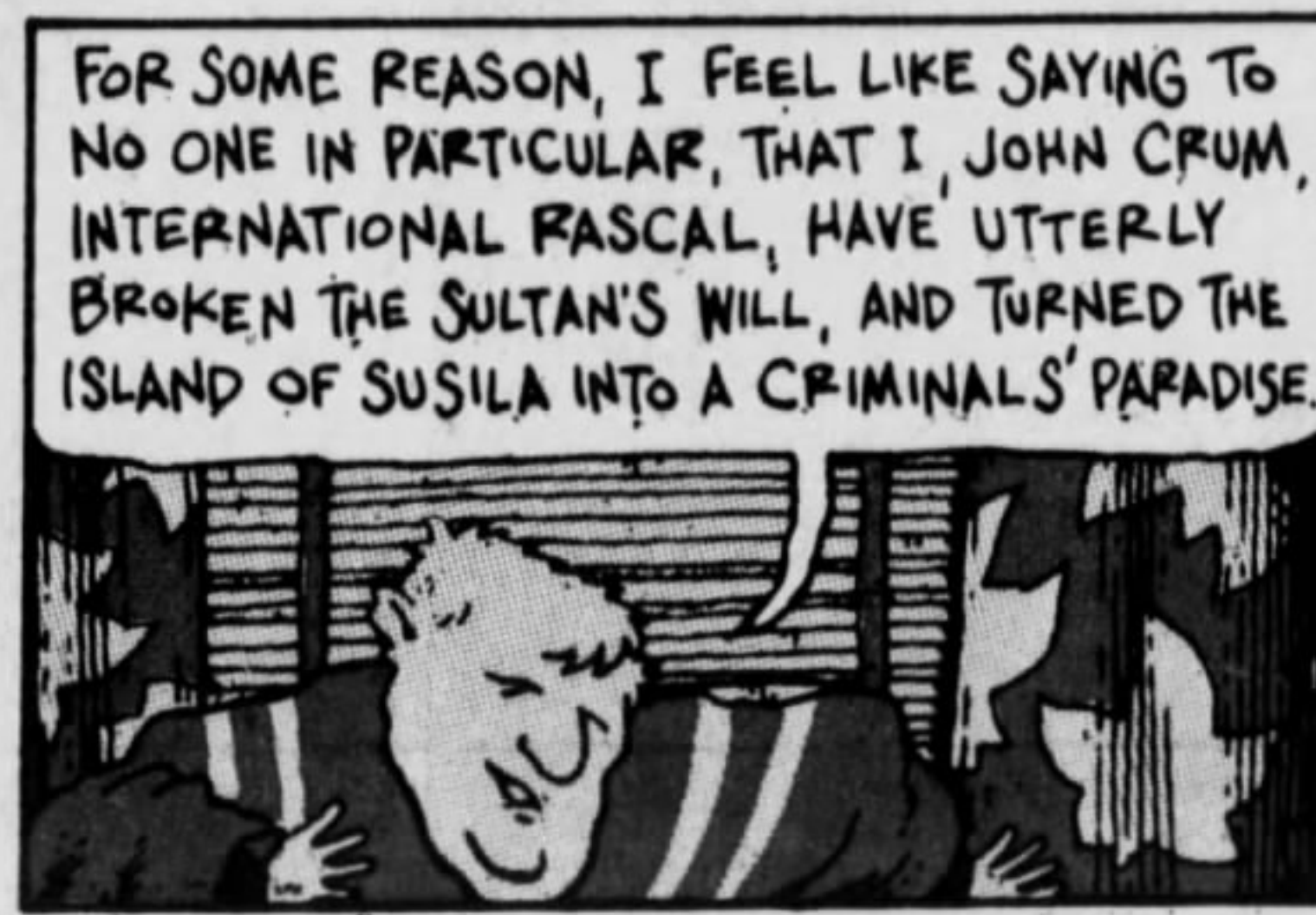
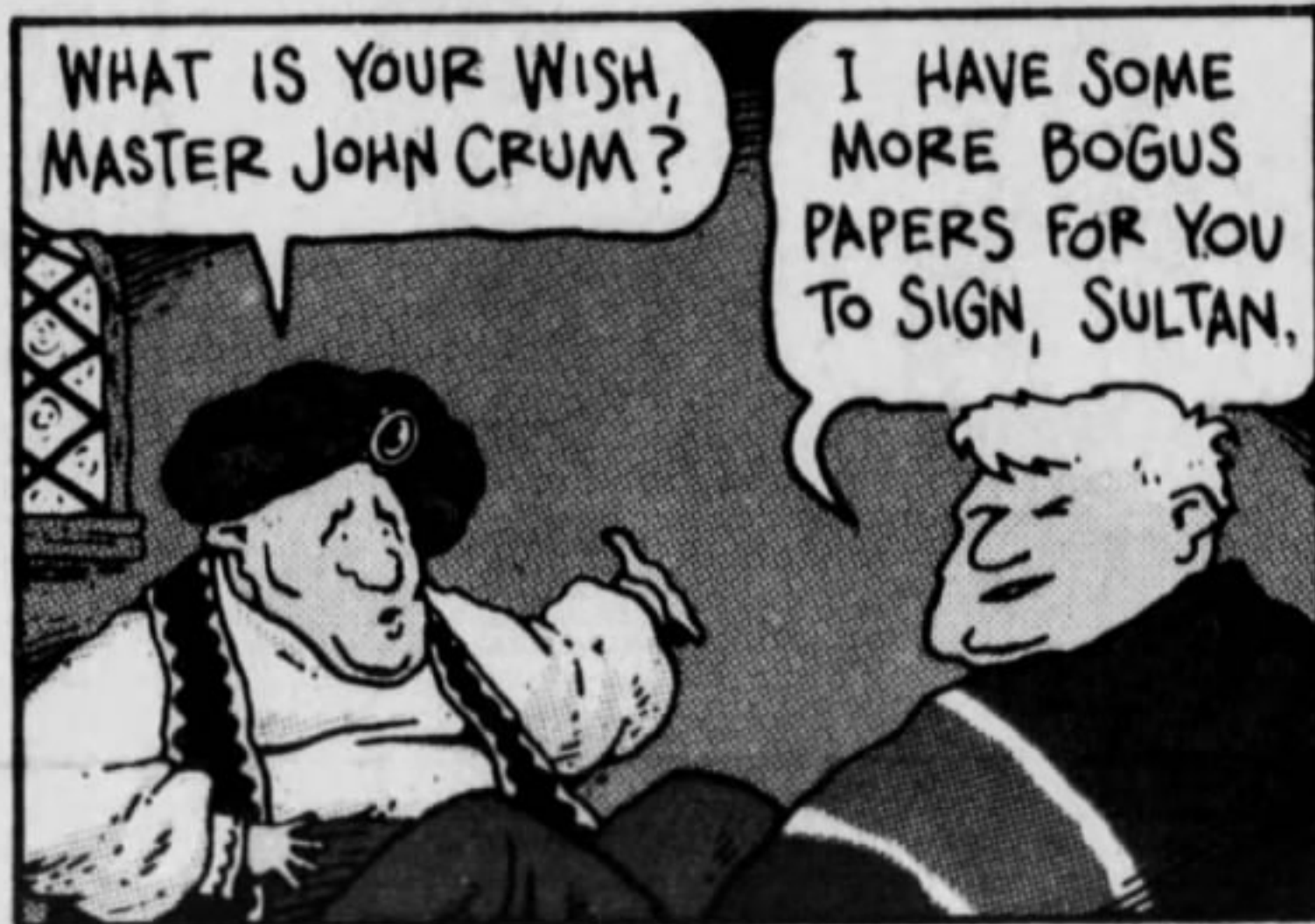
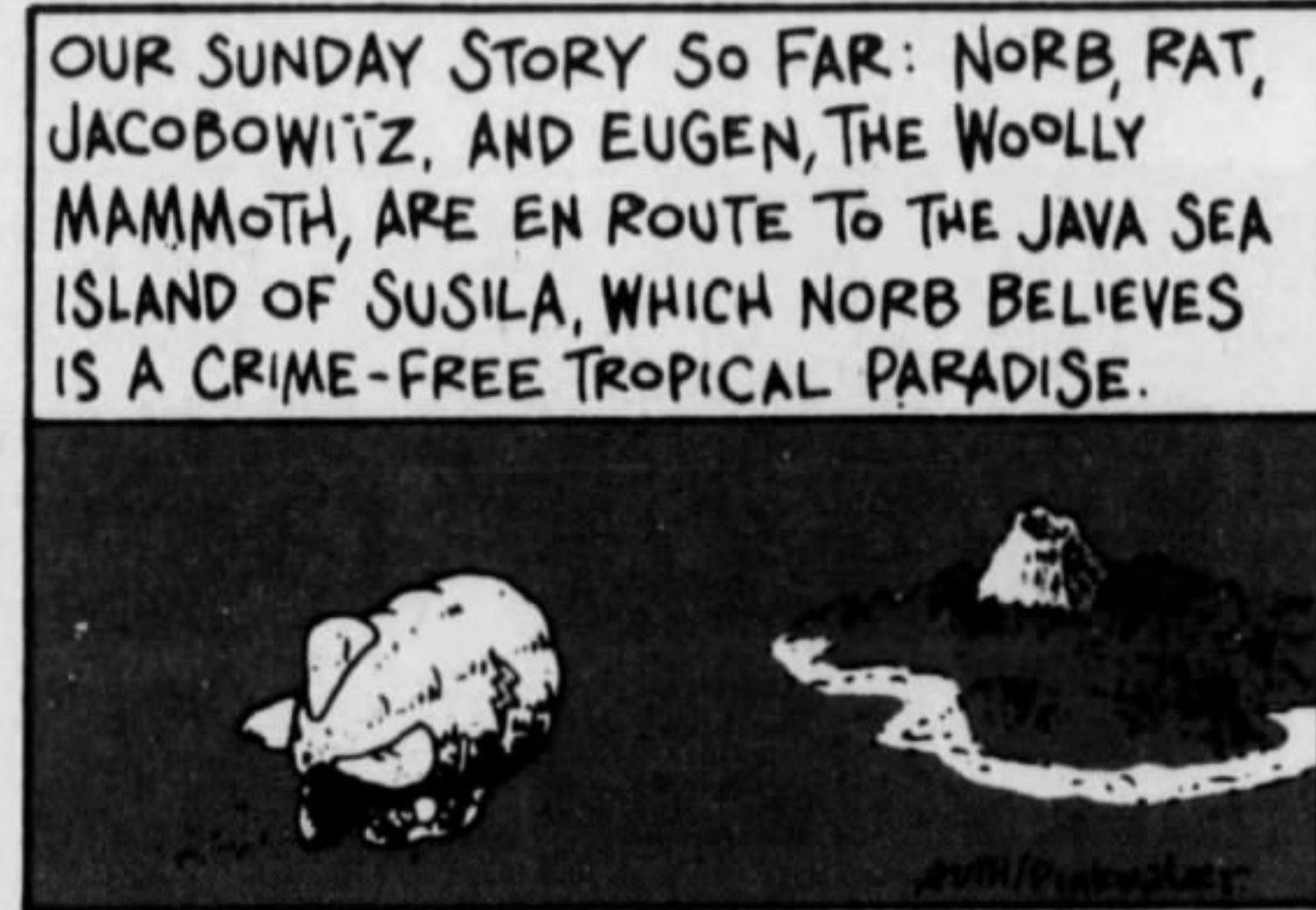


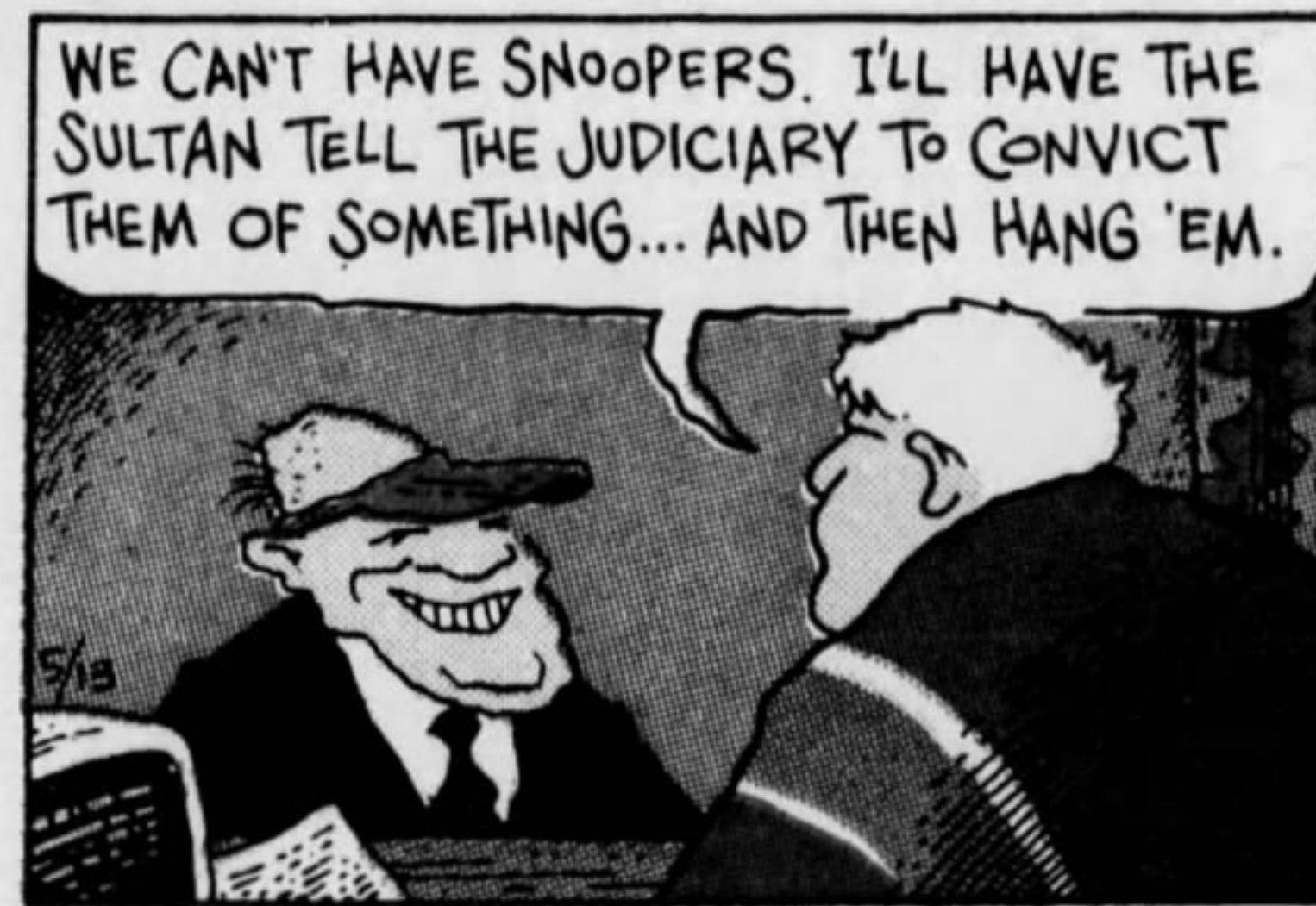
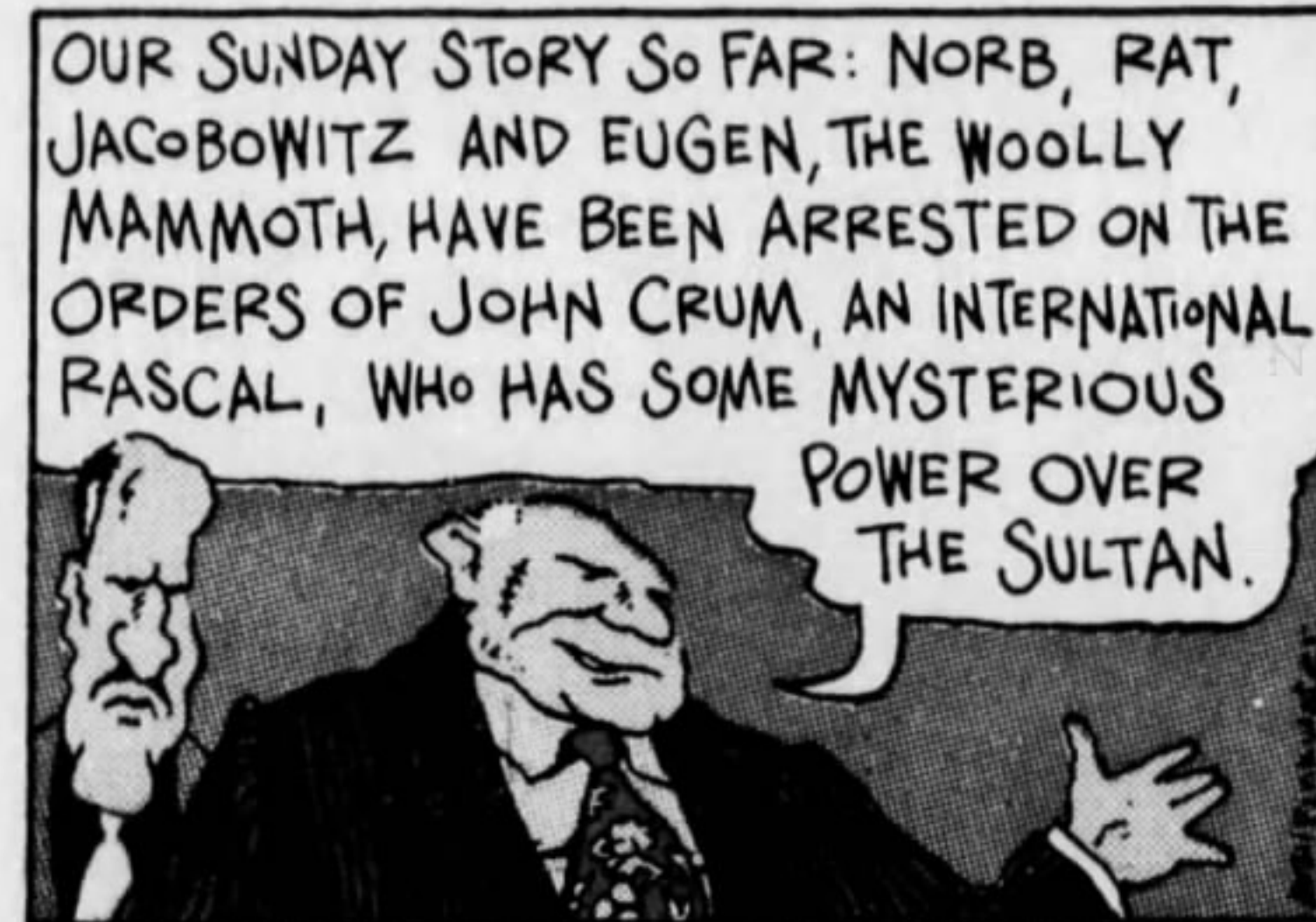
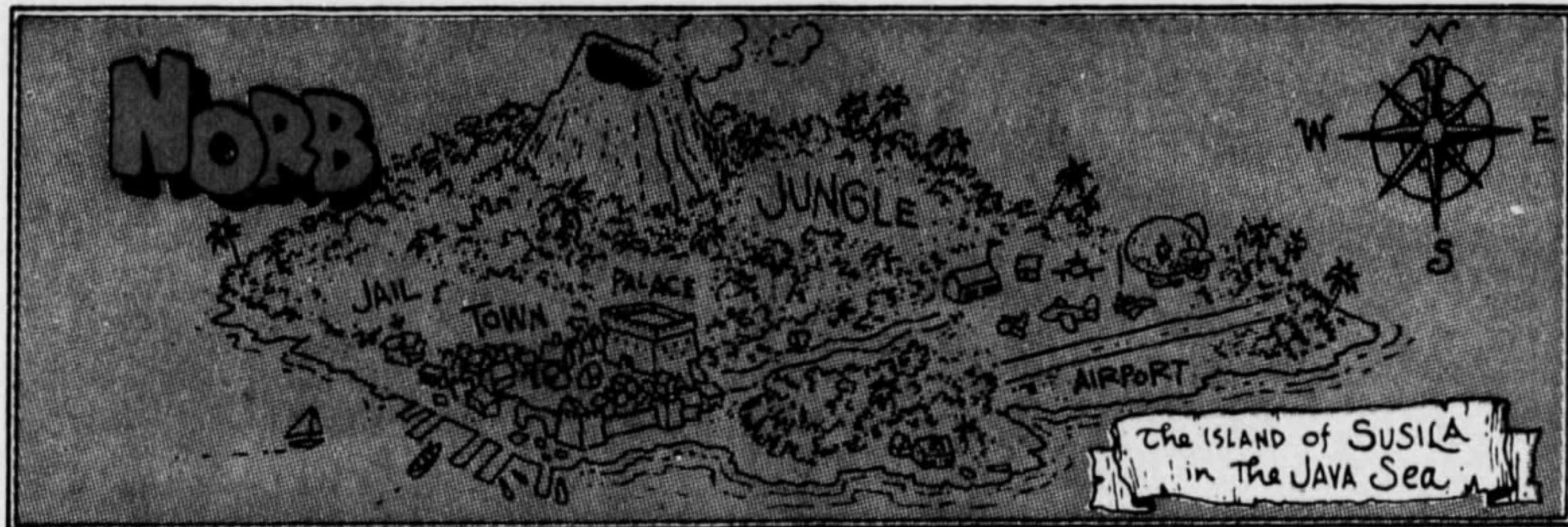


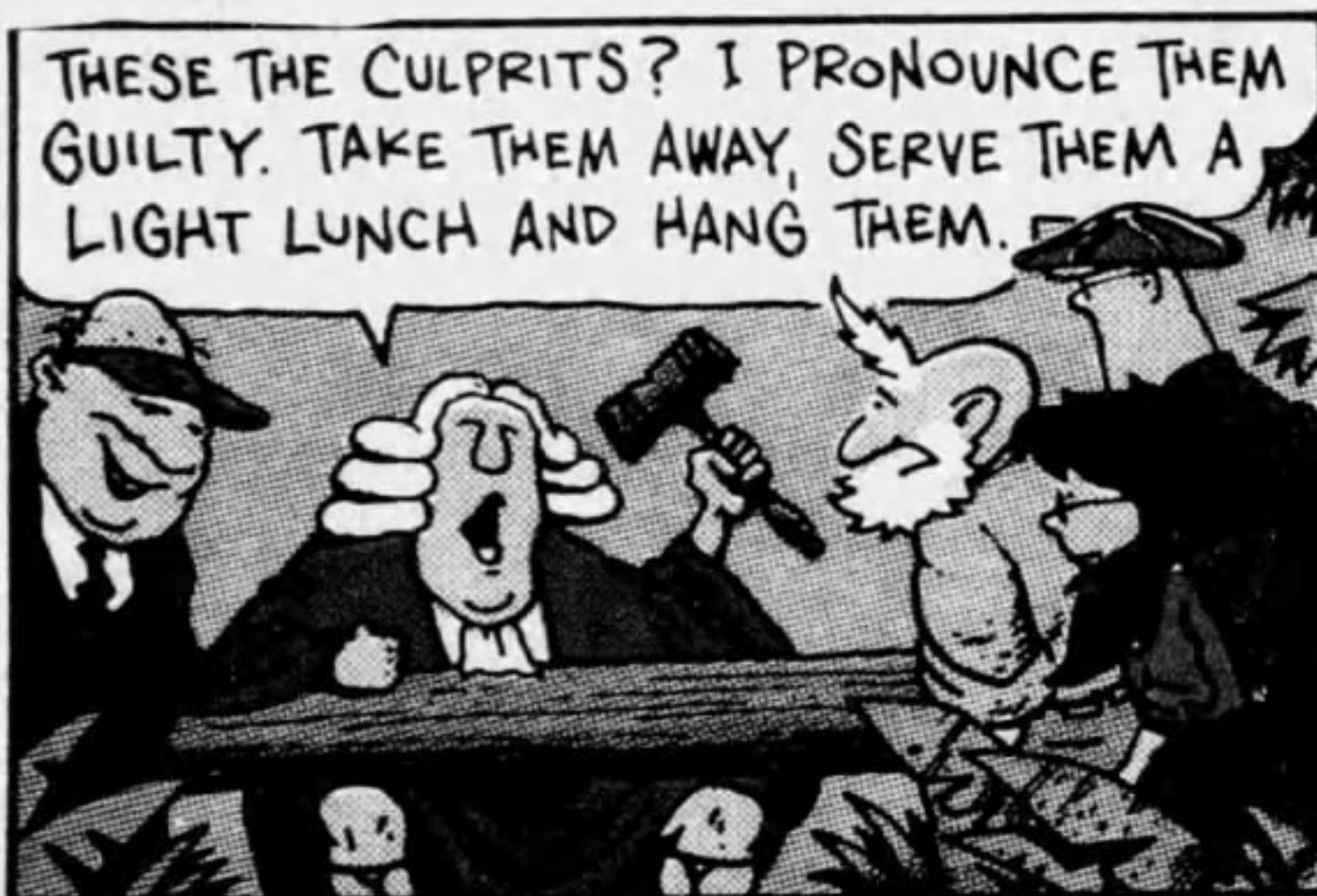
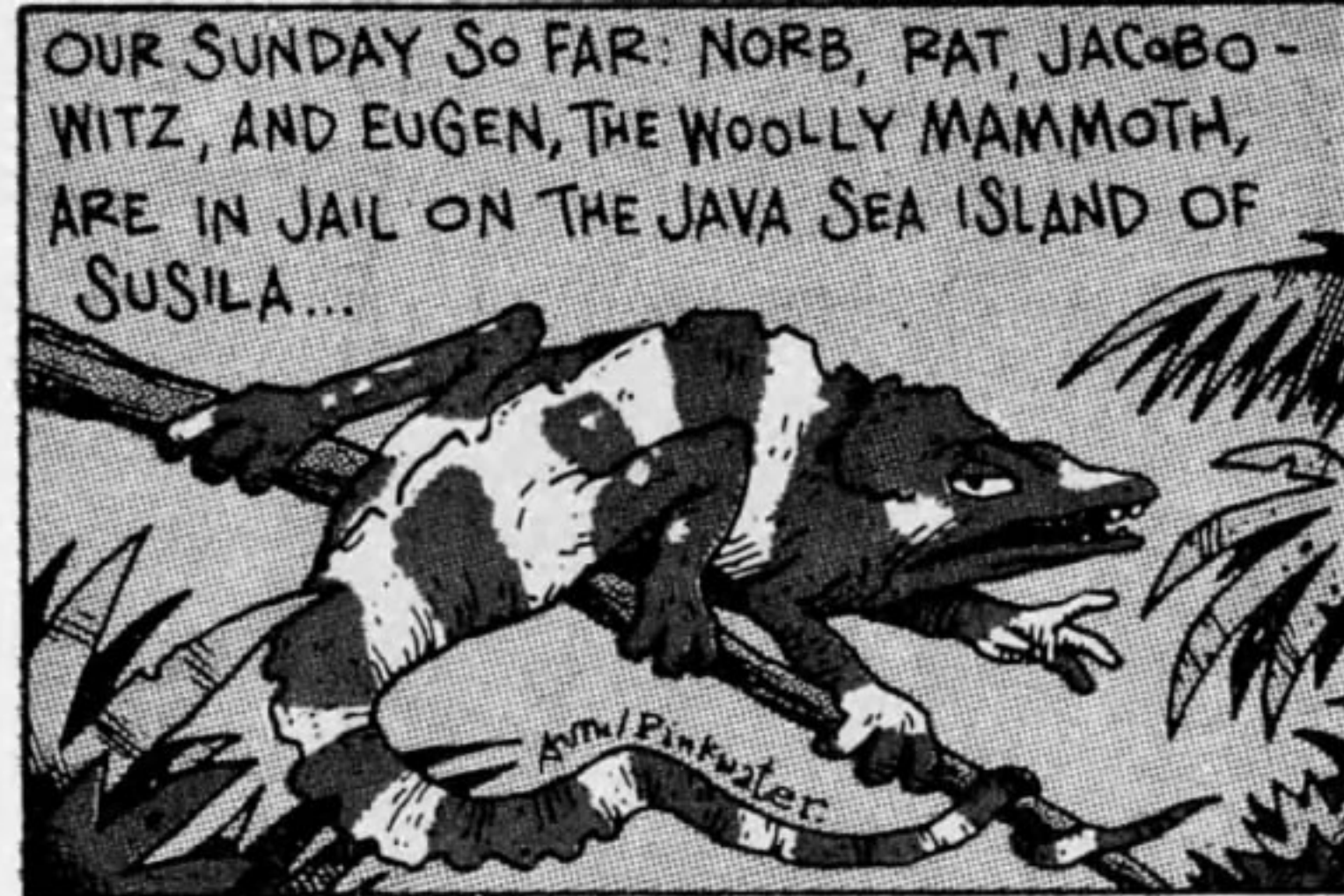










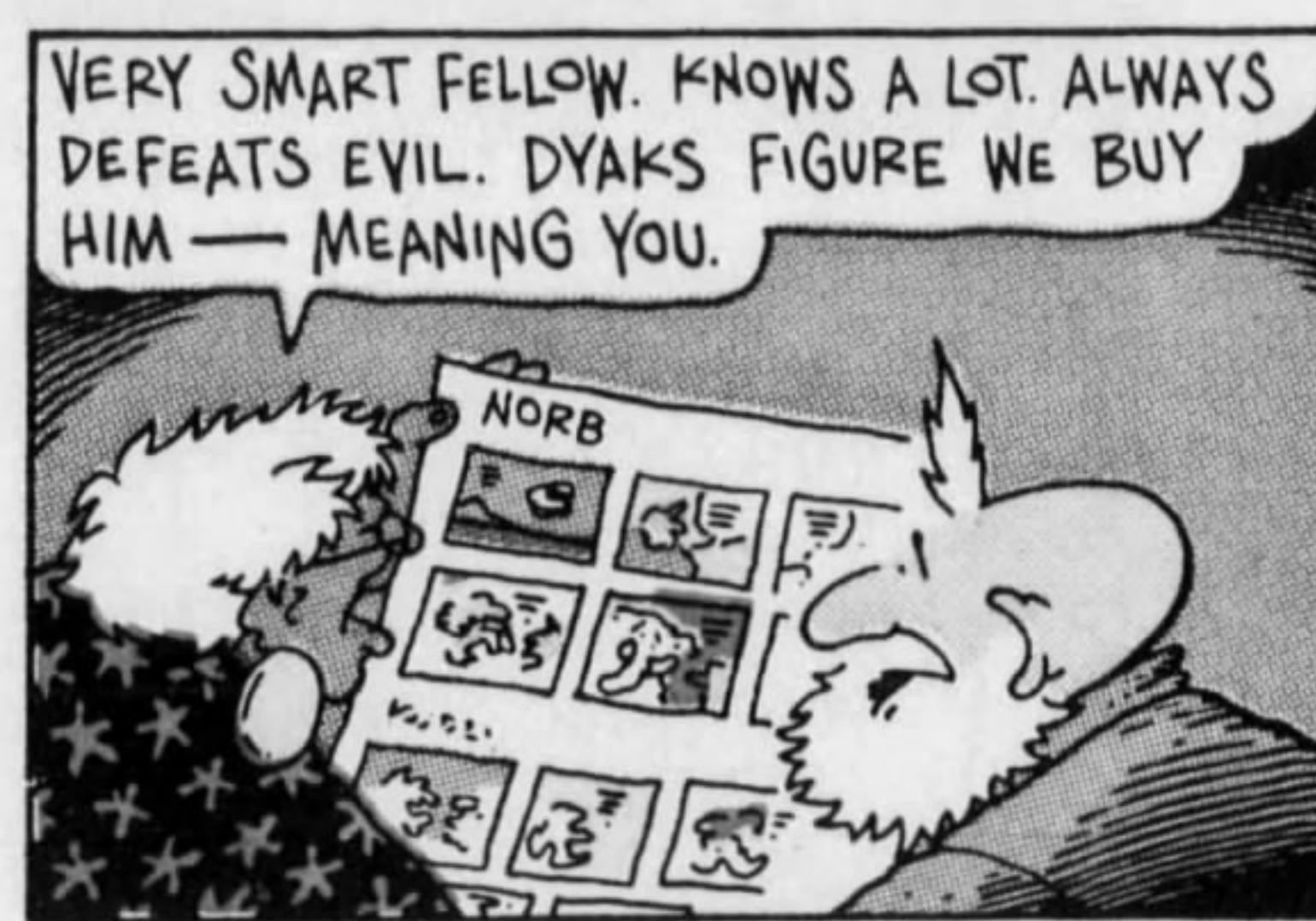




OUR SUNDAY STORY SO FAR: NORB, RAT, JACOBOWITZ, AND EUGEN, THE WOOLLY MAMMOTH, ARE ON THE ISLAND OF SUSILA. JOHN CRUM, INTERNATIONAL RASCAL, HAS HAD THEM THROWN IN JAIL—AND DYAK HEADHUNTERS HAVE RESCUED THEM—OR HAVE THEY?



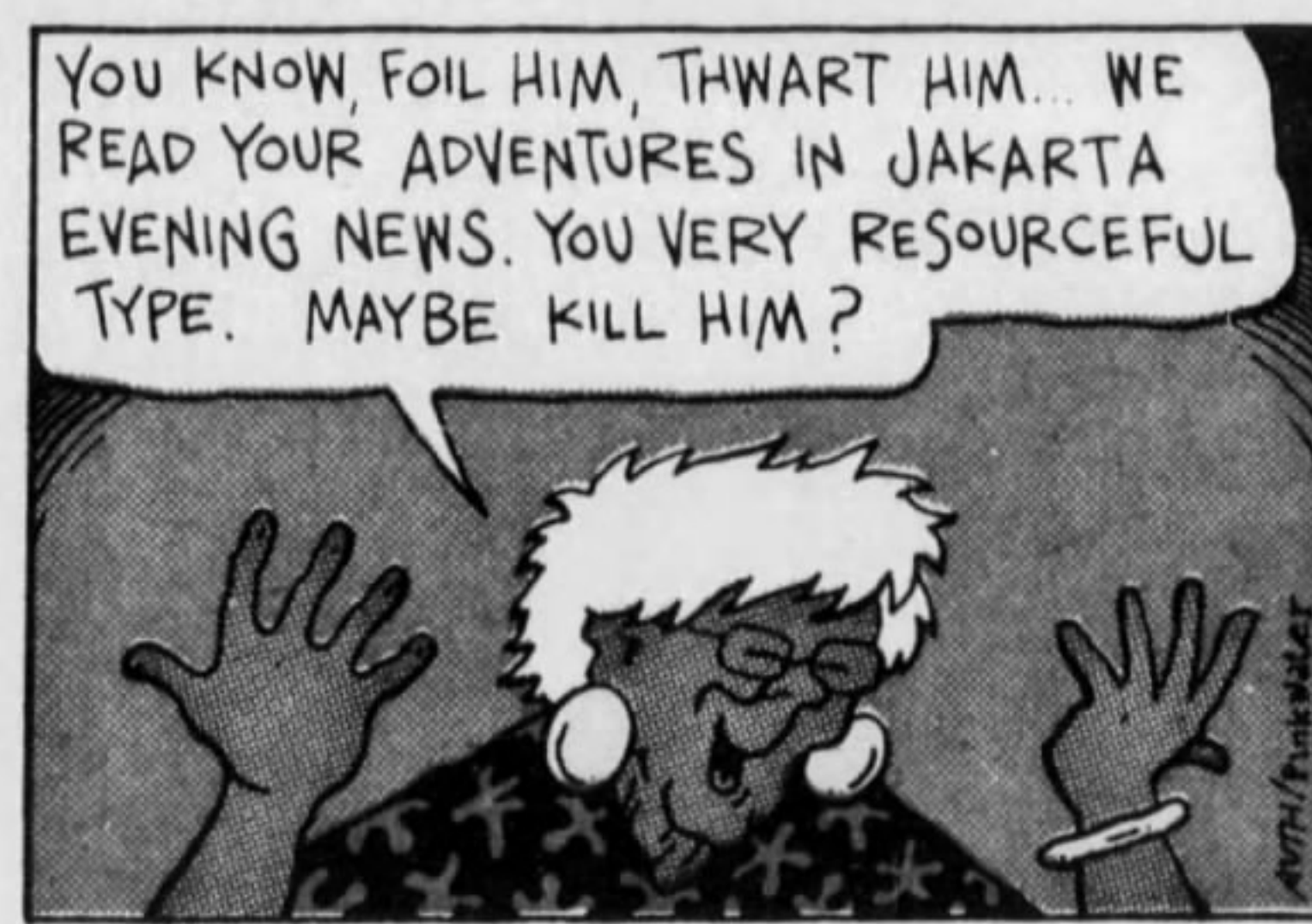
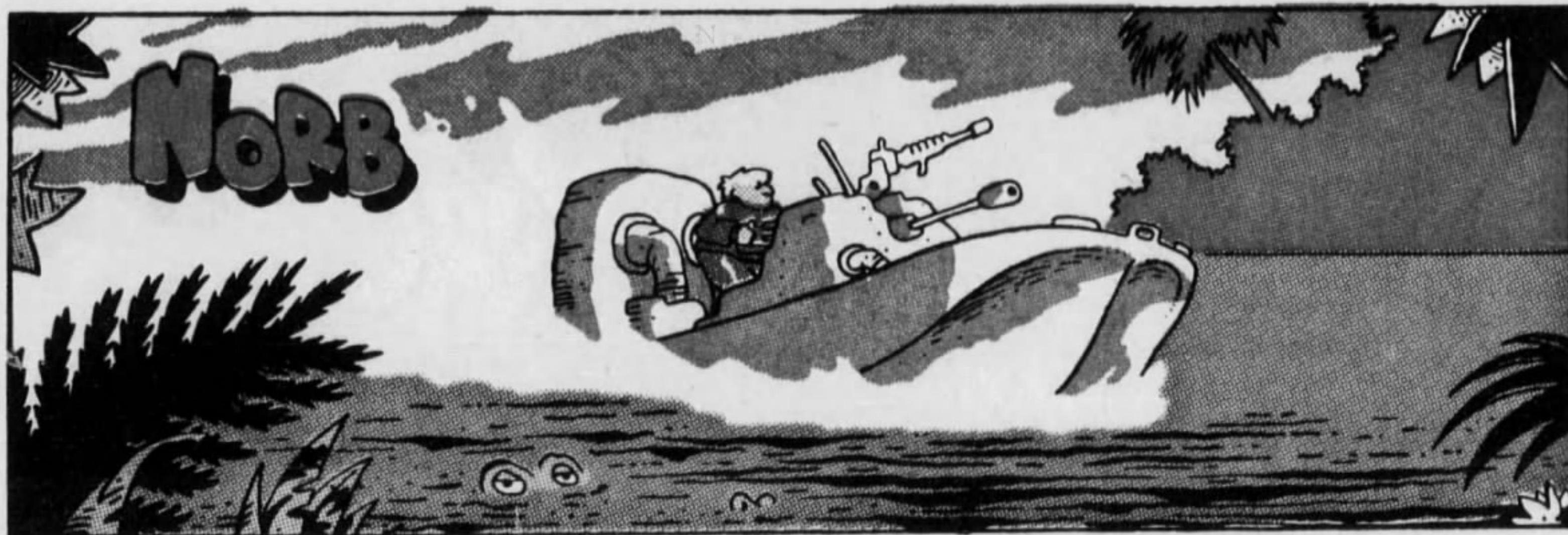
JOHN CRUM IS INTERNATIONAL RASCAL. TOOK OVER LOCAL ECONOMY—THEN CREATED HAVEN FOR CRIMINAL ENTERPRISES. GOT ALL SUSILA ISLANDERS TO INVEST IN BOGUS COMPANIES—ALL EXCEPT US DYAKS.



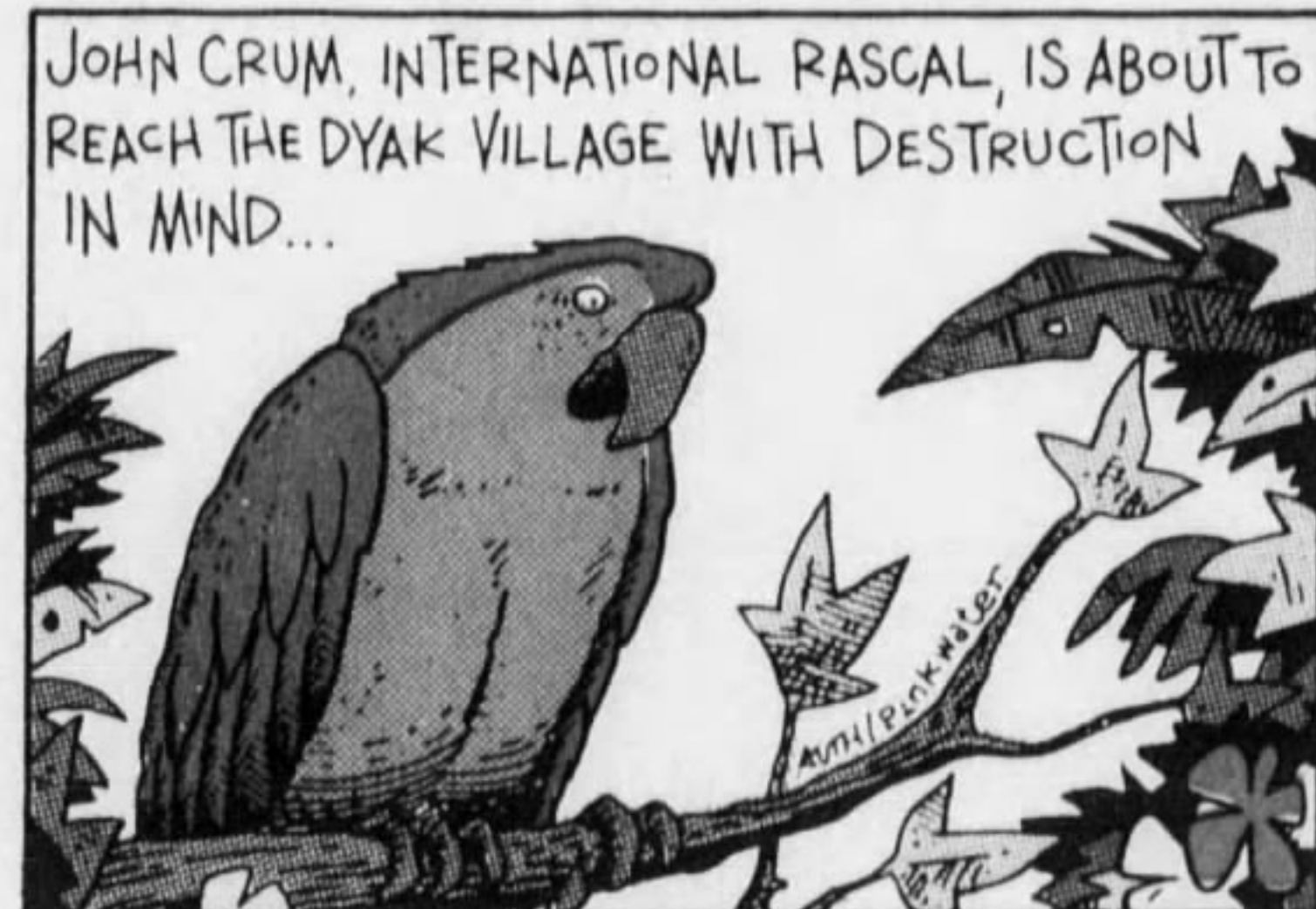
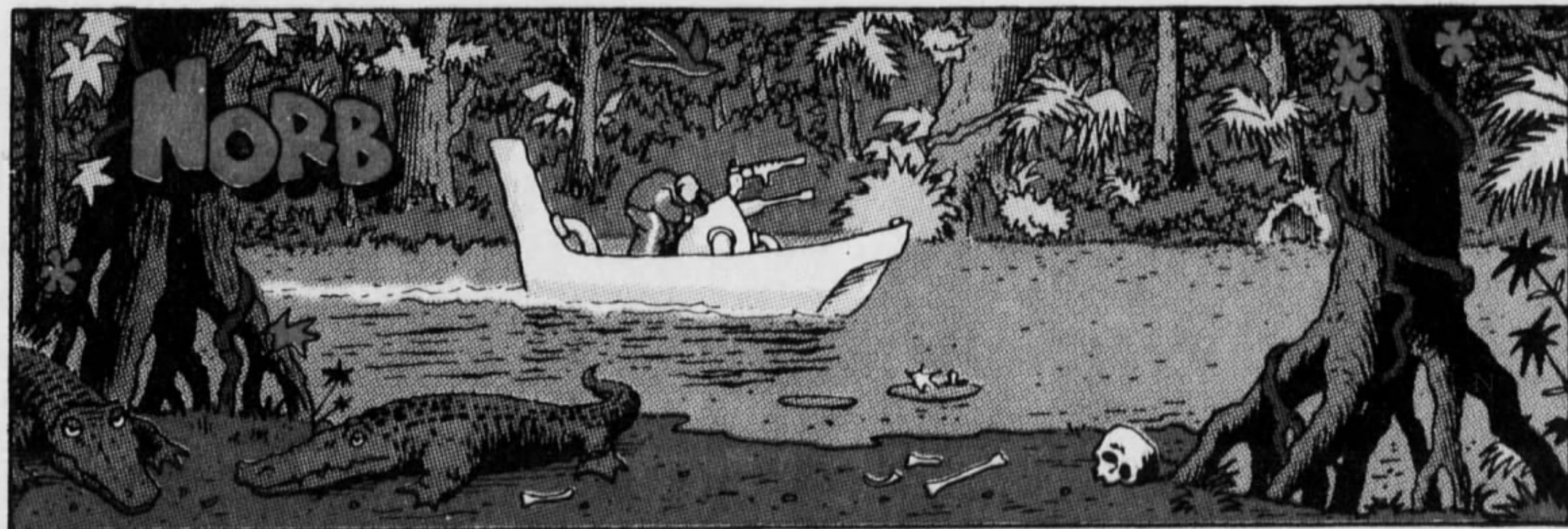
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NEXT WEEK: ILL WINDS OF TRADE.

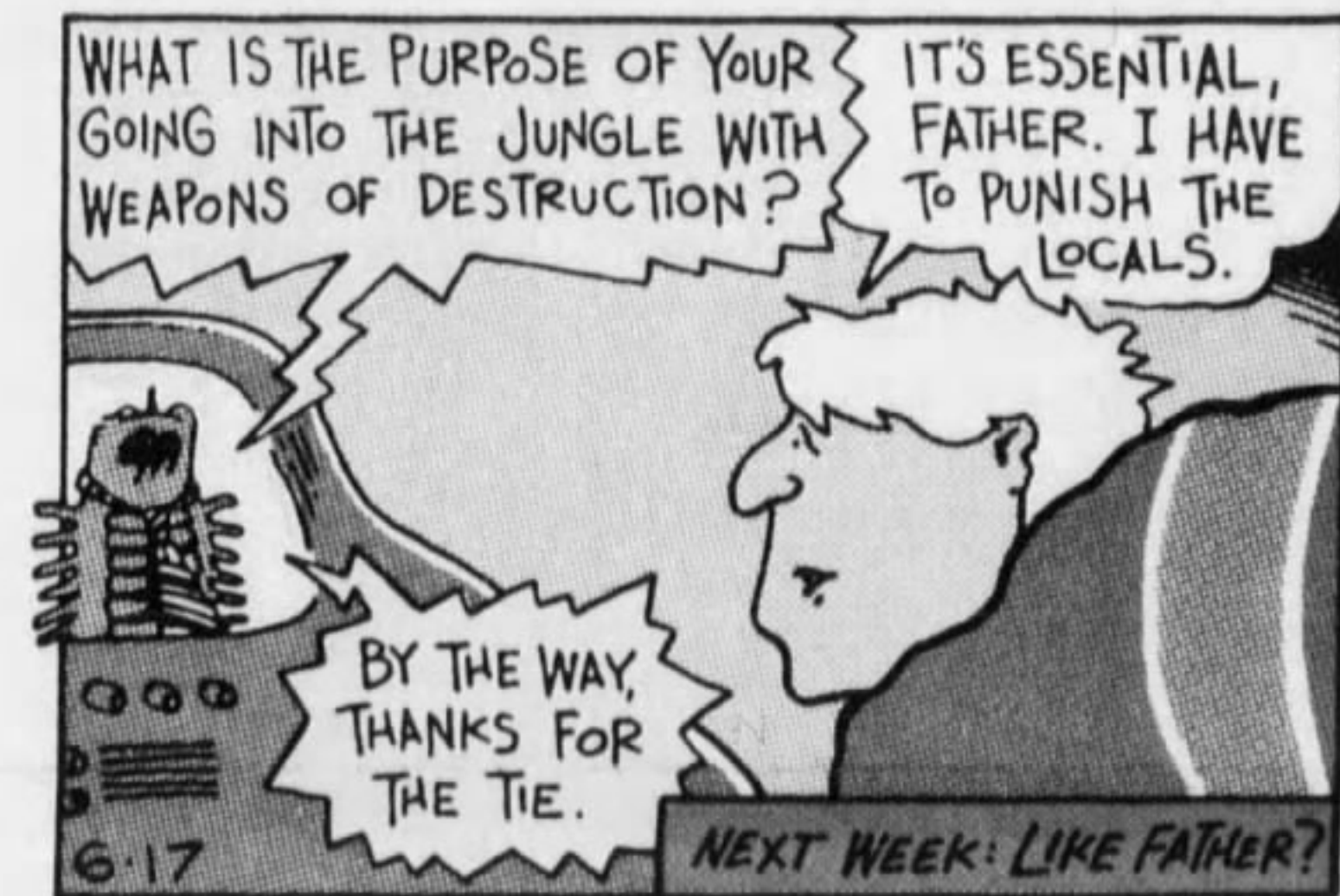
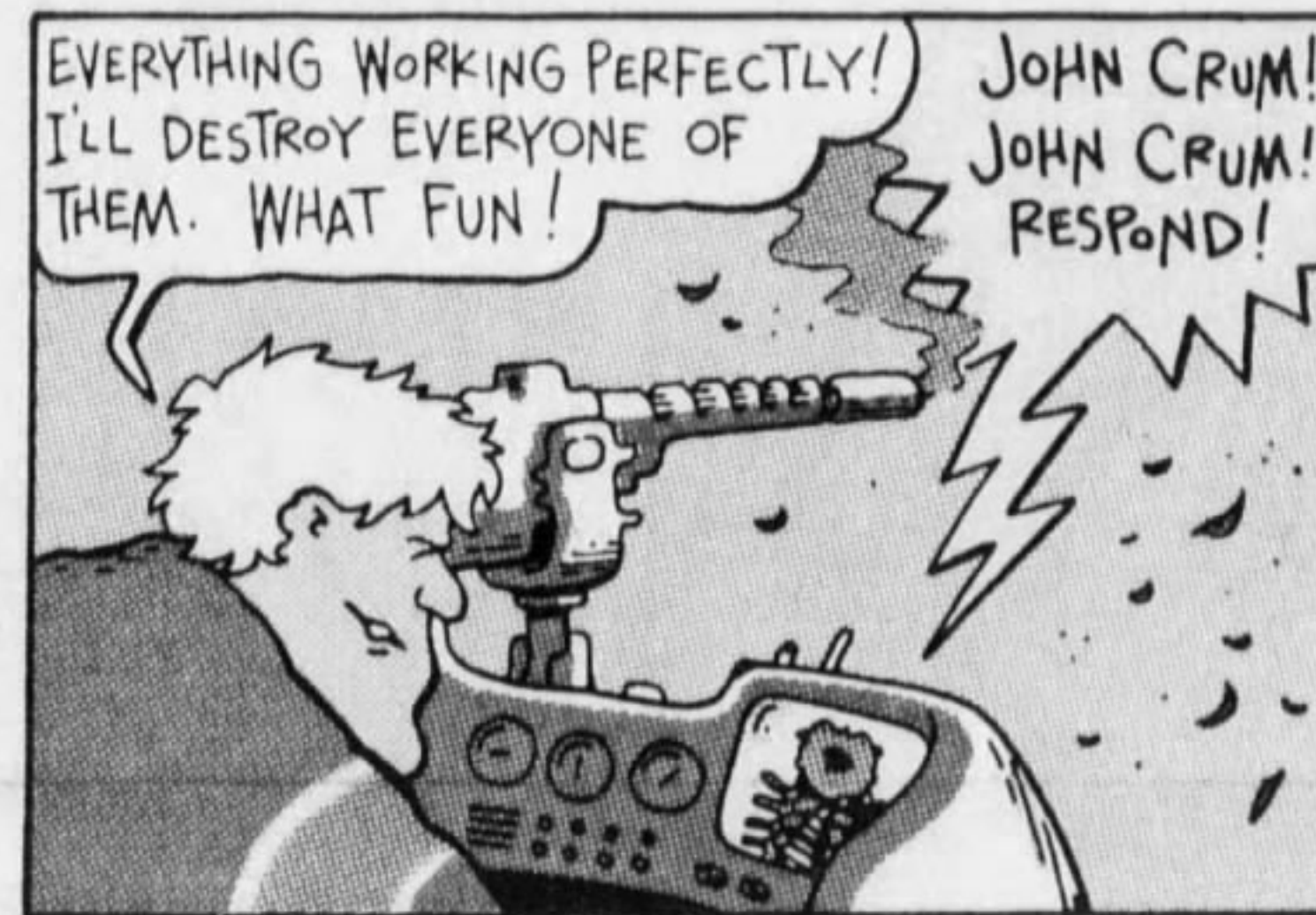
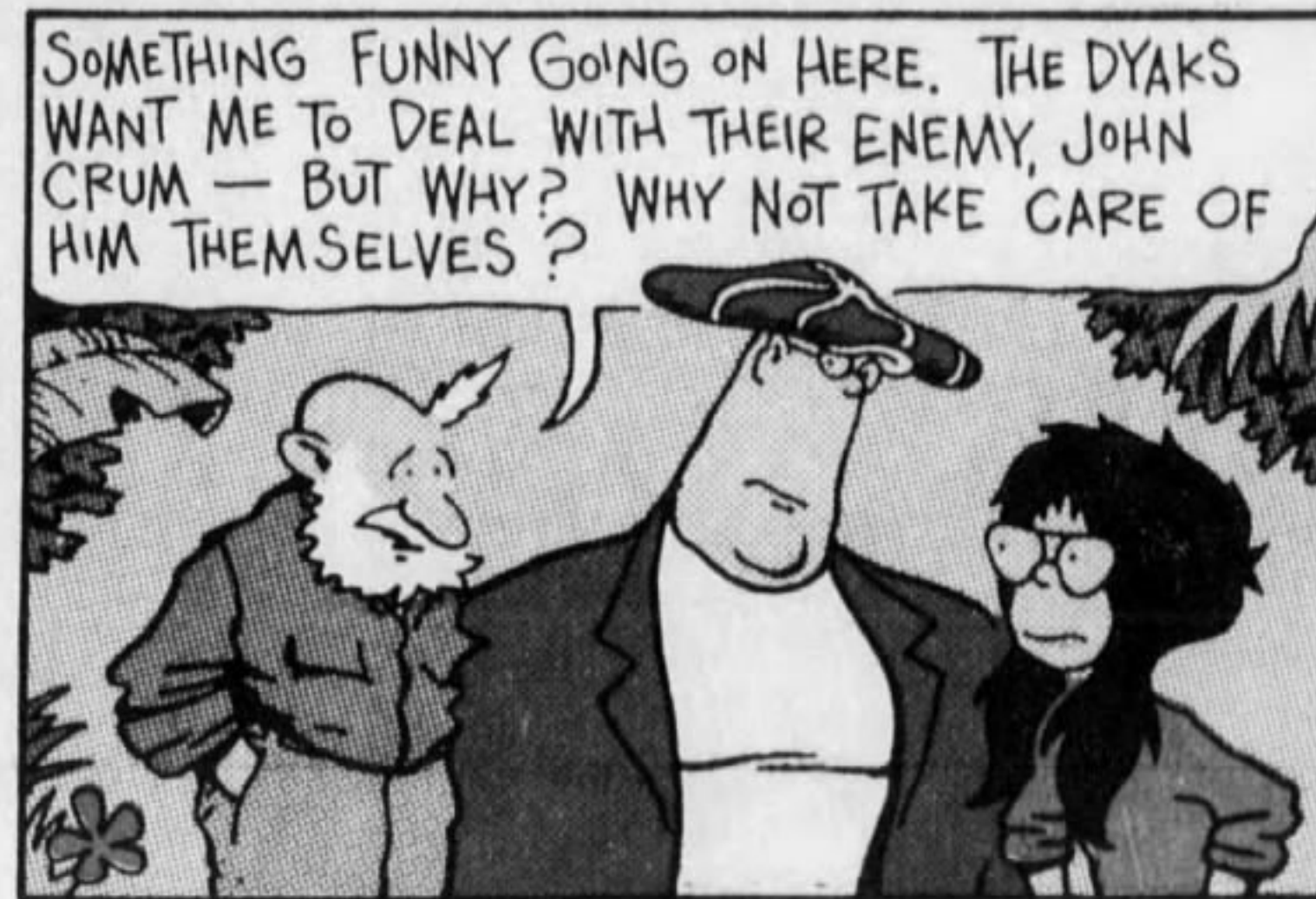




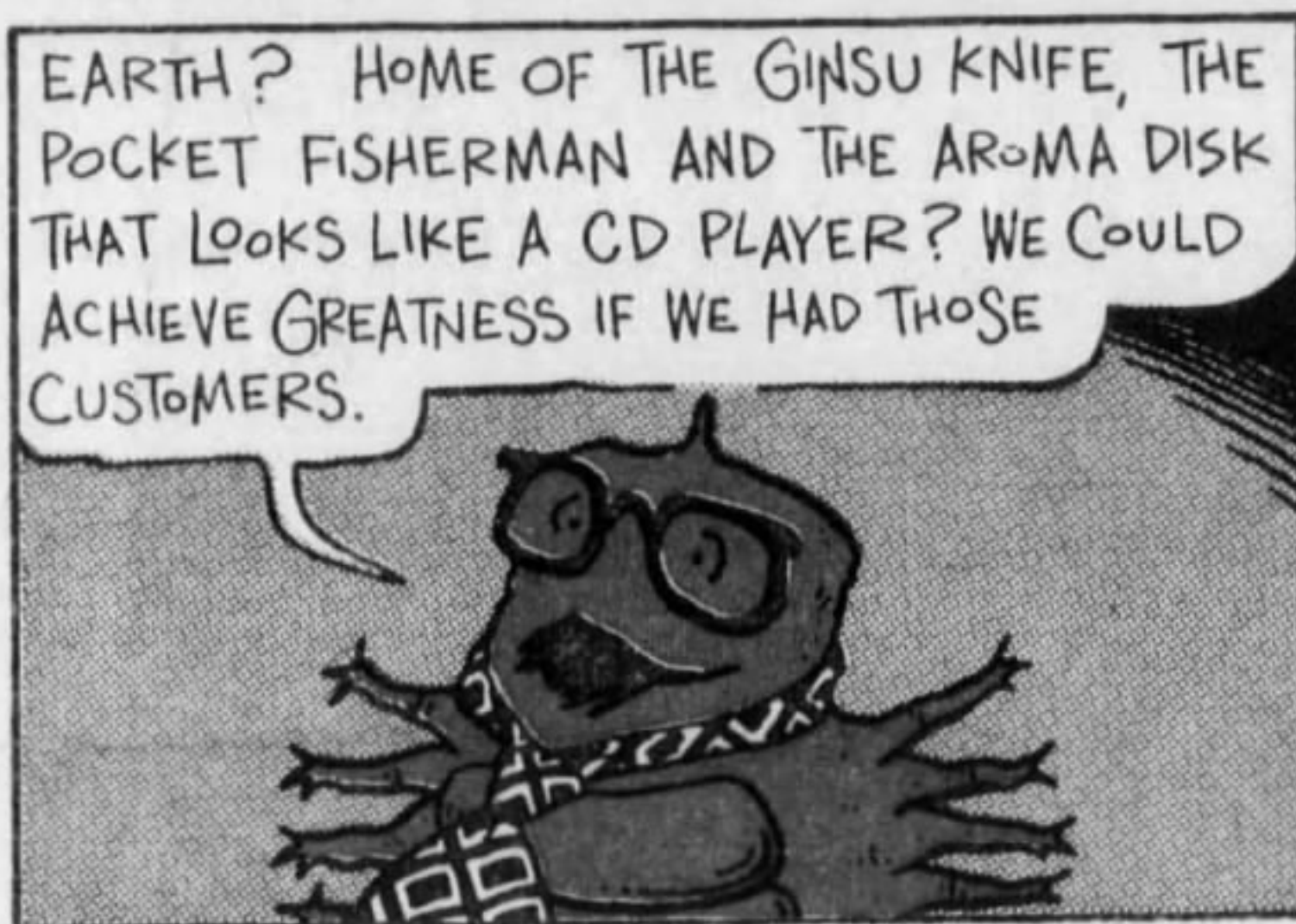
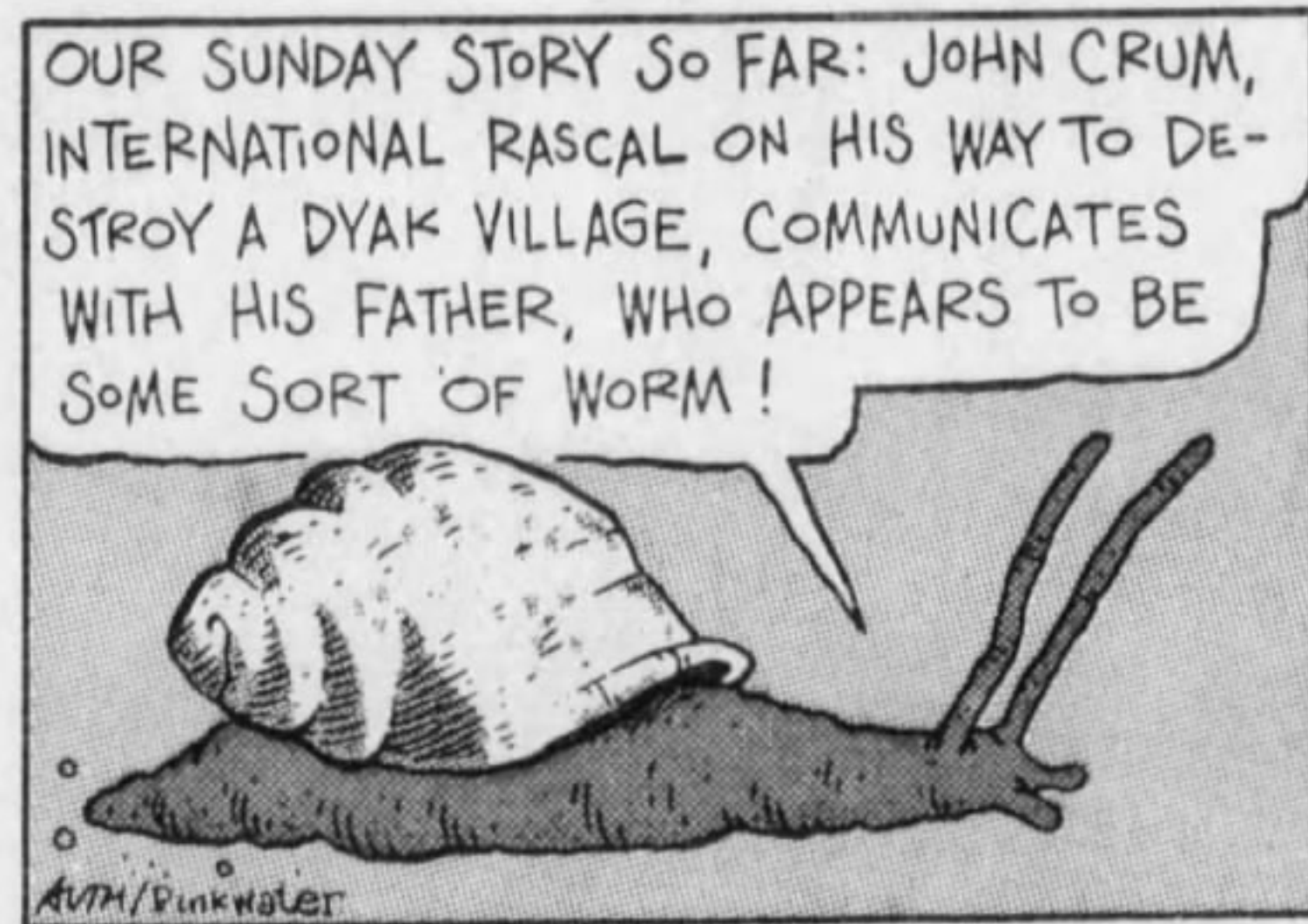
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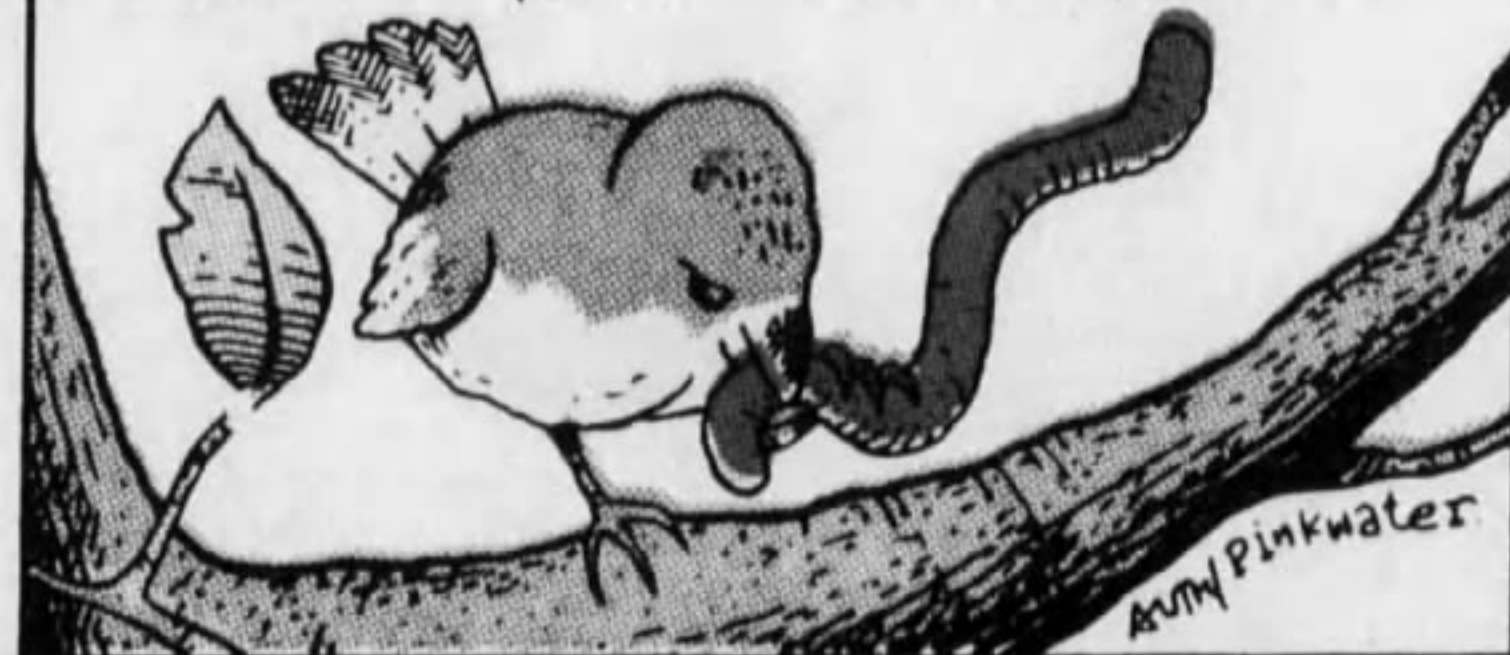


NEXT WEEK: LIKE FATHER?





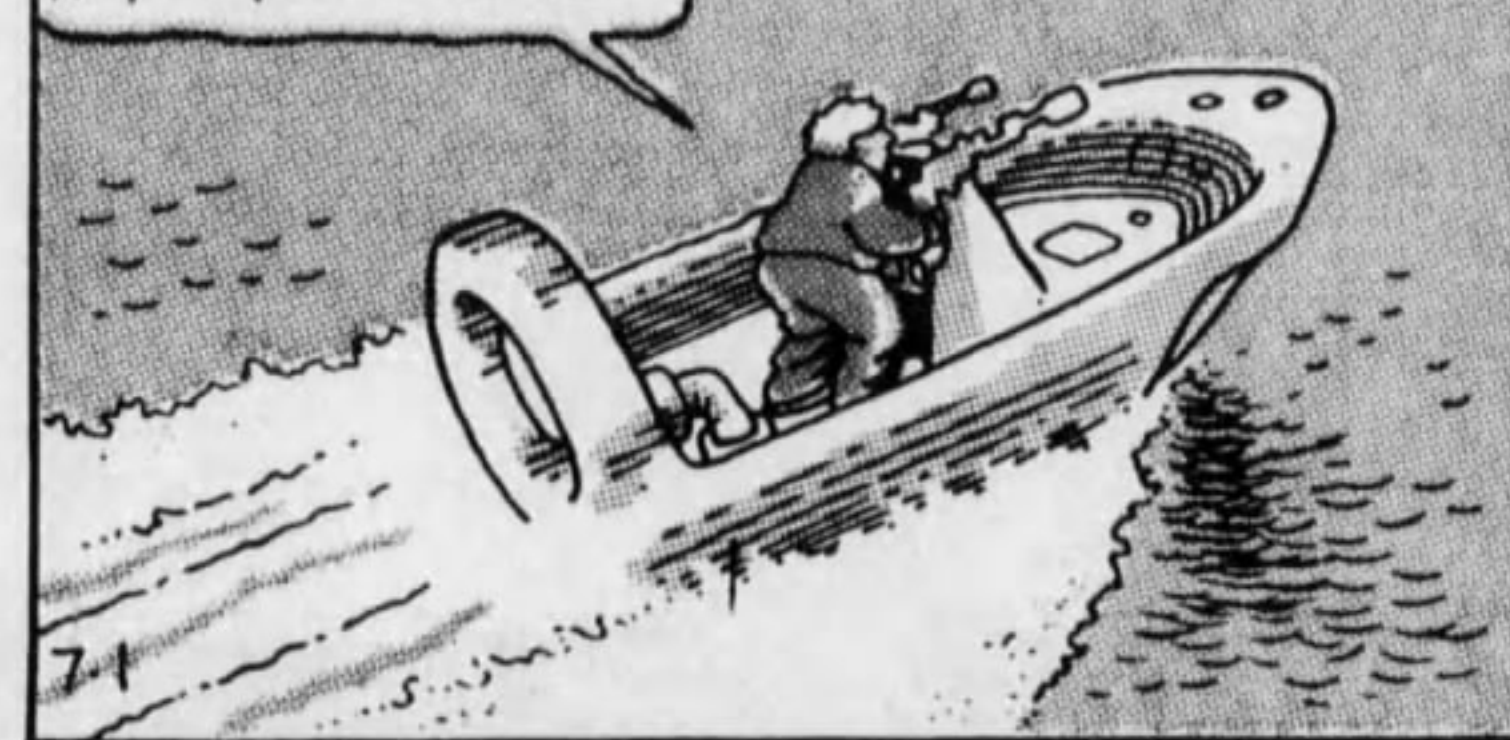
OUR SUNDAY STORY. JOHN CRUM, INTERNATIONAL RASCAL, HAS TURNED OUT TO BE A DISGUISED INTERGALACTIC RASCAL FROM A PLANET OF WORM ENTREPRENEURS.



SLIMEBO, MY SON, WE ARE DEPENDING ON YOU TO DEVELOP PROFITABLE MARKETS AND SOURCES OF RAW MATERIALS ON EARTH.

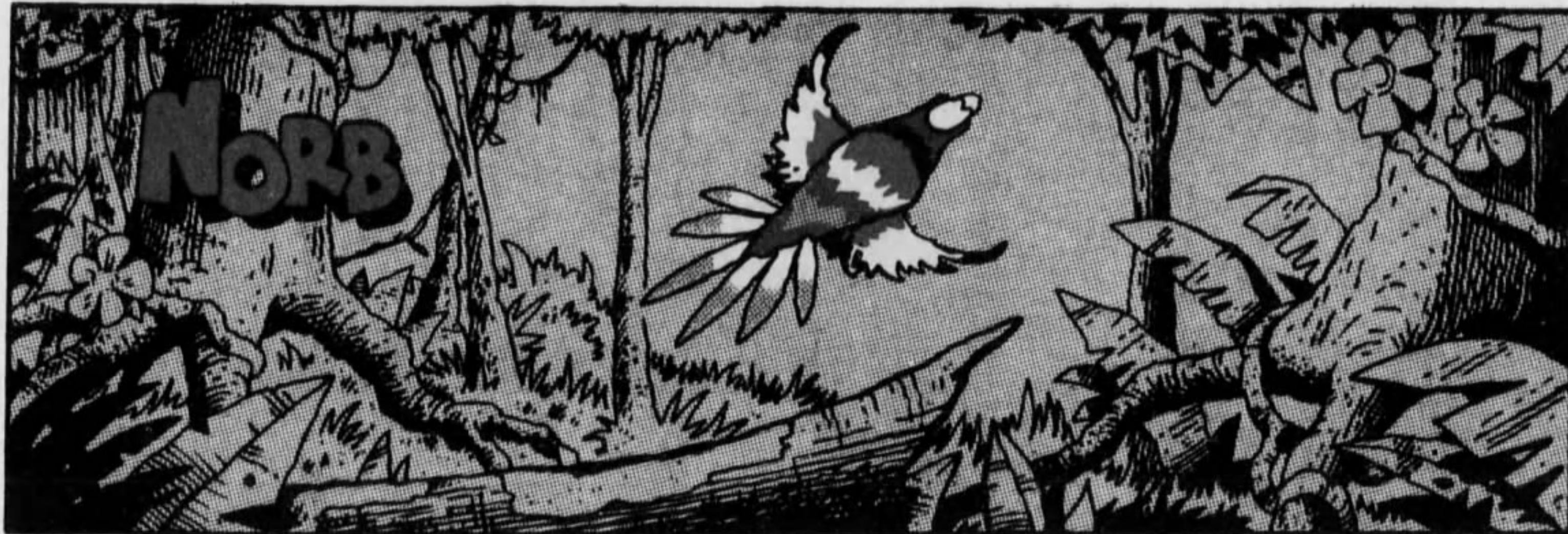


ALMOST THERE. I'LL LIQUIDATE THE USELESS NATIVES AND THEN ACQUIRE THE TIMBER AND MINERAL RIGHTS.



HERE HE COMES NOW. SOMETHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT CRAFT OF HIS... AHoy! JOHN CRUM! I WANT A WORD WITH YOU!





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NEXT WEEK: WHO DESTROYS WHOM?

